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[VOLUME I.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DANIEL DEFOE.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.] Few writers have ever lived who have encountered, though in a somewhat limited sphere, more vicissitudes, or been the subject of more undeserved calumny, than Daniel Defoe. He has touched the highest and the lowest point of honor and disgrace. At one time a companion of the nobility—a counsellor of princes; at another a man of the people, in bad odor at Court, but whose acquaintance was deemed an honor by the commonalty; at a third, a proscribed adventurer—a sort of Paine in society—a subject for the pillory—a rebel—and a mark for small wits to shoot at; the experience of Defoe, throughout an unusually protracted life, has established the fact (were any additional proof needed), that he who presumes to make men wiser or better than they are; who puts himself forth as a reformer, whether in religion, politics, or morals, must make up his mind to bear in turn the abuse of all parties; to be the victim of ingratitude proportioned to the benefits he has conferred on society; to be kicked—spit upon—and trampled under foot by the lowest of the low, the basest of the base; to be cursed by those whom he has blessed—in a word, to be anathematized and excommunicated of men. The way to succeed in life is to wink at the vices of the age, to be chary of its errors of thought and practice, to agree with it, to flatter it, to walk side by side with it. The world, like a man with the gout, cannot endure rough usage; hence those have always been in best repute as moralists and men of sense, who have treated it with lenity and forbearance. To walk with the world with an orthodox steady pace, neither hastening before, nor lagging behind it, is in nine cases out of ten to ensure its favor; but to step forward, like a fugleman, from the ranks of society, no matter how just be one's claims to such distinction, is at once to rouse, first, the world's attention—next, its envy—and lastly, its bitter, inextinguishable hatred. Defoe, unfortunately, was an aspirant of this class. From earliest life he panted for distinction as a reformer, and paid the penalty of such zeal by an indiscriminate abuse of the age which he endeavored to improve. But time, the great reformer—time, who sinks the falsehood, and draws forth the truth, let it lie deeper than ever plummet sounded—has at last done

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him justice, and Defoe, so long the mere scurrilous pamphleteer, the trashy novelist—the vulgar satirist—the object of Pope's illiberal sneer—"earless on high stood unabashed Defoe"—has now, by the just award of posterity, taken his station in literature in the very front rank as a novelist, and but a few degrees below Swift as a party-writer.

It is of this prolific author that we here intend to say a few words, taking for our guide Mr. Walter Wilson's late able and elaborate biography.*

Daniel Foe—or Defoe, as he chose to call himself—was the son of a butcher, and was born in the City of London, A. D. 1661, in the Parish of St. Giles's Cripplegate. Both his parents were Non-conformists, and early in life imbued Daniel with those strict religious principles which gleam like a rainbow through the glooms and the clouds of his polemical writings. When just emerging from childhood, he was placed under the superintendence of a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Samuel Annesley—an excellent man and a good scholar, to whom in after age he did justice in an elegy, which, however, possesses more affection than poetry. "As a boy," says Mr. Wilson, "Defoe displayed those light and buoyant spirits, that vivacity of humor, and cheerfulness of temper, which rendered him a favorite with his companions. He seems to have been a boy also of remarkable courage, a feature which strongly marked his future character. We are therefore not surprised that it led him sometimes into disputes and contests with other lads of a similar age; for he was both from habit and principle an enemy to the doctrine of non-resistance."

It was during the period of his childhood that a circumstance occurred which strongly illustrates the character of Defoe, as also that of his age. During a certain portion of the reign of Charles II., when the nation was under alarm respecting the restoration of a Popish Government, young Defoe, apprehensive that the printed Bible would become rare, or be locked up in an unknown tongue, applied himself diligently, together with many other Non-conformists, night and day, to the task of copying it out in MS.; nor once halted in his exertions till he had fairly transcribed the whole book, a feat which at that early age he looked on with enthusiasm, as if thereby destined to be the ark of his religion's safety; and at a late period of life with satisfaction mixed with surprise, at the extent of his juvenile simplicity. At the age of fourteen, Defoe was for the first time sent from home, to an academy at Newington Green, under the direction of the Rev. Charles Morton. This was one of those schools founded by the Non-conformists, as substitutes for the English universities, from which the law had excluded them. In its course of education it comprised the languages, logic, rhetoric, the mathematics, and philosophy. Divinity was, however, the chief subject of tuition; the Non-conformists made everything subservient to this; hence numbers of young men were educated at their schools, who in after years distinguished themselves by their pre-eminent theological qualifications. Defoe's attainments at Newington, though desultory, were of a superior order. He was master of five languages, was well acquainted with the theory and practice of the English Constitution, and had studied with success the

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Daniel Defoe.* By Walter Wilson, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 3 vols. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. His knowledge of ecclesiastical history was also considerable, and such as subsequently rendered him a formidable antagonist to the established church. As his parents intended him for the clerical profession, he remained at Newington the full term, that is to say, five years ; at the expiration of which time he returned home, and being diverted by the activity of his mind from entering the priesthood, turned his attention exclusively to the politics of the day.

He was now about twenty-one years of age, and never did an active enterprising youth enter upon life at a period more pregnant with eventful incidents, and more favorable for the development of political sagacity. Charles II., the traitor—the libertine—the infidel—the pensioner of France and Holland—was just closing a reign unredeemed by the slightest public or private virtue. The nation, inured to the doctrine of passive obedience, slept in a state of sulky tranquillity, trampled under foot by the high churchmen on the one side, and the aristocratic laity on the other. Public morality there was none ; of public hypocrisy an abundance ; religion was at a discount, patriotism below par. The exterior forms, however, of worship were kept up with punctilious severity, and of persecution there was quite enough on the part of the high churchmen towards the dissenters to throw the Inquisition into the shade. The bishops, of course, were the first to “beat the drum ecclesiastic” of intolerance ; the magistrates followed ; the constabulary kept them company, *passibus æquis* ; till at length the whole country—priest-ridden and law-ridden, was persuaded to believe, that to be a dissenter was to be a rogue, a vagabond, and an infidel.

On the accession of James II. this intolerant spirit, so far from diminishing, increased, if possible, in acerbity. James himself, though a bigot, was not ill-inclined towards the dissenters, whom he tacitly encouraged, hoping thereby to weaken the power of the church, and so bring forward his darling popery : but though the monarch was thus favorably disposed towards the dissenters, the nation’s prejudices against them were artfully kept alive by the clergy, who, in those troubled times ; possessed an influence over their countrymen, which it requires no great sagacity to foresee they can never possess again. Defoe was no careless observer of this reign of terror, which he exposed in a manner and with a spirit that soon brought down upon him that most rancorous of all hatred—the *odium theologicum*. He enlisted himself in the cause of the dissenters, fought their battles with intrepidity, exposed the persecutions of their enemies—their folly—their madness—their atrocity—and was recompensed for such disinterestedness by the meagre consolation, that virtue is its own reward.

But not polemics only, politics equally engaged his attention. At the accession of James II., when, in return for his promise of support, the bishops inculcated everywhere the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience, Defoe (then but twenty-four years of age) was among the first to fathom the hypocrisy of both parties. With James in particular he was very early disgusted : he could not but perceive that nothing was to be expected from the liberality or toleration of a monarch to whom a servile parliament, at the very opening of his reign, was willing to allow two millions and a half annually without check or hindrance, and whom the high churchmen supported in their pulpits as a direct emanation from the Deity ; and accordingly was one of the earliest to engage heart and soul in that ill-planned insurrection which

terminated in the destruction of the Duke of Monmouth and his followers.

It was not without difficulty that, after the disastrous battle of Bridgewater, Defoe escaped from the west of England, and was enabled to resume those commercial occupations by which he had hitherto creditably supported himself. The nature of his business at this period has been variously represented : his enemies were fond of giving out that he was a paltry retail shop-keeper, but it appears that he was a hose-factor, or middle man between the manufacturer and the retail dealer. "This agency concern," says his biographer, "he carried on for some years in Freeman's-court, Cornhill, from 1685 to 1695. When he had been in business about two years, he judged it expedient to link himself more closely with his fellow citizens, and was admitted a liveryman of London on the 26th of January, 1687-8, having claimed his freedom by birth."

We return to the politics of this eminent writer. After the execution of Monmouth, and the utter overthrow of his adherents, James II. no longer scrupled to avow his predilection for popery. His first plan was to raise some new regiments, and officer them by papists : his second, to import Catholic priests from the country ; and his third, to erect chapels and seminaries for the youth of that persuasion, and even to consecrate a popish bishop in his own chapel at Windsor. He published, moreover, a royal declaration, by virtue of which all penal and sanguinary laws, in matters of religion, were to be suspended, all oaths and tests to be suppressed, and all dissenters, whether Protestant or Catholic, to be held equally capable of public employments. This, at first sight, appeared a fine triumph for the non-conformists ; but Defoe soon penetrated the hypocrisy of the declaration, that it was nothing more nor less than a plan to engraft popery, under the specious form of toleration, on the ruins of the established church.

Readers of the present day can scarcely form an idea of the horror with which Protestants of all persuasions, at this particular epoch, regarded the "damnable and idolatrous" doctrines of catholicism. It was a perfect mania. The pope was synonymous with anti-Christ ; the mass-houses were Pandæmoniums ; the priests, fiends and sorcerers. Nothing was too absurd to obtain credence, provided it told against the papists. The Jews, during the dynasty of the Plantagenets, never inspired one half the horror that the Catholics excited throughout the brief reign of James II. Defoe, though tolerant and enlightened in other respects, partook largely of this influenza, and, much as he disapproved their conduct, yet joined zealously with the high-church party in their endeavors to dethrone the infatuated Stuart. Pamphlet after pamphlet appeared in rapid succession from his pen on this great question, for which he was courted by the more influential ecclesiastics, who, alarmed for the safety of their pluralities, lowered their usual tone of hostility, and whispered the word of promise in the credulous ears of the dissenters. But Defoe was not duped by this specious conduct. He knew that the church would never condescend to tolerate those of his persuasion, and that the alliance now struck up between them was merely a temporary one, to be dissolved when the danger that threatened both equally, was removed. Still, as he revered the constitution more than he disrelished the high-church party, he openly espoused their cause, and with the aid of the seven famous bishops, succeeded in ejecting the monarch. Mr. Wilson

dismisses briefly the share Defoe bore in this great work ; it is on record, however, that his writings contributed in no trivial degree to accelerate its progress, and that he was in consequence looked on for a time as one of the lions of the age.

It may be imagined that throughout the eventful period which immediately preceded and followed the dethronement of James and the accession of William, Defoe's pen was not idle. He was indeed continually at work in the good cause, and became in consequence so popular with the nation, and even with the court, that he was personally consulted by King William on some public questions of emergency, and rewarded by that monarch—a proof that his advice was of value—with the place of accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty, which, however, he was compelled to relinquish in 1699, about four years subsequent to his appointment.

"It was, probably," says Mr. Wilson, "about this time that Defoe became secretary to the tile-kiln and brick-kiln works, at Tilbury, in Essex, an office which he is reported to have filled for some years. It failed, however, like many of his other projects, but was continued by him, on a restricted scale, after he had lost upwards of three thousand pounds by the speculation, till the year 1703, when the wind of his court-popularity shifting, the current made strong head against him, and he was prosecuted by the government for a libel." Previous to this, we should premise, Defoe had speculated largely, and with various, but in the main indifferent, success in business. He had embarked with other partners in the Spanish and Portuguese trade, which necessarily led him into those countries, though at what particular period he visited them, cannot now be ascertained. He also had some concern in the trade with Holland, and was in consequence held up to ridicule by his enemies, as a civet-cat merchant, "though it was, probably," says his biographer, "the drug rather than the animal in which he traded." Besides his visits to Holland, Spain, and Portugal, Defoe made an excursion into France, and appears to have been much struck with the extent, number, and magnificence of the public buildings in Paris. He even penetrated (a rare occurrence with English authors in those days!) into Germany; but notwithstanding the vast range and variety of scenery that thus came under his observation, he has left it on record that nothing on the continent was equal, in his opinion, to the various and luxuriant views by the river-side, from London to Richmond. "Even the country for twenty miles round Paris," says he, "cannot compare with it, though that indeed is a kind of prodigy."

It is not to be supposed that a man thus desultory and miscellaneous in his speculations—at one time a hose-factor—at another a foreign merchant—at a third a brick-maker, and throughout his life a confirmed incurable author—an author, too, be it remembered, of all work—a satirist—a pamphleteer—an essayist—a critic—a novelist—a polemic—a political economist—and (almost) a poet, at any rate an inditer of much and various verse;—it is not, we repeat, to be supposed, that so universal a genius would be over-successful in trade; and accordingly we find Defoe, somewhere about the year 1692—for the exact period is uncertain—meeting with the fate of most universal geniuses, and figuring in the

Gazette as a bankrupt. It is but fair, however, to add, that no sooner was the commission taken out, at the instigation of an angry creditor, than it was superseded, on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, and who accepted a composition on his single bond. "This he punctually paid by the efforts of unwearied diligence, but some of his creditors—it is Mr. Wilson who is here speaking—who had been thus satisfied, falling afterwards into distress themselves, Defoe voluntarily paid them their whole claims, being then in rising circumstances, from King William's favor." The annals of literature, though they abound in traits of eccentric, showy, and comprehensive generosity, yet seldom present us with an instance of such just principle and natural (not high-flown) liberality as this. The munificence of genius oftener affords matter for astonishment than admiration; it is therefore with no little satisfaction that we have recorded this very noble and unostentatious trait of character on the part of an author, who had quite talent enough to entitle him (had he felt so inclined) to take out a patent for eccentricity, and thereby dispense with the necessity of being an honest man. But Defoe's heart and head (especially the former) were always on the right side.

It is not known to what part of the kingdom Defoe retired when circumstances compelled him to render himself invisible for a time to his creditors. It is conjectured, that he fled to Bristol, where he used often to be seen walking about the streets, accoutred in the fashion of the times, with a full-flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side. As his appearance in public, however, was restricted to the sabbath—baliffs having no more power on that day than fiends of darkness at the hallowed season of Christmas—he soon became generally known by the name of the "Sunday Gent.," and the inn, now an obscure pot-house, is still in existence, where he used occasionally to resort for the purposes of enjoying the pleasures of society, to which (though temperate and abstemious in his habits) he was fondly addicted.

For some years after the accession of King William he kept himself constantly before the public, and among other able pamphlets, which, however, produced him more or less ill-will at the time, published one entitled "*An Essay on Projects*," in which he satirized the love of over-trading, which distinguished the majority of the London merchants. For this production, in which he discoursed many home truths, gave much sound advice, and endeavored to create a reformation in the commercial spirit of the age, he incurred the odium of the vast body of English traders, who, joined with his political ones, were the means of wreaking on him a world of mischief.

The year 1701 is a memorable one in the life of Defoe. At this period it was that he produced his "*Account of the Stock-Jobbing Elections in Parliament*," and put forth certain notions on the subject of a reform in the House of Commons, which gained him ill-will exactly in proportion to their value and good sense. The members were indignant that a mere plebeian pamphleteer should presume to turn reformer. Had he possessed birth, influence, or connections, to give weight to his opinions, the case would have been different; but truth from a plebeian, and against themselves, too, was more than the House of Commons could put up with, though as yet they had no means of venting their spleen on the ill-starred subject of their indignation.

It was in the same year (1701) that Defoe made his first appearance in public as a poet, or rather as a satirist, for, in his case, the two characters are materially different. The subject of his poem was "The Trueborn Englishman;" and its intention was to reproach his countrymen for abusing King William as a foreigner, and to humble their pride for despising some of the newly-created nobility upon the same account. Its success was prodigious, and brought down upon the author's head a shower of praise and vituperation. No less than eighty thousand cheap copies were disposed of in the streets of London alone—a success before which even the "Waverley novels" must hide their diminished heads—and of editions, twenty-one were sold off within four years from the date of publication! It cannot, however, be denied, that this flattering reception was in many respects undeserved. As a satire, the "True-born Englishman" possesses much vigor of thought and expression, but is wholly deficient in ease, grace, and poetical feeling. The language throughout is homely, the fancy bare and meagre to a degree. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that Defoe is a hard hitter; he makes every blow tell, hits out manfully and straight-forward, and never once misses his man. King William, and, of course, his courtiers, were much pleased with the spirit and tendency of this poem, and vied with each other in their testimonies of good-will to the author, to whose satirical abilities may be applied, with peculiar propriety, Pope's phrase, "downright," in that well-known and often-quoted line, "As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne."

The same year that gave birth to the "True-born Englishman," rendered Defoe equally conspicuous in a different sphere of action. Reverting to his favorite political topic, the corruption of the House of Commons, he presented an address on the subject to the speaker, signed "Legion," in the disguise of an old woman. In this document he insisted so strenuously, and with so much justice, on the necessity of reform, that the members took the alarm, and would at once have prosecuted the writer, had not the current of public feeling run strongly in his favor. As it was, they contented themselves with abuse and vulgar recrimination.

We now come to the most eventful incident in Defoe's life. On the death of King William, Anne ascended the throne, at a period when the nation was convulsed with party-spirit, when the faction of whigs and tories raged with more violence than ever, and when high-church principles were carried to an extent wholly inconceivable in the present day. Defoe, as the advocate of the Dissenters, against whom the established church projected, and actually attempted to carry into execution, a war of extermination, of course resented with all the energy of which he was capable, this inquisitorial persecution, and, adopting the language of irony, exposed the bigotry of the high-churchmen in a pamphlet entitled the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters." For this work he was eagerly pounced on by the House of Commons, brought to trial at the Old Bailey, convicted chiefly by the manœuvring of the attorney-general, and condemned, to the eternal disgrace of justice, to stand in the pillory.

This sentence reflected shame only on those who inflicted it. To Defoe it was a triumph and season of rejoicing, "for he was guarded," says his biographer, "to the pillory by the populace, as if he were about to be enthroned in a chair of state, and descended from it amidst the triumphant acclamations of the surrounding multitude, who, instead

of pelting him, according to the orthodox fashion in such cases, protected him from the missiles of his enemies, drank his health, adorned the pillory with garlands, and when he descended from it, supplied him with all manner of refreshments." But notwithstanding this flattering testimonial to his public worth, his punishment, and the imprisonment and fine, which formed part of it, completely ruined Defoe, who lost upwards of three thousand five hundred pounds—a considerable sum in those days—and found himself at a mature age, with a wife and six children, with no other resource for their support than the chance product of his pen. In this desperate condition, the high tory party, who revered his abilities while they dreaded his power, endeavored to enlist him in their service ; but in vain : their victim was proof against temptation, and, wrapt up in the mantle of his integrity, bade defiance to the storms that howled around him.

We must now pass over a few busy years, during which Defoe took part with his pen in almost every great question that came before the public, particularly in the Union with Scotland, of which he was a staunch and influential promoter, and which procured him the patronage of Harley and Godolphin, and came to a curious feature in his literary life, which Sir Walter Scott has lately brought, in an amusing manner, before the world. It seems that when Drelincourt's book, entitled "*Consolations against the Fear of Death*," first appeared in the English language, the publisher was disappointed in the sale, and it being a heavy work, he is said to have complained to Defoe of the injury he was likely to sustain by it. Our veteran author asked him if he had blended any marvels with his piety. The biblioplist replied in the negative. "Indeed !" said Defoe ; "then attend to me, and I will put you in a way to dispose of the work, were it as heavy to move as Olympus." He then sat down, and composed a tract with the following title : "*A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the Next Day after her Death to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which Apparition Recommends the Perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fear of Death.*" This tract was immediately appended to the work in question—the public being then, as now, always agape for marvels—and has been appended to every subsequent edition, of which upwards of forty have now passed through the English press. Sir Walter Scott, who has recorded this anecdote, and from whom Mr. Wilson has gleaned it, observes that it is one of the most ingenious specimens of book-making which have ever come within his knowledge. It bespeaks, indeed, ineffable self-possession and ingenuity on the part of its authors, for "who but a man gifted with the most consummate readiness, would have thought of summoning a ghost from the grave, to bear witness in favor of a halting body of divinity ?" Who indeed !

The trial of the famous Dr. Sacheverell, was another occasion on which Defoe particularly distinguished himself. This fanatic, who had rendered himself notorious by boldly preaching from the pulpit the doctrines of non-resistance, and whose cause was upheld by all the high tories and churchmen in the kingdom ; who was moreover in extreme favor with a vast rabble, hired, of course, to shout him into notice, and make a lion of one whom nature intended solely for a fool, was attacked by Defoe in a manner more remarkable for its zeal than its discretion, inasmuch as it rendered him for the time the most unpopular man in the kingdom. Wherever he went, whether about the

metropolis or in the provinces, his life was in imminent danger ; his attempts to reform the persecuting spirit of the age were met with contumely and ridicule ; his character was impugned, his abilities were decried, his very virtues ministered against him. For every shout of " Long live Sacheverell ! " a counter one was raised, of " Down with Defoe ! " Even assassination was attempted to be put in force against him ;—so difficult, so replete with hazard, is the high task to make men wiser or better than they are. Defoe was full a century in advance of his age, and he paid the penalty of such maturity in the bitter, unsparing abuse of his contemporaries. All parties combined to assail him. The whigs detested him, the jacobites avoided him, the high tories feared him, and even the dissenters, in whose cause he had periled his all, for whom he had gone through the ordeal of fine—pillory—imprisonment—even these for a season stood aloof from him. He was like Cain, branded on his forehead with a mark, that all men might avoid him. Time, however, did him justice : the malice of his enemies slowly abated ; and as the quicksands of party were perpetually shifting, Defoe gained more or less by such change. Still the persecutions he had experienced made visible inroads on his health. In the autumn of life he found himself without a green leaf on his boughs, his spirit blighted, sapless, and ready at the first keen breeze that might blow rudely on it, to fall a ruin to earth. Under these circumstances, in the year 1715, shortly after the accession of George I. to the throne, he published a pamphlet in defence of his whole political career, which he entitled " An Appeal to Honor and Justice." Scarcely was this concluded, when its gifted author was struck with apoplexy, from which his recovery was for a long time doubtful.

On his restoration to health, Defoe embarked in a new career, and amused himself with the composition of those works of fiction, some of which will render his name immortal. In 1719 appeared " Robinson Crusoe," founded on the true adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who but a few years before had in no ordinary degree excited public attention ; in 1721, the " History of Moll Flanders ; " in 1722, the " Life of Colonel Jack," and the " History of the Great Plague in London ; " in 1723, " Memoirs of a Cavalier," and " Religious Courtship ; " in 1724, " Roxana, or the Fortunate Mistress," and " A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain ; " and in 1726, the Political History of the Devil," together with a vast variety of other miscellanies, both in prose and verse, of which little now is known except to the hunters after literary rarities. But age and infirmities were rapidly advancing upon Defoe, and putting a stop to the further exercise of his invention. Shortly after the marriage of one of his daughters, in 1729, he was arrested for some trivial debt, and confined in prison till the year 1730, which period was passed in sickness and acute mental anguish. As if to fill up the measure of his suffering, his very children rebelled against him, and on some mean pretext his son found means to deprive his aged and heart-broken father of what little remained to him of the world's wealth. This was too much for Defoe's fortitude. The principle of life within him, already severely tried, now quite gave way : he seldom spoke, was often seen in tears, or on his knees in prayer ; and after some months of intense mental suffering, resigned himself without a struggle to his fate, on the 24th of April, 1731, at the mature age of seventy.

Having thus sketched the main incidents in the political life of Defoe—

foe, it remains to say a few words of him in that character by which he is best known to posterity, namely, as an author. Of his fugitive tracts, "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks of Vallombrosa," on the passing topics of the day, as the changed character of the age has consigned them to eternal oblivion, we shall merely observe, that though uninteresting to the mere reader for amusement, they teem with instruction for the historian, the commentator, and the divine. Viewed as literary compositions, they abound in spirit, irony, and occasionally caustic sarcasm. Their style is everywhere homely, not vulgar, clear, explicit, and free from rant or verbiage. In this respect they resemble the political writings of Swift, though they fall immeasurably short of them in terseness, energy, and fertility of illustration. In the "Dean of St. Patrick's" tracts there is ever an appearance of care and attention; every point, however simply detailed, seems to be made the most of, every fact to be diligently elaborated and insisted on. With Defoe the very contrary is the case. He throws off his opinions on the great leading events of his day, with a carelessness and profusion which superior literary wealth but too commonly engenders; and if he at times displays the highest and most varied excellences, such ebullitions are the results rather of accident than design. As a political writer, Defoe has left behind him no one master-piece, by which he can be at once brought before the reader's memory. His talents are scattered over scores of volumes; felicitous passages, whether for thought, sentiment, humor, or fiction, must be sought in a variety of tracts, whose aggregate number might appal the most courageous students. He has written no one work like Swift's "Public Spirit of the Whigs," Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," or Johnson's "Letter on the Falkland Islands,"—wherein that stately writer carries the power and dignity of the English language to its very loftiest elevation,—by which a reader of the present day may at once form an estimate of his abilities. Hence his political celebrity is a dead-letter to all but historians and antiquaries.

Of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," which at the present day is read and admired by all classes of readers in every quarter of the globe, we have lately had occasion to speak. Of his minor works, such, for instance, as his "Singleton," "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," &c., we shall say little, as we have but an imperfect recollection of them; but we cannot prætermit his "History of the Plague in London," to which Professor Wilson has been so largely indebted in his splendid, but somewhat verbose dramatic poem of "The City of the Plague." Defoe's narrative of this awful visitation is, from first to last, as impressive a piece of writing as any in the annals of literature. It is superior to the record, by Thucydides, of the same pestilence at Athens; because, though less a model of composition, less terse, less polished, less equable in its classical spirit, it has incomparably more nature, more feeling, a more rigid air of reality. Whoever has read this striking fiction (for fiction it really is), will allow that it is one never to be forgotten. The very opening, where Defoe tells us with an air of the most perfect unconcern, as if unconscious of what is to follow, that "towards the close of the summer of 1665, a report was spread throughout the parish that three men had died of some strange disorder in Long-Acre," excites curiosity, and rivets attention. But when he proceeds through the different phases of his narrative—when he glances at the grass growing in the streets—at the strange prodigies that har-

bingered the visitation—at the death of the first man who was indubitably proved to have fallen a victim to the plague—at the sound of the dead-cart at night, and the houses marked by the fatal cross—and, above all, when he sketches one or two individual portraits, such as those of the mother and daughter who were found dead in each others' arms, we feel the mastery of his genius, and acknowledge, with mingled awe and wonder, that we are indeed under the spell of the necromancer.

We have little to add. "The History of the Plague," and the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," are the works to which Defoe is indebted for his immortality. As a political writer, he has perished from among us; as a novelist, his spirit yet walks the earth. His present biographer has done him justice in both characters; and has, besides, thrown so much light on the age in which Defoe flourished, so fully illustrated its nature, its manners, and more particularly its moral and religious cast of thought, that we know not which most to admire, his power of amusement or instruction. In every sense of the word, even with Clarendon and Gibbon in our recollection, we may style Mr. Wilson a historian. His "Life and Times of Defoe"—of that extraordinary man who exceeds Cobbett in the number and variety of his political tracts; who beats Thucydides on his own 'vantage ground; almost equals Sir W. Scott as a novelist; and who, in the aggregate amount of his works, surpasses any author that ever lived, having written upwards of two hundred volumes!—Mr. Wilson's *Memoirs* of that extraordinary man are volumes that no student, nay, no gentleman, should be without. A library that does not possess them is incomplete.

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.—By MRS. HEMANS.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

What is Poesy, but to create
 From overfeeling, good or ill, and aim
 At an external life beyond our fate?
 Bestowing fire from Heaven, and then, too late,
 Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain!
 And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
 Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
 Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea shore.

BYRON'S *Prophecy of Dante*.

SOUND on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
 My dirge is in thy moan;
 My spirit finds response in thee,
 To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
 Ye tones that never cease!
 Oh! let your hidden leaves be stirr'd,
 And say, deep waters! can you give me peace?

Away!—my weary soul hath sought
 In vain one echoing sigh,
 One answer to consuming thought
 In human breasts—and will the wave reply?

La Tour du Marche, Bergues.

Sound on, thou dark unsleeping sea !
 Sound in thy scorn and pride !
 I ask not, alien world ! from *thee*,
 What my own kindred earth hath still denied !

And yet I loved that earth so well,
 With all its lovely things !
 Was it for *this* the death-wind fell
 On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings ?

Let them lie silent at my feet !
 Since, broken even as they,
 The heart, whose music made them sweet,
 Hath pour'd on desert sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
 The laurel wreath is mine—
 With a worn heart, a weary frame,
 O, restless Deep ! I come to make them thine !

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
 Place in thy darkest hold !
 Bury my anguish, my renown,
 With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold !

Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest,
 Thou hast thy love, thy home !
 They wait thee in the quiet nest—
 And I—unsought, unwatch'd for—I too come !

I, with this wing'd nature fraught,
 These visions, brightly free,
 This boundless love, this fiery thought—
 Alone, I come ! O ! give me peace, dark Sea !

LA TOUR DU MARCHE, BERGUES.

[THE GEM.] Bergues, or Berg St. Vinox, is a fortified town situated upon the river Colne, in French Flanders. It lies east of Gravelines, not far from the city of Calais, and twenty leagues north-west of Douay ; is a place of considerable strength, the fortifications having been constructed by the celebrated Vauban ; and, from a late census, it is stated to contain 5,667 inhabitants. Bergues is, moreover, considered a chief town of the district, licensed by the Government to conduct the public posts ; has a regular office ; and, from the frequency and activity of its fairs, is much resorted to by neighboring proprietors and farmers : while its manufactories of lace, and its tanneries, tend still farther to promote the interests of trade.

Among the public buildings, its ancient church, with the market-house and tower, afford the most conspicuous objects ; and the first impression on the eye of the tourist is at once imposing and picturesque.

In addition to the market-fairs, which are held at Bergues no less than eight times during the year, there prevails among the adjacent villages an immemorial custom of celebrating an annual festival, said to have been first introduced from France, called the "Fête of the Rose." Somewhat resembling, in the ceremonies, the feasts of our old English village greens, and most, perhaps, that of electing a Queen of the May ; it is, nevertheless, very distinct in its object and tendency. The Rose-maiden, as she is prettily designated, who

is selected to wear the triumphal wreath, and to preside as queen of the day, aspires to the distinction, not by virtue of superior beauty, station, or influence in the place, but of the reputation she has acquired for filial and domestic virtues ; her gentle and obliging manners ; in short, for all that makes a girl favorably reported of in her native village. According to an oral tradition, one of these annual festivals was made memorable by the occurrence of some singular incidents, and as singular a discovery, hardly to be anticipated by the chief personages who figured in the humble drama.

In the year 1765, General Muffeldorf, an old campaigner in the wars of the great Frederick, arrived at his family mansion in the vicinity of Bergues. He was evidently suffering under depression of spirits, as well as a shattered frame ; and he brought with him his friend Count Lindenkron, an old courtier of the Viennese school, whose merry mood marked him a rare exception to the usual line of Austrian thick lips and wits obtuse. As a preparation for cultivating the arts of peace, the general was recommended by his friend to mingle in the approaching festivities : it was the eve of the Rose-festival ; and it was reported that the prize of merit would be awarded to one of the worthy pastor's daughters. The young Evelina bore the most enviable character : she had punctually fulfilled her every duty with unwearied gentleness and assiduity ; she was beloved by all for her benevolence ; she visited the poor, instructed their children, raised subscriptions, for every object of good, among the neighboring gentry ; and, always eager and enthusiastic in a right cause, she was at once the pride and the life of the hamlet.

Delighted with the account he heard, the good old general commissioned his friend to pay a visit to Evelina and the pastor, and to offer, on his behalf, the free use of the noble lawn, and the hall itself, as the scene of the next day's election. The proposal was accordingly tendered to the ladies' committee, and accepted : the ancient courtier was enraptured with the beauty and manners of the fair candidate ; and he still lingered, after performing his mission, to converse with her. He regretted that he had not yet seen the village church ; and the pastor being from home, Evelina, at her mother's request, instantly took down the keys, and offered to show him through the edifice. Expressing his gratitude in the most profuse terms, the count attended her to the church ; and, having seen everything worthy notice, turned to depart, when, just on reaching the door, he had the temerity to offer her a salute ; and the next instant found himself locked inside the church, with a parting slap of a fair hand tingling on his cheek. Here the count had full leisure to indulge his taste for church architecture, instead of drinking tea with his friend the general, who was now impatiently looking for his return ; but he looked in vain. It grew dark ; but no Count Lindenkron made his appearance. Meantime, in fast durance, the courtier of the old school began to feel uneasy as the shades of night advanced : he could see nothing distinctly ; but what he did see, seemed very like the ghosts of deceased elders, coming out of the vaults to read him a grave lecture on the wicked gallantry of the old courts. The shadowy forms of ancient apostles appeared to be leaving their marble stations : strange noises were heard ; and fancy was about to

run away with him on her witch's broom. In this delectable state he had crawled to the doors, and begun to batter them, crying, at the top of his voice, "*Ghosts and murder!*" and with so much emphasis, that the words reached the ears of the worthy pastor, as he was jogging by, on his way home. He made a full stop. "*Ghosts and murder!*" he ejaculated, as he heard the words repeated—"and in my church!—that is very shocking!—very odd!" Instead of going nearer, however, he only spurred on the faster, thinking it was of no use to examine into the cause before he had got the church keys, if he did it at all.

On entering his own door, Evelina came forward and handed him the said keys; but the pastor involuntarily refused them, exclaiming, in an uneasy tone, "What makes you think I am going to church to-night, child?"

"You must go, dear father: I have a particular reason for it."

"And I may have a particular reason for not going," rejoined the pastor; "and assuredly either you, or your mother, or our old sexton, or all of you, shall go with me; I heard strange noises as I came by."

"Yes, yes! I dare say," replied his daughter; and, taking her father's arm, she related to him what had occurred in his absence, as they went along. Greatly comforted, in one sense, the worthy pastor thanked Heaven that matters were no worse, and hastened his steps to release the unfortunate count.

The moment the church-door was unfastened, out bolted the captive like an arrow shot from a bow, as if pursued by a legion of demons, nor looked once behind him until he had reached the general's, who had almost given him up for lost. Swift as he had come, however, the count had time to invent a story by the way; for he assured the general he had been locked in the church by the sexton, and quite by mistake. It passed with the good old general, who even commiserated the poor count's mishap; while the latter secretly vowed vengeance on the fair cause of his disaster and alarm.

The morning at length appeared, and the general was first roused by the blast of a trumpet under his windows, answered by the peals of a great drum. He looked out and beheld, with astonishment, the most singular company he had ever seen upon parade—literally a skeleton regiment. It consisted of about twenty old, shriveled, broken-down soldiers—a true invalided corps, most fit for the body-guard of death. They were almost buried in their wide regimentals, old cocked hats, and huge perukes. They were armed in an equally ludicrous style, while their colors flourished in the grasp of an ugly hunch-backed little ensign. Their commander, advancing in front, mounted on a richly caparisoned donkey, answered the queries of the general, by informing him that they were a detachment of an invalided regiment at Bergues, despatched thither by the general's friend, colonel Solmitz, to do honor to the festival, and preserve peace during the election.

"Just as well qualified for the one as for the other," returned the general to the dwarfish officer; "and though I had no idea of calling out the military on this occasion, I will furnish you with some rations, for which, I suspect, you are much better prepared than for fighting; so march, quick time, to my house-steward; he will be your commissary." The general had no need to repeat his request: they suddenly disappeared.

The festival was ushered in by a fine cloudless day. The good and lovely Evelina was conducted from her residence with great pomp.

Her fine auburn tresses were wreathed with flowers ; flowers were strewed along her path. Upon the green lawn, bedecked as the place of coronation, the pastor addressed the spectators in a short impressive discourse, pointing out the superior advantages of a course of prudent and virtuous conduct, as contrasted with an opposite career. The general next placed the rose-crown on the fair maiden's brows, little dreaming, at the moment, he was bestowing the prize of excellence on his own long-lost child, whose fate, and that of her mother, he had vainly mourned for years. As little could he have conjectured that his ancient friend count Lindenkrone, the courtier, would be the cause—hardly, we fear, the innocent cause—of making so interesting a discovery ; for a certain feeling of revenge was still lurking in his heart, on account of the fright Evelina had thrown him into the day before. He had matured his design ; and such was the happy sequel of it.

After the festivities of the day, the parties had withdrawn late in the evening into the castle. While there engaged in different amusing games and dances, Evelina was informed that a fine lady wished to speak with her in another apartment. She followed her informant's steps, and was conducted into the presence of the strange lady, who requested her to be seated near her. She was alone : she threw her arms round Evelina, and saluted her most warmly. The fair girl shrunk back intimidated, but was terrified at being clasped closer in the lady's arms than before. She shrieked out repeatedly ; and, the next moment, Erick, the young forester, (and her reputed lover), rushed into the room, and, observing the sleeves of a man's coat under the strange lady's gown, instantly knocked her down, and released the trembling Evelina.

No sooner had Erick performed this feat, than in hobbled a party of the skeleton regiment, and boldly took up a position, with a demonstration to seize upon the young forester. But the athletic champion warned them off, begging they "would not compel him to lay a heavy hand upon so respectable a body of veterans ; for if they did not respect his person, he would shuffle them all together like a pack of cards, and throw them out of the window." But the count, now rising, joined their standard, and encouraged them to the attack ; and, the old general rushing in at the same moment, a scene took place that beggars all description : Evelina fainting—Erick swearing—the count without his wig, mopping and mowing like a monkey, in a lady's dress—and the veteran invalids shouldering their crutches, "showing how fields were *not* won." In the midst of all this hubbub, in burst another personage, a lady in deep mourning, exclaiming, "My daughter ! where is my long-lost daughter ?" She withdrew her veil, and the general started and uttered an exclamation of terror, as he gazed on her countenance. "Adelaide ! my own ! my lost one ! is it true ? Alas ! I believed you had been long dead."

"The lady seemed little less surprised. "False, treacherous Mowbray !" she cried, "false to your trust as a husband and a father ;—how could you desert us ? I, too, believed you fallen in battle ; and, had it not been for the excellent pastor, who adopted my little Evelina as his child, we had never lived to reproach you."

"Alas !" returned the general, "you cannot reproach me so severely as my own conscience has done. Yet, believe me, I have again and again sought to discover you. I was even assured both you and my child were dead ; but thus to meet is an over-payment for all our sufferings."

The general clasped to his bosom his weeping wife and daughter ; the veterans were ordered to counter-march ; the old count slunk away to adjust his gown ; and young Erick, taking Evelina's hand, sank upon his knees before the general, and entreated his blessing.

THE MANIAC.

[FAMILY MAGAZINE.] There is not a more desolate being than a woman of an affectionately devoted disposition, of intense feeling, and of social habits, who suffers the sudden bereavement of the dearest objects of her regard, and whose mind, thus precipitately flung back upon itself, is, as if by one convulsive shock, deprived of the resources it possessed in fond and tender intercourse with the friends whose sympathies constituted the chief charm of her early existence.—Or, sadder still, if doomed to witness the aberration of intellect, in the “one, *the chosen one*,” whose truth and whose affection she had hoped were yet to console her for the loss of all besides ;—that calamity should be rendered more terrible, by the imposition of restraints, which denied her the mournful solace of watching with desperate solicitude over the wreck of her last earthly treasure ; or, scarcely less bitter, to feel herself left alone in the world—and to feel, too, that death, which had released the beloved object of all her tenderness and all her love from that affliction which prostrates the best and noblest faculties of our nature, had spared *her* only to wear out an existence of wretchedness and vain regret, till reason, already weakened by the unavailing struggle with her woes, no longer shed its soothing light across the dismal waste of life.

Let the imagination picture to itself a young, light-hearted, cheerful creature, attired in all the little elegances so fancifully essential to the adornment of female beauty—that beauty which is, after all, “when unadorned adorned the most ;” passing blithely along in the innocent and pardonable vanity of her gentle nature, thinking none more gay, none more lovely, none more happy, none more blessed, than herself ! Let but one cloud obscure that sunshine of the soul ; let but one rude breath ruffle the calm surface of the gentle current of her thoughts ; let but one disapproving look from eyes she loves startle her from the enjoyment of that waking dream of bliss ; wound but her strong affection with “one word unkind or wrongly taken ;” afflict her trusting bosom with but a hint prejudicial to the honor and fair fame, or detrimental to the interests of the “nearest and the dearest upon earth”—and oh, what a change comes o’er that gentle spirit ! Her fairy gleams of hope and bliss are turned to thick substantial gloom ; her very nature undergoes a change ; her soul, subdued and beaten down by sudden sorrow, desponds and droops ; the pride of ornament becomes a reproach in her own eyes ; and she moves along an altered being with unaltered form. In melancholy abstraction and the shade of grief, insensible to all that pleased and charmed her an hour before, regardless of the busy bustling throng around her, she hurries on ; whilst the flower-wreath still exhibits the gaudy hues of art upon the bonnet—the rainbow-tinted ribbon streams in its glossy brightness—or feathers nod like the idle trappings of a hearse, as if in mockery of the unconscious form beneath.

But if such be the consequence of remediable ill—or of the temporary

chastenings inflicted by Providence to humble mortal self-sufficiency—what must the heart endure, which, after long watching over the wreck of intellect, the mental aberration of its “other and still dearer self,” and clinging for years to the desperate hope of beholding even the faint glimmering of reason once more burst through the mist, sees all its fondly-cherished but delusive anticipations, and all the looked-for reward of years of ceaseless suffering, sink forever into the silence and the shadow of the tomb! The record of affliction, which I now trace, had its source in no idle fiction; the maniac and the maniac’s widow were no creatures of imagination.

Reuben Peachcroft was born in a secluded but populous village, in one of the western counties of England. Within its peaceful precincts his boyish and his youthful days were passed; and, even in manhood, he was never known to absent himself from that beloved retreat even for a day. He inherited from his father, who was a farmer, a small independence; but, with that competency, there seems to have descended to him an infirmity which would have rendered life but little desirable even with affluence: and the natural reserve of Peachcroft’s character, and his habits of gloomy abstraction, but nurtured that insanity which made existence, to him at least, what Byron so emphatically pronounced it to be to all—“a bitter boon.” Yet, had it not been for this one absorbing affliction, those who knew him early and esteemed him long were wont to say, that few men appeared in youth more formed by Nature for contentment, and even for social happiness. In person he was tall and well-proportioned; his features were regular and handsome: his eyes dark and penetrating; and his manner neither impudently obtrusive, nor meanly subservient, but manly, frank, and prepossessing, when, in the lucid intervals allowed him, he conversed with the few friends with whom he associated—and they were but few. At times, he was studious; but his studies took the fatal misdirection of his malady, and were principally, if not exclusively, devoted to astronomy and lunar calculations. He was a fine-looking man, in the truest and strictest interpretation of the phrase, when encountered in the casual composure of his intellect and in the enjoyment of robust health: then indeed, like Lara,

They who saw him did not see in vain,
And once beheld would ask of him again.

He was in the very prime of life—his thirtieth year—when he first beheld Fanny Somerton, who had recently come to visit an aged aunt, under whose roof Peachcroft resided. Fanny, who was then little more than twenty years of age, was “as blithe a lass as ever danced upon the greensward,” and as fair as she was blithe. Inscrutable are all the ways of Providence! but if ever a notion of *fatalism* could be said to attach to any event of this our state of being, it must be that of such a marriage as bound together the future destinies of Peachcroft and Fanny Somerton. Chance, for chance it *was*, had thus cast her under the same roof; and the very circumstance which would have deterred ninety and nine females out of every hundred from cherishing anything like affection for the victim of so awful a dispensation, excited in Fanny’s heart a sentiment which, originating in the purest commiseration and sympathy, terminated in the most ardent, the most faithful, the most devoted, love. The compassion which she first felt for the sufferings which she heard that he underwent in the paroxysms of his disorder, and the interest which she took in his welfare, grew insensi-

bly upon her; nor was she conscious of the full force of that passion, which was to destroy her own earthly happiness, until the certainty of that destruction brought with it the conviction of her irrevocable attachment to the poor Maniac. The return of one of those fearful visitations which ever and anon came upon him, at once assured her, that the wreck and ruin of his mind was irretrievable, and that the tranquillity and peace of her own heart were gone forever. From that hour, she became the constant soother of his afflicted spirit, the calmer of his troubled thoughts; and "ministered to a mind diseased" so effectually for a time, that at length—"so fondly Hope will err"—she even hoped that her fondness had exaggerated the extent of his affliction; and the sad reality of her terrible forebodings gave way to the almost bewildering expectation of yet triumphing over that worst of earthly ills. Peachcroft became calm, composed, nay cheerful; he conversed rationally; and seemed in all his deportment a regenerated being. Restored, as he believed himself to be, to the enjoyment of reason, gratitude dictated the only reward that he could make to her, whose solicitude and tenderness had effected that restoration—and they were married. They lived together for some few years, apart from all society; never inviting a guest within their doors, and declining the hospitable invitations of their kindhearted neighbors, lest some sudden excitement might once more defeat the success of Fanny's assiduous attention. She, for her own part, renounced all intercourse even with her relatives; and he no longer associated with his former friends. The only companion of their secluded home was a large rugged wolf-dog, seemingly as unsocial in disposition as the villagers imagined Peachcroft had become, and never leaving the house but to follow his hapless master and Fanny through the garden or the fields. In these, which were then considered Peachcroft's years of sanity, he never was seen to pass the boundary of his own grounds, and scarcely indeed the threshold of his house, by day; but in the twilight, or the dusk of evening, or the shade of night, he and Fanny would roam through unfrequented paths. Alas for Fanny!—little did she deem by what a sacrifice the quiet of a few months or years was to be repaid. She had succeeded, beyond her own most sanguine expectation, in averting for a time those sufferings, which, while they lasted, reduced the manly form of Peachcroft to the imbecility of very idiocy; but the wound was only "skinned and filmed," the work of ruin went on silently, but surely, within; and Fanny, unconscious of the dangerous precipice on which she stood, was gay, was happy once more, buoying herself up with the delightful self-delusion, all the while her own intellect was gradually and imperceptibly yielding to the influence of sympathy and association. Their rambles were no longer confined to their own grounds; yet still they never appeared by day-light in the village. They generally left their cheerless dwelling before dawn, and seldom did they return to it before midnight.

Their wanderings were not directed by motive or object; neither were they limited by any prescribed space, nor regulated by any attention to time or circumstance; save only that they never appeared in the village in "the garish light of day." In the one unwearied order of march, in sunshine and in shower, in calm or storm, did the unhappy maniac, with his only earthly companions, his wife and his dog, traverse a tract of twenty or thirty miles, day after day, in ever-changing directions; but his favorite ramble was toward the Hill-country, amongst the rugged acclivities of the Cotswolds.

Strange as it may seem, though he held aloof from all society, yet the person, history, individual character, capacity, and vocation, not merely of the long-established inhabitants of the village and neighborhood, but of the stranger and temporary sojourner amongst them, were known to Peachcroft: and if, in some of his capricious moods, he encountered any of them in his walks, or they passed him as he stood on the grass-plot in front of his door gazing on the heavens—bareheaded, and apparently wrapt in contemplation of the celestial sphere—he would stamp upon the earth in rage, and denounce them for intruding on his “sublime and sacred studies,”—calling each by name, as he raved aloud, and seeming, at such a moment, the embodied creature of the poet’s fancy:—

He raves, his words are loose
As heaps of sand, and scattering wide from sense;
So high he’s mounted on his airy throne,
That now the wind is got into his head,
And turns his brains to frenzy.

Of all Peachcroft’s antipathies, and they were latterly numerous, that excited by the obnoxious tax-collectors of his day was the most inveterate. On one occasion his hatred, and the fury excited by their invasion of his territories, had nearly proved fatal to the leading man of office. They had repeatedly called upon him, but in vain, for the payment of various assessments, and he had as repeatedly threatened to “dash out their desperate brains,” should they attempt to enforce their demand. At length, the collector, attended by two constables, appeared at his door, determined to execute a warrant of distress. Seeing his castle thus beset, he formed an instantaneous resolution to destroy his besiegers by stratagem; and, assuming the appearance of a pacific and even of a friendly disposition, he affected to “regret the trouble they had had in calling so often for such a trifle,” and declared that “if one of the party”—and he named the person—“would come up to his apartment unarmed and unattended, everything should be settled in full.” This arrangement was promptly acceded to; and he then desired his wife to open the door, but to admit no one but the person whom he had so named. Thus far his scheme succeeded, and when that one rashly ventured to ascend the narrow winding staircase, and entered the room, Peachcroft dexterously contrived to fasten the door upon his intended victim; then, seizing the poker, he attacked him in the most desperate manner. Once did he succeed in striking the defenceless object of his fury, whom he would certainly have murdered, had not the party below broken into the house and rescued him from the Maniac’s savage grasp. Peachcroft was immediately secured and brought in close custody before a bench of magistrates, assembled at Petty Sessions in a neighboring town. After a long and patient investigation, it was decided that he should immediately be sent to a lunatic asylum in an adjoining county, but at a distance of thirty miles from his home. When that decision was pronounced, he was instantly, but with considerable difficulty, subjected to the restraint of a strait waistcoat. The scene that followed leaves even the most imaginative description far, very far, behind. There Peachcroft stood, like the spirit of the subsiding tempest, murmuring over its meditated wrath, sullen and baffled, but no longer boisterous; and there, too, by his side stood his own devoted Fanny, clinging to him with a fidelity and firmness worthy of the best days of Rome’s best women. But when she

heard the order issued, which was to separate them for the first time since their sacred union—and Heaven only knows what sufferings she had borne up against during that trying period, what wayward moods she had encountered and subdued, what perils even of life she had passed through—but when she heard that stern mandate spoken, all was forgotten, save the dreadful thought even of a temporary separation. She fell upon her knees before the assembled magistrates, and with bitter and fast-falling tears besought them “not to send him into such confinement, but, in mercy, to restore him to her care and to her protection.” An imperative sense of public duty could alone have enabled the firmest heart to withstand the supplications of this self-sacrificing being. The wretched object of her solicitude and of her prayers, although bereft of reason and regardless of all else, was, in his discourse with her, calm, collected, and even apparently rational. Her arms were closely, convulsively, clasped around his neck, as, with tears of anguish bursting from her eyes, she still implored that he might not be sent away from her; and Peachcroft, neither caring for, nor heeding, any being on earth besides her, hung over her in unutterable fondness, till at length, as if suddenly restored to the full consciousness of his situation, he raised his head, and, mildly addressing the magistrates, besought and prayed them that “if he must be made the inmate of such an asylum, she too, at least, might be allowed to accompany him thither.” Such a request could not, of course, be complied with; but she hoped, even to the last moment, that he would not be torn from her; nor did this anxious expectation entirely forsake her until she saw the chaise, which was to carry him away, drawn up at the door of the public office. When the death-like certainty burst upon her, there she stood—a dreadful spectacle—

Maddening and gathering strength in her despair,
As the roused storm-bird cleaves the troubled air.

She clung with desperation to her husband, whilst he struggled, with all the strength left him by his bondage, to retain that liberty of which he had never before been deprived, and to resist the determined efforts with which the officers of justice forced him towards the carriage; but, as they had succeeded in handcuffing him, all his efforts failed, and he was ultimately lifted to his seat, and they drove off. Her “great despair” was not so easily subdued. She caught and grasped the door of the chaise, wildly entreating that “as they had never been a single day or hour apart since they had been married, she might now share his imprisonment.” Although several of the by-standers endeavored to unfix her grasp, she held on determinedly, and was dragged with the vehicle for a considerable distance through the mud and mire of the street; when, fearing that her life might be the sacrifice of her desperation, the populace stopped the carriage, and she was taken away by the united force of several constables, and carried in a state bordering upon insensibility to her wretched home. There she remained for some time sullenly silent. It was thought prudent to place a female attendant in the house with her, to watch over her, and perform the menial duties of the place; and this woman endeavored, but vainly, to soothe the violence of her mental anguish during the first day of her husband's absence. On the second, she appeared absorbed in gloomy meditation, which was mistaken by her attendant for resignation. On the morning of the third day, when the woman rose to resume her

work, she knocked at her chamber door—and knocked repeatedly, but received no answer. She became alarmed, lest in the excess of her affliction the poor creature might have committed suicide ; until her alarm gave place to astonishment, on perceiving that the lock, not only of that apartment, but also of the street-door, was unfastened. Fanny was no where to be seen ; but a note was found on the table, in her hand-writing, requesting that “ her attendant might not be uneasy at her absence, as she was only gone to see her husband, and should return home in a few days.”

Up to this period, Fanny had endured her wretchedness for long years, and yet her mind was unsubdued. Everything in the house seemed in perfect order, just as it had been placed on the preceding evening ; but evidently her bed had not been occupied. It thence became manifest that the unhappy woman had set out on her lonely pilgrimage soon after night-fall. The poor creature had indeed done so ; and, as no regular conveyance offered at such an hour, she must have walked her dreary journey of thirty miles before the dawn of day, for with the first beam of light she was observed in front of the asylum, with her eyes fixed eagerly and immoveably upon the door, watching for its opening. She never quitted her station, nor altered her position till she obtained admittance ; and then her fatigue, had it been a thousand-fold what it had been, would have been amply compensated, for she was once more permitted to behold her own Reuben Peachcroft, and to remain with him during the greater part of the day. She remonstrated with the keeper on the cruelty and injustice of detaining her husband from his home and from her ; but she was assured that everything was ordered for the best, and in the hope of effecting his perfect restoration ; that, had a contrary course been adopted, her mode of treatment would only have fostered the malady, and rendered him perhaps utterly incurable ; whereas now, he might in all human probability be enabled to return to her in a few months. Appeased and satisfied in some degree by these assurances, Fanny once more sought her deserted and desolate habitation, and, in even a shorter period than she had ventured to anticipate, Peachcroft was restored to her, with a mind as clear, as collected, and as rational, as if he had never been afflicted ; but it was certain that his health had been impaired by involuntary confinement, and the restraint so unavoidably imposed upon him. From the period of his return home, he was never known to leave his house in the day-light, and he was soon almost forgotten in his seclusion and obscurity, when, at the end of many weeks, public interest was again excited for his fate by the rumor of his death !

The female attendant, who still waited upon Fanny, had not seen him for nearly a week ; but, attributing his non-appearance to indisposition, she did not entertain the slightest suspicion of the fatal truth, till, on entering their sitting-room one morning, she beheld a most appalling sight. A large fire was blazing on the hearth, extended before which lay the inanimate body of Reuben Peachcroft, with an immense quantity of clothes piled upon it. Kneeling beside the corpse was his distracted Fanny, who gave the first indication of her own insanity, as, bending over the insensible object of all her tenderness and all her care, with her lips pressed closely to his clay-cold and livid lips, she breathed into his mouth in the maddened hope of reanimating his lifeless frame. All that could be gathered from her wild ravings was, that

he had become mute and cold three or four days before. In her frenzied state, she must have acquired infinitely more than her natural strength to have enabled her to carry the body, as she obviously must have done, down a flight of stairs; for in his life-time he was, as I have before described him, a tall, muscular, and lusty man, and she was small and slight of stature. She had then laid the corpse before the fire, piled mattresses, beds, bed-clothes, and clothing of every description, upon it, and watched for its resuscitation. Some persons living in the immediate neighborhood were soon called in, and, in spite of the resistance of the frantic woman, the remains of Peachcroft were decently prepared for interment. To this, after some time, she consented, as reason at intervals broke through the fearful mist that overclouded her faculties. She seemed to recognize every person that approached, and at length was induced to speak on the mournful subject of her departed husband's funeral. But, when the dismal morning came, and with it came the necessity of fastening down the coffin, and shutting his beloved features forever from her sight, her distraction became boundless, and the throes of her agony were so intense, that it seemed as if every fibre of her frame were rending in the struggle, and every sob were the last convulsive sigh of a breaking heart. "This could not last"—but in her delirium she declared that "he was still alive—he had spoken to her—he could not die—oh no! he could not die and leave his own poor Fanny in the desolate and dreary world without him." At length—"she wept not, so all stone she felt within."

The undertaker's ungracious and ungrateful duty was then performed. She heard the screws as they were driven into the coffin, and the world had closed forever upon the unconscious, and innocent, and beloved, cause of all her misery. The violence of her grief gradually subsided; again she spoke with calmness of the funeral, and at length expressed her determination to follow to the grave as chief and sole mourner. Oh, the alternate weakness and mightiness of sorrow, oppressing us, and sinking us down to the earth at one moment, and in the next, raising us in the sublimity of despair, and fortifying us in our very hopelessness against the severest trials, but to subdue us into childishness at last! The mournful procession soon commenced, and Fanny, supported by the arm of her humble attendant, followed with tottering footsteps to the grave. Her bitter lamentations fell upon every ear, and every heart sympathized in her affliction. She saw not, heard not, heeded not, the assembled crowd. "Her heart was with her love, in the cold, cold grave," and the peopled earth was a wilderness and a solitude to her. She never raised her eyes from the coffin. As the solemn ceremony drew towards a close, so did her bitter wailings increase. When all was over, and the sexton was preparing to fill in the earth upon the narrow bed, wherein all that had been dear to her in life was laid, the tempest of her sorrow became terrific; and it was only by personal force, that those who were around her and who pitied her could withhold her from leaping into the grave. She was, at last, conveyed, or rather carried, back to her widowed home, dejected, miserable, and forlorn. Like a being from whom all earthly happiness had been torn away—left a prey to that despair which "affects the whole soul and all its faculties in the privation of joy, hope, trust, and confidence of present and of future"—still did she

every moment turn back, as if to take a last look of all that she had prized in life :—

And every step turn'd back her looks, and every look shed tears.

From that hour she gradually sunk into a state of melancholy derangement ; so true is it, that "if love once gets up into the brain, with continual meditation and waking, it so dries it up, that madness follows." Her whole life—her very spirit—underwent a change. In this state, I have oftentimes met the ill-fated Fanny in my rural walks, and as frequently has she—not craved, nor begged—but *demand*ed a penny of the passing stranger—the required mite being always a penny ; "one halfpenny for poor Reuben Peachcroft, and one halfpenny for his own poor, poor, Fanny." Yet her supplications did not result from want, for she derived some property from her husband ; but in the early stages of her lonely wanderings, many people, commiserating her apparent wretchedness, forced money upon her, till she looked upon such contributions as public tributes to the virtues of her Reuben. In purchasing the necessities of life—for neither love nor madness can "live on flowers," or on their own fond fancies—she never purchased a *single* article of any commodity, but invariably *two* ; "one for poor Reuben Peachcroft, and one for his own poor, poor, Fanny." From the day of his death, she entertained a rooted aversion to all mankind ; and persons of her own sex became the objects of her peculiar dislike : yet this arose not from hatred, nor from jealousy ; but from a consciousness that they retained those blessings which she was no longer permitted to enjoy. In a word, as she used often to exclaim in bitter scorn, "the world had lost its sweetness," a remark which she somewhat ludicrously illustrated, by filling her nostrils with cotton whenever she walked abroad, "to exclude the exhalations of mortality :"

The world had lost its sweetness, and the light
Of heaven itself grew hateful in her sight.

Her loathing of mankind became daily more and more inveterate, and yet it did not proceed from the recollection of any injury that had individually been inflicted upon her ; it sprang from, and it supported, that singleness of affection, which had proved at once the charm and the bane of her existence. "Her very love to *him* was hate to them."

It was strange, yet not less true than strange, that, from the day of his death, she was never known to repose upon a bed, nor to rest in a recumbent position. She slept—when she could be said to sleep—in an arm-chair, leaning her head upon her hands, her elbows being supported by a table. Her memory was unimpaired. Madness was not, in her, an inherent malady ; it arose out of the extraordinary circumstances in which accident had placed her. It was the work of sympathy, wrought into fearful shapes by that despair, which followed the defeat of the hope that affection had nourished but too fatally for her worldly happiness. The negligence, as far as concerned her personal appearance, the utter recklessness of self, which followed the aberration of her intellect, rendered her, for some few months of her wanderings, an object rather of dread than of commiseration to some of those sensitive persons, whose compassion may be excited by a well-told tale of distress, but revolts from that disregard of appearances, which is the true characteristic of the heart's sorrow. There was, however, a sad-

ness in poor Fanny's history, a perfectness of devotion to the cause in which she had sacrificed her peace of mind, her comforts, her happiness, and which had eventually destroyed the energies of the body, and the faculties of the mind, that, in my estimation, attached the most powerful interest to every circumstance connected with her fate. Days and weeks passed away, and Fanny no longer crossed me in my walks, nor was she seen in the public places. My curiosity was at length excited, and I walked through the village to look at her dwelling, in the hope of hearing some tidings of the lonely and desolate creature. But the doors and windows were all fastened, and it seemed like a deserted place. On inquiry, I found that, about the time when she ceased to tread her accustomed paths, she had suddenly left her home at the dead of night, and wandered no one knew whither. The summer and the autumn passed away, and still she returned not. The winter had set in with more than its wonted rigor, and, having risen one morning earlier than usual, for the purpose of accompanying some friends on a pedestrian excursion to a neighboring town, my way to which lay through the churchyard where Peachcroft had been interred, my attention was directed to the spot where a plain slab marked out his grave, by the dismal howl of a dog. I hastened thither, and, stretched upon the frozen sod that covered his remains, lay his poor Fanny, apparently in the agonies of death. One hand rested upon the neck of the faithful wolf-dog, and, with the other, she had evidently been endeavoring to trace her own name on the stone which covered the last earthly resting-place of Reuben Peachcroft. I raised her in my arms, as she faithfully murmured—"The first of December—Reuben—Reuben!" and, with that name on her lips, her spirit passed away. It was the anniversary of the day on which they laid her Reuben in the earth.

PROFESSOR WILSON, AS A LECTURER.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.] There is something in old associations—in the memories of those days when the heart was lighter and softer—that has led me often, since my return to Europe, to many of the more obscure parts of the old town of Edinburgh which I used to explore as a boy—down the West Bow, by the dim and gloomy house of the famous Major Weir, and through all the manifold turnings and windings that surround the Grass Market. As I was returning a few days ago from one of these perambulations, I walked into the College, and having a strange propensity to follow the crowd, I pursued the steps of two or three lads, who were mounting a flight of stairs in one of the angles of the building. At the top of the staircase was an anti-room, where a servant seemed upon guard. All the rest passed in, and finding by inquiry that strangers were admitted, I entered also, and was soon in the lecture-room of the famous Wilson, the Professor of Moral Philosophy.

I had heard much of Professor Wilson since my return to Edinburgh, and had known much of his public character before, by some very beautiful works, of which, however, I shall say nothing, as this paper must not be a critique. Every body agreed that he was very eccentric; but every body allowed that he was highly talented, and, from general report, I found he could make himself either extremely agreeable or extremely disagreeable, not so much from the whim of

the moment, as from the assimilation or discrepancy of his character with that of the person with whom he was brought in temporary communion. A considerable part of the class had assembled, but the Professor had not made his appearance; and taking my seat, I amused myself by examining the students. They were of all ages, from that on whose head the frost of Time had fallen thick and white, to the untouched day of youth, where all is expansion. There were lines of feature too, and shapes of head, sufficient to have puzzled the whole host of those who either read man's soul by his nose, or, judging of the kernel by the shell, feel the human mind through the manifold bumps of the cranium. The extraordinary differences of formation observable in the heads of an European multitude strike one the more strongly, after having been long with nations where scarcely a change of feature is to be seen amongst the individuals of each cast; as if Nature formed their faces by the score, and the only variety was produced by the shaking of the mould. In a few minutes, the Professor entered the room, and, during the bustle of the class hurrying to its appointed place, I had time to observe the features and demeanor of the lecturer. He is a well-formed muscular man, of about six feet high, of a fair complexion, with light brown hair, approaching to yellow, but not to red, which hangs in long disheveled locks over his ears. His dress was careless, and his whole appearance gave one the idea of a man, whose thorough contempt for everything like foppery is carried perhaps into the other extreme. His countenance is fine but stern—nay, at times fierce, with a high forehead, and eyebrows which, though not strongly marked, give a keen severity to the expression of his face by their frequent depression, and by their contraction, till they almost cover the piercing grey eye which shines out beneath, like that of an eagle.

With a quick step he took his place at his desk, laid down his watch beside him, and spread out a roll of papers, over which he glanced till everything was still. Then leaning forward, he bent his brows, and began his lecture in a full, clear, distinct voice. Accent he has very little, and what there is, I should have judged to be Irish rather than Scotch.

The part of his subject under immediate consideration was *Sympathy*, not considered as a mere transient effervescence of feeling, but with Smith's more extended view, as the great agent by which our moral perceptions are guided and regulated. In the first instance, he confined himself to giving a clear, distinct, and logical analysis of Smith's system; and never did I hear so lucid and tangible an explanation of an abstruse and difficult subject. It required no intense attention—no laborious effort of thought—no complicated manœuvre of the brain, to follow him from position to position; but all was easy and clear; and, if the mind did not always coincide in the conclusions of the author whose system was discussed, it could never for a moment doubt what the lecturer meant.

Between each sentence he paused for two or three minutes, to allow his hearers to grasp his argument, and fixed a keen and inquiring eye upon them, as if to read in their countenances whether they did or did not fully comprehend. When he thought there was the least doubt, he repeated what he had said, with some slight variation in form; and then proceeded to another part of his subject.

At first—though as a cold philosophical inquiry nothing could be

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more satisfactory than Professor Wilson's elucidation of his subject—yet I confess I did not find what I had expected. The language of his lecture was strong, applicable, elegant. No tautology was heard, no loose change of person, no mixed or imperfect figure; but I missed at first, the wild poetical genius, the daring talent of the "*Isle of Palms*," or the "*City of the Plague*." But as the lecture proceeded, its character began to change; the logical establishment of particular principles being accomplished, more room was left for the poet and the orator, and a new spirit seemed to animate the speaker. He reasoned on the nature and the power of conscience, and showed how, by judging of others, we learned to judge ourselves. He spoke of the "*Phantom Censor*" we raise up in our own bosoms, to examine and reprove our actions; and as he did so, the fulness of his tone increased, his brow expanded, his eye flashed, and he painted the "*inexorable judge within us, who may sleep but cannot die*," in a burst of the most powerful and enthusiastic eloquence.

A murmur of approbation and pleasure followed from the whole class, joined to a certain shuffling of the feet, which I find is in Edinburgh the usual and somewhat indecorous mark of applause with which the students honor their Professors on any occasion of peculiar brilliancy. Shortly after, the lecturer finished, and all the motley crowd tumbled out to hear some other theme discussed, perhaps as different from that which they had just heard as the range of human intellect will permit. I looked upon the hour I had lingered in the College as well spent; for, being the most impatient of all this earth's impatient children, I could hardly believe at the end of the lecture, that I had listened for the full space of sixty long minutes to any human being.

EARLY RISING.

[*NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*] I had the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays, very agreeably, with a family at Bristol. I am aware that those who have heard nothing of the Bristolians, save through George Frederick Cooke's satire on them,* will be amazed at any one's venturing to bring together, in the same sentence, three such words as "*agreeably*," "*Bristol*," and "*pleasure*;" but I declare it, on my own knowledge, that there is in that city one family, which for good sense, good humor, pleasantry, and kindness, is not to be outdone by any in Great Britain. "*The blood of an African*," indeed! There is not one amongst them, not excepting the ladies—no, nor even excepting Miss Adelaide herself (albeit she sweeten her coffee after the French fashion), who would not relinquish the use of sugar forever, rather than connive at the suffering of one poor negro. The family I allude to are the Norringtons. As a rigid recorder, I speak only to what I positively know: there may be others of equal value.

Having an appointment of some importance, for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth-night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when, walking along

* "*There are not two bricks in your accursed town*," said the tragedian, "*but are cemented with the blood of an African.*"

Broad street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach advertisements which were posted on the walls. The "High-flyer" announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the "Magnet" at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the "Wonder" was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!!—a glaring impossibility. We know that in our enterprising country, adventures are sometimes undertaken, in the spirit of competition, which are entirely out of the common course of things: thus, one man will sell a bottle of blacking for ninepence with the charitable intention of *ruining* his neighbor (so think the worthy public) who has the audacity to charge his at a shilling—the intrinsic value of the commodity being in either case a fraction less than five farthings. Such a manœuvre, however, is tolerable; but the attempt to ruin a respectable vehicle, professing to set out on its journey at the reputable hour of three in the afternoon, by pretending to start a coach at five o'clock in the morning, was an imposition tolerable only in Dogberry's sense of the word—it was "not to be endured." And then, the downright absurdity of the undertaking! for admitting that the proprietors might prevail on some poor idiot to act as coachman, where were they to entrap a dozen mad people for passengers? We often experience an irresistible impulse to interfere, in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of ours; and the case in question being, clearly, no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

"So, sir," said I to the book-keeper, "you start a coach to London at five in the morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied he—and with the most perfect *nonchalance*!

"You understand me? At five?—in the morning?" rejoined I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

"Yes, sir; five to a minute—two minutes later you'll lose your place."

This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work, so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

"And would you, now, venture to *book* a place for me?"

"Let you know directly, sir. (Hand down the Wonder Lunnun-book, there.) When for, sir?"

I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness.—"To-morrow."

"Full outside, sir; just one place vacant, *in*."

The very word, "outside," bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark, dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January, confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called, a "take-in."

"So you *will* venture then to *book* a place for me?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare?"

"If you please, sir—one-pound-two."

"Well, you are an extraordinary person! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole?"

"If you please, sir—two-pound-four."

I paid him the money; observing, at the same time, and in a tone

calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge, and jury—"You shall hear from me again."

"If you please, sir; to-morrow morning, at five *punctual*—start to a minute, sir—thank'ee, sir—good morning, sir." And this he uttered without a blush.

"To what expedients," thought I, as I left the office, "will men resort, for the purpose of injuring their neighbors! Here is one who exposes himself to the consequences of an action at law, or, at least, to the expense of sending me to town, in a chaise and four, at a reasonable hour of the day; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor—and on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning!"

The first person I met was my friend Mark Norrington, and—Even now, though months have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered, when assured by him of the frightful fact, that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach, which, really and truly, did start at five in the morning. But as the novel-writers of the good old Minerva school used, in similar cases, to say, "in pity to my sympathising reader's feelings, I must draw the mysterious veil of concealment over my, oh! too acute sufferings!" These, I must own, were, in no little degree, aggravated by the manner of my friend. Mark, as a sort of foil to his many excellent qualities, has one terrible failing: it is a knack of laughing at one's misfortunes; or, to use his own palliating phrase, he has a habit of looking at the ridiculous side of things. Ridiculous! Heavens! as if any one possessing a spark of humanity could perceive anything to excite his mirth in the circumstance of a fellow-creature's being forced out of his bed at such an hour! After exhibiting many contortions of the mouth, produced by a decent desire to maintain a gravity suitable to the occasion, he at length burst into a loud laugh; and exclaiming (with a want of feeling I shall never entirely forget) "Well, I wish you joy of your journey—you *must* be up at four!"—away he went. It may be asked why I did not forfeit my forty-four shillings, and thus escape the calamity. No; the laugh would have been too much against me: so, resolving to put a bold face on the matter, I—I will not say I walked—I positively *swaggered* about the streets of Bristol, for an hour or two, with all the self-importance of one who has already performed some extraordinary exploit, and is conscious that the wondering gaze of the multitude is directed towards him. Being condemned to the miseries, it was but fair that I should enjoy the honors, of the undertaking. To every person I met, with whom I had the slightest acquaintance, I said aloud, "I start at five to-morrow morning!" at the same time adjusting my cravat and pulling up my collar; and I went into three or four shops, and purchased trifles, for which I had no earthly occasion, for the pure gratification of my vain-glory, in saying—"Be sure you send them to-night, for I start at five in the morning!" But beneath all this show of gallantry, my heart—like that of many another hero on equally desperate occasions—my heart was ill at ease. I have often thought that my feelings, for the whole of that distressing afternoon, must have been very like those of a person about to go, for the first time, up in a balloon. I returned to Reeves' Hotel. College-green, where I was lodging. "I'll pack my portmanteau (the contents of which were scattered about in the drawers, on the tables, and on the chairs)—that will be so much gained on the enemy," thought I; but

on looking at my watch, I found I had barely time to dress for dinner—the Norringtons, with whom I was engaged, being punctual people. “No matter; I’ll pack it to-night.” ’Twas well I came to that determination; for the instant I entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Norrington rang the bell, and just said to the servant who appeared at its summons—“Dinner;” a dissyllable which, when so uttered, timed, and accompanied, is a polite hint that the dinner has not been improved by your late arrival.

My story, however, had arrived there before me; and I must do my friends the justice to say, that all that kindness could do for me, under the circumstances, was done. Two or three times, indeed, Mark looked at me full in the face, and laughed outright, without any apparent cause for such a manifestation of mirth; and once when, after a few glasses of wine, I had almost ceased to think of the fate that awaited me, Miss Adelaide suddenly inquired, “Do you *really* start at five?—isn’t that rather early?”—“Rather,” replied I, with all the composure I could assume. But for a smile, and a sly look at her papa, I might have attributed the distressing question to thoughtlessness, rather than a deliberate desire to inflict pain. To parody a well-known line, I may say that, upon the whole—

“To me this Twelfth-night was no night of mirth.”

Before twelve o’clock, I left a pleasant circle, reveling in all the delights of Twelfth-cake, pam-loo, king-and-queen, and forfeits, to pack my portmanteau,

“And inly ruminate the morning’s danger!”

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of “Boots,” at the hotel, was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman, who was to go by one of the morning coaches, and who, thereby, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

“Boots,” said I in a mournful tone, “you must call me at four o’clock.”

“Do’ee want to get up, zur?” inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

“Want indeed! no; but I must.”

“Well, zur, I’ll *carl* ’ee; but will ’ee get up when I *do carl*?”

Why, to be sure I will.”

“That be all very well to zay overnight, zur; but it bean’t at all the same thing when *marnen* do come. I knoa that of old, zur. Gemmen doan’t like it, zur, when the time do come—that I tell ’ee.”

“Like it! who imagines they should?”

“Well, zur, if you be as sure to get up as I be to *carl* ’ee, you’ll not knoa what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I’ll have ’ee out, dang’d if I doan’t! Good night, zur;” and *exit* Boots.

“And now I’ll pack my portmanteau.”

It was a bitter cold night, and my bed-room fire had gone out. Except the rush-candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment—the walls of which (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rush-light, as they struggled through the holes of the box) were of dark-brown wainscot—but one solitary

wax taper. There lay coats, trousers, linen, books, papers, dressing-materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair I set me down at the foot of the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom, I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau ; so, resolving to defer the packing till the morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches, each pointing to the hour of FOUR, passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces—dials, of a larger size—and at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to FOUR, FOUR, FOUR. “A change came o’er the spirit of my dream,” and endless processions of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dinning in my ears, “Past four o’clock.” At length I was attacked by night-mare. Methought I was an hour-glass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed upon me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did wave his scythe above my head—he grinned at me, struck three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe, on my breast, stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear—

“Vore o’clock, zur ; I say it be vore o’clock.”

“Well, I hear you.”

“But I doan’t hear you. Vore o’clock, zur.”

“Very well, very well, that ’ll do.”

“Beggin’ your pardon, but it woan’t do, zur. ’Ee must get up—past vore, zur.”

“The devil take you ! will you—”

“If you please, zur ; but ’ee must get up. It be a good deal past vore—no use for ’ee to grumble, zur ; nobody do like gettin’ up at vore o’clock as can help it ; but ’ee toald I to carl ’ee, and it bean’t my duty to go till I hear ’ee stirrin’ about the room. Good deal past vore, ’tis I assure ’ee, zur.” And here he thundered away at the door ; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him, in order to satisfy him of the fact. “That ’ll do, zur ; ’ee toald I to carl ’ee, and I hope I ha’ carld ’ee properly.”

I lit my taper at the rush-light. On opening a window-shutter I was regaled with the sight of a fog, which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have excelled. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling, my heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do ! The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau *must* be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured : at that villainous hour not a human being in the house (nor, do I believe, in the universe entire), had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen ; but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might, almost as easily, have bent. The tooth-brushes were riveted to the glass, of which (in my haste to disengage them from their strong hold) they carried away a fragment ; the soap was cemented to the dish ; my shaving brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had

all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.—“Who’s there?”

“Now, if ’ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-vive minutes to vive.”

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind!

There was no time for the performance of anything like a comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. “I’ll pack my portmanteau: that *must* be done.” *In* went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of mine host’s frozen towels. Everything must come out again. Who’s there?”

“Now, zur; ’ee’ll be too late, zur!”

“Coming!”—Everything was now gathered together;—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *deshabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was everything to be undone.

“Now, zur, coach be going.”

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit, of the exact length of time he has yet to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders. “I’m coming,” groaned I; “I have only to pull on my boots.” They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

“What in the name of the——do you want now?”

“Coach be gone, please zur.”

“Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?”

“Bless ’ee, noa, zur; not as Jem Robbins do droive. He be vive mile off be now.”

“You are certain of that?”

“I warrant ’ee, zur.”

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past. “Boots,” said I, “you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me—”

“At what o’clock, zur?”

“This day three months, at the earliest.”

REMEMBRANCE. BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

[BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE.]

MINX, Mary, thou canst never be,
But kindly will I think of thee.
The memory of the past shall fling
A balm upon each bitter thought,
And soften with its shadowy wing
The agonies which grief hath wrought.
I cannot, though I would, forget
The beauty of thy youthful years,
Ere Sorrow’s bitter fountains wet
Mine eyes with unavailing tears.

The Lonely Man of the Ocean.

Then we were happy ; and thy heart,
 Unused to play the mourner's part,
 Responded with a throb divine
 To each enraptured pulse of mine.

Even when upon the boundless deep,
 My thoughts were ever turn'd on thee ;
 In vision, I beheld thee weep
 As when thou bad'st adieu to me.
 Thy form has haunted still my heart,
 By starry night and gaudy day ;
 I see it in the moonbeam's start,
 I see it in the morning grey.
 Time cannot from my mind erase
 The memory of that angel face,
 Nor the corroding hand of Care
 Sweep out the thoughts imprinted there.

Let years pass on of earthly woe,
 Still thou wilt be to me forever,
 As if Fate doom'd our barks to go
 United down Life's stormy river.
 To blot thy memory from my breast,
 Absence and Time alike have striven ;
 Alas ! who calm on earth can rest,
 That once hath had a glimpse of Heaven !

THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON-SHIP."

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—It was on the evening of her departure for a transatlantic voyage, that the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war, lying in the Tagus, was splendidly illuminated, in honor of a farewell entertainment given by the British officers to a favored selection of the residents of Lisbon.

No scene of gaiety presents a more picturesque appearance than that exhibited by the festive decorations of a full-sized man-of-war ; and, on the present occasion, the *Invincible* was not behind her sisters of the ocean in the arrangements of her marine festivities. Her quarter-deck was covered by an awning of gay and party-colored flags, whose British admixture of red glowed richly and gaily in the light of the variegated lamps, which, suspended on strings, hung in long rows from the masts and rigging of the vessel. To a spectator, standing at the verge of her stern, the quarter-deck, with its awning, gay lights, and distinct groups of figures, might almost have resembled the rural and diversified scene of a village pleasure-fair ; while behind, the faces of hundreds of sailors, peeping from comparative obscurity on the gaieties of their officers, formed a whimsical and not unpicturesque back-ground. Below, the tables of the ward-room were spread with the most delicate and even costly refreshments. All was mirth and apparently reckless gaiety ; and it seemed as if the sons of Neptune, in exercising their proverbial fondness for the dance, and acknowledged gallantry to their partners, had forgotten that the revolution of twenty-four hours would place a world of waters between them and the fair objects of their devotion,

* Should the circumstances of this story be criticised as overdrawn, the writer can affirm that the main event is founded on fact ; an assertion often advanced, and seldom believed, yet not the less true in the present instance.

and would give far other employment for their limbs than the fascinating measures to which they now lent them.

There were, however, two beings in that assembly whose feelings of grief, extending from the heart to the countenance, communicated to the latter an expression which consorted ill with the gaiety of the surrounding scene. One of these countenances wore the aspect of an intense grief, which yet the mind of the possessor had strength sufficient to keep in a state of manly subjection; the other presented that appearance of unmixed, yet unutterable woe, which woman alone is capable either of feeling or meekly sustaining in silence. Christian Loëffler and Ernestine Fredeberg had been married but seven days, yet they were now passing their last evening together ere Loëffler sailed, a passenger in the *Invincible*, to the Brazils. Why circumstances thus severed those so recently united by the holiest ties, and why the devoted Ernestine was unable to accompany her husband, are queries that might be satisfactorily answered if our limits permitted. But the fact alone can here be stated.

The husband and wife joined the dance but once that evening, and then—publish it not at Almack's—they danced together! Yet their hearts sickened ere the measure was ended; and retiring to the raised end of the stern, they sat apart from the mirthful crowd, their countenances averted from those faces of gladness, and their eyes directed towards the distant main, which showed dismal, dark, and waste, when contrasted with the bright scene within that gay floating-house of pleasure. Christian Loëffler united a somewhat exaggerated tone of sentiment with a certain moral firmness of mind, which is not unfrequently combined in the German character, and which, joining high-strung feelings with powers of soul sufficient to hold them in subjection, presents an exterior composed, and even phlegmatic, while the soul within glows like ignited matter beneath a surface of frigidity.

The revels broke up; and ere the sun had set on the succeeding day, the so recent pleasure-vessel was ploughing her solitary way on the Atlantic; her festive decorations vanished like a dream, and even the shores that had witnessed them were no longer within sight.

On the second day of the voyage, the attention of Loëffler was forcibly arrested by the livid and almost indescribable appearance of a young seaman, who was mounting the main-shrouds of the vessel. Christian called to him, inquired if he were ill, and, in the voice of humanity, counseled him to descend. The young man did not, however, appear to hear the humane caution; and ere the lapse of a few seconds, he loosed his hold on the main-yards which he had reached, and rushing, with falling violence, through sails and rigging, was quickly precipitated to the deck. Loëffler ran to raise him; but not only was life extinct, even its very traces had disappeared, and—unlike one so recently warm with vitality—the features of the youth had assumed the livid and straightened character of a corpse long deprived of its animating principle.

The log-book, however, passed a verdict of “accidental death, occasioned by a fall from the main-yard,” on the youth's case; and as such it went down in the marine record, amid notices of fair weather and foul, notwithstanding Loëffler's repeated representations of the young seaman's previous appearance. Christian's testimony was fated ere long to obtain a fearful credence. On the succeeding day several of the crew sickened; and ere the lapse of another twenty-four hours,

death as well as sickness began to show itself. The captain became alarmed, and a report was soon whispered through the vessel that the hand of some direful, base, or revengeful Portuguese had mingled poison with the festive viands which had been liberally distributed to the whole crew at the farewell entertainment of the *Invincible*. Loëffler, although a German, was no great believer in tales of mystery and dark vengeance. A more fearful idea than even that of poison once or twice half-insinuated itself into his mind, but was forced from it with horror.

The wind, which had blown favorably for the first ten days of the voyage, now seemed totally to die away, and left the vessel becalmed in the midway ocean. But for the idle rocking occasioned by the under swell of the broad Atlantic waves, she might have seemed a fixture to those seas ; for not even the minutest calculable fraction in her latitude and longitude could have been discovered, even by the nicest observer, for fourteen days. All this while a tropical sun sent its burning, searching rays on the vessel, whose increasing sick and dying gasped for air ; and unable either to endure the suffocation below, or the fiery sunbeams above, choked the gangways in their restless passage to and from deck, or giving themselves up in despair, called on death for relief. The whole crew were in consternation ; and they who had still health and strength left to manage or clear the ship, went about their usual duties with the feelings of men who might, at a moment's warning, be summoned from them to death and eternal doom.

Loëffler had shown much courage during these fearful scenes ; but when he beheld sickness and death mysteriously extending their reign around him, and bearing away the best and the bravest of that gallant crew, he began to think that the avenging hand of God was upon her ; and turning his eye towards the broad sheet of ocean waves which rolled between him and the north-eastern horizon, was heard to murmur, " Farewell !—farewell ! "

One night, after having for some time tended the beds of the sick and dying, Loëffler retired to his couch, and endeavored to gain in slumber a brief forgetfulness of all the thoughts that weighed down his spirit. But a death-like sickness came over him ; his little cabin seemed to whirl round as if moving on a pivot, while his restless limbs found no space for their feverish evolutions in his confined berth. Christian began to think that his hour was coming, and he tried to raise his soul in prayer ; but while he essayed to fix his thoughts on Heaven, he felt that his reason was fast yielding to the burning fever which seemed almost to be consuming his brain. He called for water, but none heard or answered his cries. He crawled on deck, and, as the sun had now set several hours, hoped for a breath of the fresh air of heaven. He threw himself down, and turned his face towards the dark sky. But the atmosphere was sultry, heavy, oppressive. It appeared to lie like an insupportable weight on his chest. He called for the surgeon, but he called in vain ; the surgeon himself was no more, and his deputy found a larger demand on his professional exertions than his powers, either physical or mental, were capable of encountering. A humane hand at length administered a cup of water. Even the very element was warm with the heat of the vessel. It produced, however, a temporary sensation of refreshment, and Loëffler partially slumbered. But who can describe that strange and pestilential sleep ! A theatre seemed to be " lighted up within his brain," which teemed with strange,

hideous, and portentous scenes, or figures whose very splendor was appalling. All the ship seemed lit with varied lamps; then the lamps vanished, and, instead of a natural and earthly illumination, it seemed as if the rigging, yards, and sails of the vessel were all made of living phosphor, or some strange ignited matter, which far and wide sent a lurid glare on the waters. Loëffler looked up long masts of bright and living fire, shrouds whose minutest interlacing were all of the same vivid element, yet clear, distinct, and unmixed by any excrescent flame which might take from the regular appearance of the rigging; while the size of the vessel seemed increased to the most unnatural dimensions, and her glowing top-masts—up which Loëffler strained his vision—seemed to pierce the skies. A preternatural and almost palpable darkness succeeded this ruddy light; then the long and loud blast of a trumpet, and the words "Come to judgment, forgetters of your God!" sounded in Loëffler's ear. He groaned, struggled, tried to thrust his arms violently from him, and awoke.

He found his neck distended to torture by a hard and frightful swelling, which almost deprived his head of motion, and caused the most excruciating anguish, while similar indications on his side assured him that disease was collecting its angry venom. The thought he had often banished now rushed on Christian's mind; and a fearful test, by which he might prove its reality, now suddenly occurred to him. It seemed as if the delirium of his fever were sobered for a moment by the solemn trial he was about to make. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He dragged himself, though with difficulty, towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were clustered at his heart. Loëffler saw himself lost. Again he cast a languid and fevered glance toward the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and once more murmured, "Farewell! farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next earnestly called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half-worn-out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Loëffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast, and said solemnly, "*The Plague* is amongst us!—warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for Heaven's sake, your suspicions among this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction. I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested."* But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered that delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second-deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly sickness. All the powers of

* In foreign climates I have often heard the livid spots about the heart, above described, cited as the *tokens* of the plague.

nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up ; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more ! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too ! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence !

The scenes that followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance ; daily falling faster and faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead ; while the malady became every hour more baleful and virulent, from the increasing heat of the atmosphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Loëffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed, a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world which he had for some time quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself still above deck, but placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet the difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a sea-mess, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previously to the sleeper's awakening. Life and sense now rapidly revived in the naturally strong constitution of our young German. But they brought with them the most fearful and appalling sensations.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noontide ardor on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapor. With returned strength, Loëffler called aloud ; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention ; not a sound, either of feet or voices, met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Loëffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and collecting those powers of mind and body, over which a certain moral firmness of character, already noticed (joined, be it observed, with the better strength of good principles), had given him a *master's* command—he quitted his couch, and stood on deck. God of mercy ! what a sight met Loëffler's eye ! The whole deck was strewed with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair ; the set teeth and starting eyeballs showed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep ; but the livid and purple marks of these last corpses, scarce capable of being borne to their grave in the "integrity of their dimensions," showed that the hand of corruption had been even more busy with them than with the fiercer and more tortured victims of the pestilence. The *Invincible*, once

the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest-house on the waters ; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Not a sound, not a breeze, awoke the silence of the sullen and baleful air ; not a single sail broke the desolate uniformity of the horizon : sea and sky seemed to meet only to close in that hemisphere of poisonous exhalations. Christian sickened ; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer ; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potation, from which his long-confirmed habits of sobriety would formerly have shrunk with disgust ; and, under the stimulus of this excitement, compelled himself to the revolting office of swallowing a food which he felt necessary to carry him through the task he contemplated. This task was twofold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower-decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance ; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loëffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or—as was more often the case—dispossessed of their former occupiers, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one *living* being was found amid the corrupted wrecks of mortality which tenanted the silent, heated, and pestiferous wards of the inner decks. Loëffler was *ALONE* in the ship ! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse ; but—sick, gasping, and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden ! It was evident he must wait until his strength were further restored ; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible.

Night sank upon the waters. The GERMAN began to stir in the soul of Loëffler. He was alone—the stillness so unbroken as to be startling. Perhaps within a thousand miles there might be no living human being. He felt himself a solitary, vital thing among heaps of dead, whose corpses, here and there, emitted the phosphoric light of putrescence. He started at every creak of the vessel, and sometimes fancied that he descried, through the darkness, the well-known and reanimate face of some departed shipmate. But Christian's was not a mind to succumb to a terror which, it must be confessed, might—under similar circumstances—have overborne the stoutest heart. He felt that, under all these disadvantages, his strength was returning in a manner that appeared almost miraculous ; and that same night saw many an appalling wreck of humanity consigned to decent oblivion. Sometimes the heart of Loëffler half sunk within him ; sometimes he was more than tempted to relinquish his work in despair ; yet on he toiled with that energy of body which as much results from mental power as from physical superiority.

On the evening of the following day, but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath

the waves, Christian fell on his kness, and—well acquainted with the mother tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting beams Loëffler, with a steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial-rites of the church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. Loëffler cast a farewell glance on the dun waves, and then sighed, “Rest—rest, brave companions! until a voice shall sound stronger than your deep slumber—until the sea give up its dead, and you rise to meet your Judge!” The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if yet more victims awaited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew, which had now disappeared forever.

A few sails were still furled, and, uncertain whether they were the best or the worst that might be hoisted, Loëffler determined to leave them, preferring the chance that should waft him to *any* port, to the prolonged imprisonment of the *Invincible*.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his strange and dismal office, completely overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto-stifled feelings. But there was no hand to wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end! Loëffler was no seaman; and, therefore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, *his* was not that hand. Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently the *Invincible*, who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

These thoughts suggested themselves to Christian’s mind, as, gradually recovering from the senselessness of exhaustion, he lay stretched on deck, listening to the scarcely perceptible noise of the water as it faintly rolled against the side of the vessel, and as softly receded; while his soul, as it recalled the form of his best-beloved on earth, rose in prayer for her and for himself.

Week after week passed away, and still the Solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled *Invincible*. She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but still, as if that were the magical, and even malevolent centre of her movements, she seldom made much way beyond it; and light, deceitful breezes were constantly followed by renewed calms. A tropical equinox was, however, drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. The time which he had passed in the anguish of disease, and the aberrations of delirium, had appeared to him of much greater length than its actual duration; and as no tongue survived to correct his error, he had lost all calculations of the motions of time. He listened, therefore, with an ear half-fearful, half-hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loëffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night’s

repose ; and, wrapped in his sea-cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous and apparently-concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—showed the dense masses of rent and scattered clouds which blackened the face of heaven ; while the peal of thunder that followed seemed to pour its full tide of fury immediately over the fated ship. The blast, when contrasted with the still atmosphere and oppressive heat which had preceded it, appeared to Loëffler piercing, and even wintry cold ; while the fierce and unintermittant motion of the vessel rendered it almost difficult for him to preserve a footing on deck. By every fresh flash of lightning, he could see wide-spread and increasing sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part ; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows. Whether any of these storm-tossed waves made their way below—or whether the ship, so long deprived of nautical examination, had sprung a leak in the first encounter of the tempest—Loëffler could not determine ; but the conviction that she was filling with water forced itself on his mind. He again cast his eyes to the north-eastern horizon, and again uttered aloud—“ Farewell ! farewell ! ”

The loneliness of his situation, to which time, though it had not reconciled, had habituated him, came upon him with the renewed and appalling sensations of novelty. National and early-acquired feelings obtained a temporary triumph over individual strength of character. The torn and misshapen clouds, as their black forms were from time to time rendered visible by the blue light that darted through them, appeared to our young German like careering spirits of the tempest ; and the rent sails, as they flapped backwards and forwards, or were driven like shattered pennons of the blast, seemed, as the momentary light cast their dark shadows athwart the deck, to be foul fiends of the ocean, engaged in the malign work of dismantling that gallant ship. To Loëffler's temporarily excited imagination, even the tossing billows seemed, in that portentous light, to “ surge up ” by hundreds the faces of those who had found beneath them a dismal and untimely grave ; and the lost mariners appeared to be crowding round the vessel they had so recently manned. But Christian authoritatively bade away these phantoms, and they speedily left a mind too strong to give them a long entertainment.

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He slumbered on, unconscious that the main-deck was now almost level with the waves—unconscious of the dark gulf preparing to receive him ! The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored, too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel ; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant !

It was in less than a month after this event that Loëffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime-trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit showed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in paradise; nor was the thought less easily harbored that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. "And thou too," he said, confusedly—"thou, too, hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden garden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man of war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbor of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride, by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his Solitary Voyage.

RICHELIEU.

[CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.]—Richelieu was the true monarch of the reign: it was he who stamped upon it the impress of his genius and despotic character. True, he did but adopt and follow up the plans of the great Henry, in humbling Huguenots, the noblesse, and the house of Austria; but the execution of three such enterprises in the short space of twenty years, and by a minister risen from obscurity, and obliged to act as often in despite of the monarch as with his countenance and aid, places Richelieu in the first rank of statesmen. His address, his firmness, his sagacity, were unequaled. He was naturally magnanimous, loving wealth and splendor more as the symbol of power than as the gratification of selfish vanity. The cruelty of his character is its great blemish; yet he was clement to the Huguenots, and shrunk early from the severe acts which he foresaw his plans for raising royalty would throw upon him. In the states-general for 1614, he proposed to do away with the punishment of death for political crimes, yet he soon came to be unsparing in its infliction; and the decapitation of each new victim increased in him the taste for blood, until his prelate's robe assumed the crimson dye of the murderer and the tyrant. On a superficial view, this minister's unvarying success is the most striking feature of his career; and yet all of this that his own sagacity might not produce, the extreme imprudence and feebleness of his enemies may account for. The crime of having trodden out the last spark of his country's liberties, and of having converted its monarchic government into pure despotism, is that for which Richelieu is most generally condemned. But the state of anarchy which he removed was license, not liberty. The task of reconciling private independence with public peace, civil rights with the existence of justice,—and this without precedent or tradition, without that rooted stock on which freedom, in order to grow and bear fruit, must be grafted,—was a conception which, however familiar to our age, was utterly unknown and

impracticable to that of Richelieu. With the horrors of civil war fresh in the memory of all, the general desire was for tranquillity and peace, not liberty ; to which, moreover, had it been contemplated, the first necessary step was that of humbling the aristocracy. It was impossible that constitutional freedom could ever grow out of the chaos of privileges, and anarchy, and organised rebellion, that the government had to contend with. In building up her social fabric, France had in fact gone wrong, destroyed the old foundations, and rebuilt on others without solidity or system. To introduce order or add solidity to so ill-constructed a fabric, was impossible ; Richelieu found it necessary to raze all at once to the ground, except the central donjon of despotism, which he left standing. Had Richelieu, with all his genius and sagacity, undertaken for liberty what he achieved for royalty, his age would have rejected or misunderstood him, as it did Bacon and Galileo. He might, indeed, as a man of letters, have consigned such a political dream to the volume of an Utopia, but from action or administration he would have been soon discarded as a dreamer. Liberty must come of the claim of the mass ; of the general enlightenment, firmness, and probity. It is no great physical secret, which a single brain, finding, may announce and so establish : it is a moral truth, which, like a gem, hides its ray and its preciousness in obscurity, nor becomes resplendent, till all around it is beaming with light. Had we space to enter into the minor details of Richelieu's administration, much might be found to abstract from his merit, much to add to it. His management of the finances was grasping and unwise. France paid dearly for her glory and ascendancy. The 20,000,000 of revenue, that enabled Henry IV. to amass, were quadrupled and yet expended by Richelieu ; the greater part being wasted ere it reached the treasury. Thus the proud monarchy which Richelieu founded owed to him also the canker that was destined to destroy it,—the extravagance and mismanagement of its pecuniary resources. For the sake of a certain revenue, there were 40,000 employments in finance and law left in the hereditary possession of subjects ; an anomaly in a despotism scarcely credible. But the minister could not venture to attack at once the noblesse of the sword and that of the robe. He destroyed the former, and contented himself with humbling the latter.

Richelieu died like the hero of the Stoics, though clad in the trappings of a prince of the church. Most of those present were edified by his firmness ; but one bishop, calling to mind the life, the arrogance, and the crimes of the minister, observed, that "the confidence of the dying Richelieu filled him with terror."

The celebrated Father Joseph, a capuchin friar, was the follower and confidant of Richelieu. We can scarcely imagine a statesman and an ambassador clothed in a monk's frock and sandals : yet such was Father Joseph, a name more or less mingled in all the intrigues of the French court, and its negotiations with others. His influence was known, and he was dreaded by the court as a kind of evil spirit,—in fact, the demon of Richelieu. Although the latter never procured for his monkish friend the cardinal's hat which he demanded, still the people called Father Joseph his "gray eminence," at once to distinguish him from and assimilate him to his "red eminence" the cardinal. They had been friends from youth ; congenial spirits in ambition, depth, and talent : the monk, however, sacrificed his personal elevation to that of the cardinal. Richelieu was much indebted to him ; it was

Joseph that roused and encouraged him, when stupified and intimidated by the invasion of Picardy ; and it was said that after his death Richelieu showed neither the same firmness nor sagacity. When Father Joseph was on his death-bed, Richelieu stood by it : it was a scene such as a novelist might love to paint. The conversation of the two ecclesiastics was still of this world ; and the cardinal's last exhortation to the expiring monk was, " Courage, Father Joseph, Brisach is ours ! " —a form of consolation characteristic of both.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE MER DE GLACE.

IN A LETTER TO H. C——, ESQ.

Geneva, August 10, 1830.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—I promised you some account of our perilous adventure on the Mer de Glace. I am perfectly aware how incompetent even the best descriptions are to convey a just idea of scenes like those I am about to describe, and unaccustomed as I am to attempt anything of the sort, I am not certain if I can make you understand what I wish to convey.

The Glacier de Bois, about a mile and a half from the town of Chamouni, fills up a deep and narrow cleft between the Montanvert and the enormous bare and pointed rocks, the Aiguille Dru and Aiguille Vert, which shoot up into the very skies, and seem to rival the " Monarch Mountain " itself. The top of the Glacier, before it turns over into the valley, is the part, from its rugged appearance, called the Icy Sea, or Mer de Glace : and, to attain a level with this, it is necessary to climb the Montanvert, about three thousand French feet above the valley ; and, according to Keller's map, four thousand three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Lake of Geneva.

We left Chamouni at seven o'clock in the morning, which promised to be clear and fine ; my companion was a young medical student, a stout fearless being, who had been rambling on foot all over Switzerland for the three months past, dressed like a French peasant, vigorous and accustomed to fatigue. I am, as you know, not very strong, but tolerably active, when needful. I was provided with a pole, about six feet in length, armed with a spike at the end, to steady myself with on the ice ; my companion preferred a walking-stick. Our path, abrupt and angular, wound directly up the mountain's side through a forest of firs ; and, though steep and tiresome enough, not dangerous. About half way up we overtook (and, in this country, to overtake is to join,) a French lady and her two daughters, mounted on mules, and accompanied by two guides, bound, like ourselves, to the mountain's top, which we accomplished in about two hours. In our ascent we caught occasional glimpses of Chamouni, Mont Brevent, and the opposite range, pretty enough certainly, but, I think, greatly exaggerated in the guide-books.

On gaining the summit we found a small hut, yclept the " Hospice," where two men from the village of Argentiere are stationed, and where coffee, bread, and brandy, may be procured. From this spot the view is singularly beautiful ; the Mer de Glace lies immediately beneath you, and, at this distance, appears like a frozen cataract ; the horrible chasms, so deep and terrible when near, look only like the furrows of a

ploughed field, whilst, on the opposite side of the glacier, are the needles of Mont Blanc ; pyramids of rock, so bare and pointed, the eagle finds no footing, the drifting snow no resting-place. The Mer de Glace descends from Mont Blanc itself, and its length (from the Hospice to where it turns abruptly into the awful recesses of the mountain,) is reckoned to be four hours, or twelve miles long : it is not, however, so much, but may be about eight ; and, in the easiest part, a league across, though, from the immense height of the surrounding mountains, it appears to be much narrower.

At the end of this valley, which might well be called the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," the mountains are covered with eternal snow, and, indeed, including Montanvert, form part of the base of Mont Blanc, although the top cannot be discovered from this place on account of the enormous rocks which bound the glacier (of perhaps ten thousand feet in height) intervening. No description of mine can do justice to such a scene ; there was an unearthly stillness, and, even where we were, the clouds were rushing swiftly past our faces in misty streaks—such is the view from the Montanvert !

After the ladies had taken some refreshment at the Chalet, we accompanied them down a narrow rugged path to the ice, which took us fully a quarter of an hour to gain ; we found this part of the glacier composed of hillocks of ice, separated from each other by deep seams, widening in many instances into awful chasms, some only two or three feet wide, others twelve or fourteen, and so deep the eye could not fathom their profundity ; the surface of some of these blocks were flat, others rising abruptly into points or cones, whilst the sides of either yawning abyss were transparent, and of a greenish hue—this ice had been the accumulation of ages.

We were now three thousand feet above the foundation of the glacier, and these seams had riven it to its very core. The surface was dirty, and covered with small pebbles, blown from the surrounding mountains by the violent hurricanes to which these regions are subject. When the ice is partially melted by the sun, these stones sink down, forming holes which fill with water, and thus working themselves lower and lower into the solid block, it soon cracks, and, from the pressure below, speedily widens into a chasm. In many places we could hear the water gurgle as it rushed through its subterranean channels, making, where it fell, the seams deeper. As this effect occurs in ten thousand places at the same moment, these various streams, unable to penetrate the rocky soil on which the glacier is based, unite below, and, overcoming every obstacle, burst forth into the river Arve. The edges of this icy sea were smoother than towards the middle, where the seams were widest and deepest, and, at intervals, cracked with a fearful sound.

The ladies having satisfied their curiosity, and wetted their feet by venturing a few yards upon the ice, returned, accompanied by us, and when nearly at the Chalet, my companion proposed to visit a spot at the farthest end of the glacier, called the "Garden ;" it was on the opposite side, and, about four hours' walk from where we were, easily accomplished in fair weather, and attended by guides—we were of course to go alone. The guides, when they heard of our intention, said it was impossible to accomplish it by ourselves, as we should meet with difficulties we could not overcome, and might besides be lost should we be overtaken by any of the dense mists which not unfrequently envelope the wanderer even on the brightest days.

To these remonstrances my companion paid but little attention, supposing, naturally enough, they wished to discourage people making the attempt, unattended by one of the "caste;" as, were it done with impunity, their occupation would fail them. I confess I thought so too, yet inclined to pay some attention to what might be the consequences. We were going far away from the habitable world, and all assistance, should it be required. Were we to encounter a storm, there was no shelter. However, my friend prided himself on his acquaintance with glaciers, and I trusted to his experience; so, after a few misgivings, I agreed to go.

The day was clear, and the sun shone brightly. We took leave of the ladies, and the guide, shaking his head at our temerity, pointed out the path: a sort of sheep-track leading down to the edge of the glacier, and along the bottom of the mountains which bound the valley on the Montanvert side. We were now left to ourselves, and creeping along the base of rocks, which rose ten thousand feet above us, our path, rugged and uneven in itself, was strewn with blocks of granite; torn from the parent soil by avalanches, they lay high and unwieldy; some we had to clamber over, others to creep under and between; at times we ascended fifty feet above the glacier, and then descended even to touch the ice; our progress was of course but slow, and we were obliged to be cautious where we placed our feet; sometimes a stone would roll from under us, or come scampering down from above, to the manifest danger of our heads,—a common occurrence in these regions, in consequence of the scanty soil in which huge stones are embedded having been softened by the rain. Indeed it not unusually happens that immense rocks, of many tons weight, are detached from the higher regions, and, rushing down with inconceivable violence, gather force as they come, whirling from point to point, and carrying down everything they come in contact with, bound into the very middle of the glacier, where their progress is stopped by some enormous chasms, whose icy jaws receive them, but, being too large to swallow, here they stick, and form, in many instances, the only mode of communication from one berg to another.

Picking our way in this manner for some time, we came to a startling difficulty, namely, an immense rock, round whose smooth face it was necessary to pass.—We had been gradually mounting for some time. It rose fully five hundred feet above us, and below us sunk sixty; it was nearly perpendicular. Here we lost all path, of course, and the only possibility of crossing it was by a ledge, a few inches wide, barely sufficient to hitch one foot on whilst we put the other forward; its stony surface did not afford a shrub or blade of grass to steady oneself by. We crossed it by cautiously placing one foot before the other, and, as it inclined a little by leaning inwards, rather a delicate operation, as the slightest awkwardness would have overbalanced us, and nothing could have prevented our pitching at once to the bottom. At last we came to a cursed gully, over which it was necessary to step, and then mount about four feet to regain the ledge: my companion took the lead and climbed up, I followed and accomplished it with much difficulty, my progress being impeded by the pole, which left me but one hand at liberty. Once past the gully, a few paces over the ledge brought us to the other side, and we regained the path (if so it might be called) once more.

As we continued our course, we found many of the rocks under-

mined by large masses of earth having fallen from them, leaving spacious caverns, through whose porous roofs the water continually dripped. Here we rested a few minutes and refreshed ourselves with a glass of wine, my companion having fortunately brought a flagon with him. Resuming our march, we scrambled on much in the same manner for two hours longer. We were now approaching the upper end of the glacier, and found the ice smoother and whiter, as if snow had recently fallen; so we determined to cross (the Garden being on the opposite side). This we accomplished easily enough, until nearly over, when our progress was impeded by large banks of ice, fourteen or fifteen feet high, dirty and rotten; round these we were obliged to wind our somewhat weary way, occasionally stopping to breathe and look about us.

I had observed for some time past a change gradually taking place in the weather: the sky was overcast; the clouds were gathering on the mountains' tops, getting darker and lower, and at last assumed the murky grey appearance sailors call "greasy," and which foreboded, not a transient shower, but a settled rain. I mentioned it to my companion, and hinted the propriety of turning back. I represented the extremely disagreeable situation we should be placed in, were my prognostics fulfilled—a distance of fully three hours from "the Refuge" by the quickest rate of traveling, and with the glacier again to cross, in a narrow valley, where the slightest concussion, even speaking loudly, was sufficient to detach the masses of snow which but slightly adhered to the rocks immediately above us—much more so, when the rain, and its accompanying evils, might render our return difficult, if not dangerous. My objections were overruled, and we continued to wade on through the mud, but we were scarcely over, when a lengthened peal of thunder burst through the sullen air, and striking from rock to rock, prolonged itself in countless echoes. Large drops of rain fell wide, and pattered heavily on the ice; a thick, black mist spread itself on every side; the gloom was terrific, heightening the natural horrors of the place; it caused even my companion to pause, and reluctantly to forego his purpose; so, much to my satisfaction, we turned our faces towards the Hospice, far hidden from our sight.

We proposed, instead of recrossing the glacier where we were, to keep along on the same side until we could discover the Chalet, and then attempt a passage—and this was the cause of all our misfortunes. No time was to be lost—the rain increased—the lightning flashed—and the thunder bellowed fearfully from time to time. We strode on as fast as the broken ground would allow, keeping down along the edge of the glacier and under the rocks for about an hour, and then prepared to cross obliquely to some point, from whence we might reach the Refuge. We had insensibly repassed all the smoother ice, which had so recently afforded us a safe and easy passage, and got to enormous ridges of frozen snow, of perhaps fifteen feet in height, covered with earth and pebbles—the *débris* which had fallen in showers from the heights above.

Making our way slowly and with difficulty between these masses, we came to the *real glacier*, which had, however, completely changed its character; instead of the comparatively smooth ice, covered with a coat of frozen snow, we found the blocks larger and the seams wider, and to be traversed with increasing difficulty. It was no pleasing thing to stand on a block of slippery ice, and jump across a chasm of unknown

depth, upon a lump equally slippery, at the hazard of missing our footing, and gliding beyond all possible relief.

After passing over some awkward places, we found it difficult, if not impossible, to return, and must therefore keep on at all hazards: and here we began to feel the full weight of our folly; the tempest was increasing frightfully; the lightning flashed across our eyes; the thunder roared; and the wind, in fitful gusts, dashed the rain in our faces: whilst the black mist, like a pall over Nature's dying face, heightened the savage gloom around us. Of course, we soon got wet through, but made the best of our way onwards.

The "bergs" became more isolated; the seams increased to chasms; it was often necessary to walk round a piece more than once, to discover the means of passing over to another; many were only connected with each other by a narrow slip of ice, affording a perilous and insecure footing, every other part being encircled by a chasm of perhaps eight feet distant,—much too wide to think of jumping. The sides of these chasms were rounded by continual rains, and the surface of the ice rendered exceedingly slippery by that now falling. In this manner, alternately advancing and receding, we got to the centre, and our situation was awful; the rain poured in torrents; our clothes stuck to the skin; in spite of the necessary exertions, my hands and feet were benumbed by the cold, walking on the wet glassy ice, in shoes thin at the first, but now trodden down at heel, and burst at the sides. The water "squashing" through them, it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep them on my feet; and this proved to be very fortunate, as, had they been thick and strong, I could never have kept my footing on the ice, and must have thrown them off and *gone without*—rather unpleasant to have walked barefooted over such a road for four or five hours. At last we *jumped down* upon a block of ice, and found it completely separated from the others by a crevice several feet wide, into which an enormous block of granite had wedged itself, and over this it was necessary to pass from one to the other: it rested high over the terrible gulf, whose sleek and crystal sides ran down to unknown depths; the stone was narrow, and very slippery. The piece of ice we wished to cross to was much *lower* than the one we were on; so, supposing we got over the stone in safety, and found our farther passage impracticable, we could not get back again, as to *climb up* the stone again was impossible. We were obliged to run all hazards, and quickly too. We gazed upon each other for some time in silence. There was no alternative. My friend mounted first: he sat astride, and, placing his hands forward upon the rock, drew himself along, until he reached the middle, when it was necessary to *TURN*, (a most perilous thing to accomplish,) and slide down upon his stomach. However, he got safely over, and then my turn came, and with thoughts far from agreeable I climbed up on the stone, and when I came to turn and embrace the cold dirty stone, its chill seemed to strike to the heart. Nevertheless, I slid down, and my companion assisted to "*land me*" in safety.

We continued our course in a sad plight, our minds absorbed in the dangers it was evident we should have to encounter. We crossed another chasm over a similar stone, and when down, we found ourselves upon a large berg, cut off from all communication with the rest, except in *one* place, and that by a passage so perilous that it seemed hopeless to attempt it. It was a narrow wasted ridge of ice, like a wall, the

upper edge worn so thin by the action of the elements as to be but little thicker than a horse's backbone, though it got broader downwards ; it might be twenty feet across. This my companion declared it was impossible to cross, and we sat down in mute despair.

Here we were, cut off from all hope of assistance, far beyond the sight and hearing of human beings. I hallooed, but I felt at the time how hopelessly.

In such a situation, how many thoughts crowd on the mind. I thought of home and of the few still left, who might make a nine-days' wonder of us whilst sitting round a bright fire, should the news ever reach them ; but even that was scarcely probable ;—we might be seen, perhaps, but not alive, as we could never have survived the night ;—and what a death to die ! by cold and hunger, in regions of ice and snow ! After sitting some time, and taking a gloomy glance around, my companion resolved to try the desperate alternative : he said, truly enough, to remain where we were was certain destruction, and we could but *attempt* to pass over, even, though the failure would accelerate our otherwise inevitable fate. No time was to be lost, and we prepared to cross the ridge, narrow as the bridge which leadeth to the Mahometan paradise, and almost as hopeless to attempt.

My companion took the lead. The end of the ridge next us was somewhat lower than the block of ice we were on, and sunk down in the middle with a slight curve—and at the other end it rose about four feet. My friend sat down with his legs hanging over the yawning abyss, and lowering himself upon the ridge, placed his hands before him, drew his body along, precisely as you may have seen boys draw themselves along a scaffold-pole laid horizontally: we had the advantage, however, of steadying ourselves by pressing our legs against the ice. Having in this manner got nearly over, and to where it began to rise, the greatest caution was necessary in rising on his feet, in order to draw himself up upon the block of solid ice.

I watched his progress with intense anxiety, and then it was my turn to follow. My heart sunk within me—my companion stood on the other side and encouraged me. I threw my pole over to him, and then sate down on the edge of this awful chasm. My sensations were horrible indeed ; nothing short of absolute despair would have tempted me to undertake it. However, I stretched my legs over this icy saddle : the pelting rain was running off in numberless rills ; the rough, uneven, jagged edge struck a chill upon my very heart ; my clothes were stiff and frozen on me ; my hands and feet benumbed with cold ; almost shoeless, and the skin torn off my fingers by the rough ice and small stones scattered over the glacier. I moved slowly and steadily onwards ; I looked down on either side the yawning gulf below me—I felt the necessity of collecting all my energies—it was the calmness of despair. I uttered no sound ; poised as I was, the slightest swerve either way and I should lose my balance, and then all would be over. I drew myself along, and steadied myself by pressing my legs against the glassy ice ; and then, when almost over, I had to raise myself upon my feet to mount the solid block—the most nervous of all. I gathered one foot up, and by the help of the pole which my companion extended to me, slowly rose and stood upon the narrow, slippery edge, and gained the block in safety. Once more together, what was next to be done ?

The storm raged in unabated fury—the sun was sinking :—in these

regions the daylight quickly fades—were darkness to overtake us, far from assistance, uncertain of what we might yet have to undergo,—only overcoming one danger to encounter another,—had any accident happened to my companion, I feel convinced I should have been unable to make an effort to assist him; indeed, from the nature of the place, without ropes and ladders, it would have been useless.—Reflections, like these, although they urged us to desperate undertakings, tended but little to comfort us;—my companion's iron mind gave way to bitterness.

We made the best of our way onwards, with tolerable ease, for some time, often however, after having proceeded an hundred paces, obliged to return, and take another direction, it being impossible to see the difficulties until we came to them. In many instances we had to jump down upon a block, and over a narrow chasm, and were unable to return, as well from the slipperiness and the unyielding nature of the material, as from the impossibility of jumping up and *over a crevice at the same time*. At last we leaped down upon a large block of this description, and, to our horror, found it *quite isolated*—chasms fairly all round us—ghastly icy walls—horrible to contemplate. The chasm which separated the block nearest to us, was full six feet across. It was not so much the *distance*, as the uncertainty of being able to keep our footing when over:—we could not of course take a standing leap, and there was great difficulty in running on the surface, slippery with rain.

My companion thought it could not be done: however, as I had for some time conceived our escape hopeless, I became careless of what might befall me. I threw my staff over, and, retiring a few paces, sprang over, and came with nose and knees on the ice with considerable violence, too happy in having accomplished the main object to care much about the minor evil of peeling my “slippers” against the sharp corners, and alighting upon the ice with a force which shook me to the centre. My companion followed, and fortunately this proved the last of our dangers; and so powerfully had we been excited for the last three hours, that difficulties and disagreeables were now passed by unheeded. We found the remaining part of the glacier tolerably connected, and, after floundering about for some time, had the happiness to come to *terra firma*, at the bottom of the rocks, near the spot where we stopped for refreshment in the morning.

We hurried along as fast as the rude track would allow us, my fingers and legs smarting from the wounds they had received; but although our progress was far from pleasant, (it poured a deluge still,) the dangers we had so wonderfully escaped, impressed our minds with indescribable feelings of thankfulness,—we seemed almost miraculously to have been rescued from an inevitable and awful death. And now the pangs of hunger assailed us; we had eaten nothing since six o'clock in the morning; it was at this time four in the afternoon, and we had far to go. We had been too earnestly engaged for some hours to think of eating, or indeed to feel an appetite. My friend had a little wine left, which we shared. Our road lay along the edge of the glacier, and at last we came to the “*barefaced rock*” we passed in the morning. This was a *difficulty*—in fact, a *danger*, though not equal to what we had overcome; so we thought less of it—*once over*, we knew all would be well. It had been made very slippery by the wet. Mr.

M. went first, and with his assistance I got over too; that done, he pushed on for the Chalet, which shortly after appeared in sight. I followed as quickly as I could, and about five o'clock got safely housed.

None but those who had undergone the harassing fears and fatigues we had just encountered, could duly appreciate the value of the assistance afforded us by such an establishment in such a place, on the summit of a lonely mountain, high up above the habitable world. Fresh logs were piled upon the fire; stripped to the skin, and, wrapping myself in a blanket, I discussed oceans of warm brandy and water, whilst my clothes were drying; safe and comfortable, and once more enlivened by human faces. The rain continued, and when the door was opened, the clouds were *scudding* past us with fearful rapidity—so great was our height.

My companion, after resting a short time, set off for our quarters at Chamouni, to get dinner ready, and some dry clothes, against my arrival, leaving me to follow at leisure. Shortly after, five or six men arrived at the Chalet; they had been on the opposite mountains, gathering a flock of sixty sheep, which had been scattered the day before by a wolf who came down from the recesses of Mont Blanc. The men had ascended early in the morning from Argentiére, and had, like ourselves, been exposed to the elements, but had not encountered our dangers, being well acquainted with the place; they were dripping wet, and benumbed with cold, and had gathered all the flock but four. One man brought with him the remnants of a sheep, which had been torn in pieces. The shepherds said, they had seen two people on the ice in the morning, but conceived it an impossibility to cross the glacier where we did, and wondered at our escape.

After staying some time, I again put on my half-dried clothes, and set off down the mountain for Chamouni; it rained heavily, and in ten minutes I was as wet as ever: the rain blew in my face, and made the clayey path very slippery. However, partly by sliding, and partly by scrambling and catching hold of the roots of the pine trees, in about three quarters of an hour I got to the bottom. The whole valley was enveloped with mist, through which the lower parts of the mountains alone were visible. A mile and a half farther, brought me to the inn, in as comfortless a plight as any poor devil needed to be, literally wringing wet. A tub of warm water, a change of clothes, and a good dinner, speedily set all to rights, and, bating my bruised legs and fingers, a little stiffness, and the fright, the next morning found me as well as ever.

Being in delicate health, I was fearful the long exposure to the rain, and being half frozen into the bargain, might be attended with serious consequences; but this time I came off "*Scot free*," and setting off next morning for Geneva, we walked the whole distance (sixty miles) in two days.

P. S. I have since heard the people in the Chalet considered our escape miraculous. I scrawled some lines in the Mountain Album, warning people not "*to go and do likewise*."

Thus I have good cause to remember the lines of the poet.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

THE EARLY LOST.—BY DELTA.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

FARE-thee-well, fair flower, that opening
 To the genial smile of day,
 By the storm-blast, in a twinkling,
 From our sight wert swept away!
 Never more thy voice shall cheer us,
 Never more thy form be seen,
 In our solitude we startle
 But to think that thou hast been!

Now the sun illumes our dwelling,
 Sings the bird, and buds the tree;
 Nature starts as from her slumber,
 But no wakening rouseth thee!
 Never more for thee the morning
 Shall its golden gates unfold;
 Past alike are joy and sorrow,
 Summer's heat and winter's cold.

Vainly would our tears restore thee—
 Thou art now a thing of yore.
 Waves, that lull the ear with music,
 Melt forever on the shore;
 Yet at eve, when sings the tame bird,
 By thy hand once duly fed,
 Seem its notes not nature's wailing
 Over thee, the early dead?

Softly, softly gleam'd thy ringlets,
 Braided in their auburn hue—
 Keenly, keenly lustre darted
 From thine eyes of floating blue;
 Now the mould lies scatter'd o'er thee,
 And, with deep and dirge-like tone,
 Pipes at eve the haunting blackbird,
 O'er thy mansion, low and lone.

Dark, anon, shall storms be rolling,
 Through the waned autumnal sky,
 Winds be raving, waves be roaring,
 Sullen deep to deep reply;
 Winter shall resume his sceptre
 O'er the desolated earth,
 But no more wilt thou, like sunlight,
 Brighten up our cheerless hearth.

When around that hearth we gather,
 Jocund mirth no more beguiles;
 Up we gaze upon thy picture,
 Which looks down on us—and smiles;

And we sigh, when, in our chambers,
On the couch our limbs we lay,
That the churchyard grass is waving,
Lonely, o'er thy silent clay!

Why our mourning? We lament not,
Even although our hearts be riven,
That in being's sunny spring-time,
Thou wert snatch'd from earth to heaven:
Life to thee was still enchantment,
And 'twas spared thy heart to know,
That the beams of mortal pleasure
Always sink in clouds of woe.

Fare-thee-well, then. Time may bring us
Other friends—but none like thee,
Who, in thy peculiar beauty,
Wert, what we no more shall see :
From our ears seraphic music
In thy voice hath died away ;
From our eyes a glorious vision
Pass'd, to mingle in the clay!

THE SOUTH STACK.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—He who, within the last few years, has quitted the Irish coast, at night-fall, for Holyhead, may have remarked, after the progress of a few miles, as he paced the deck, a speck of light glimmering in the east, on the very verge of the horizon, now dipping below it, now emerging above it, as the vessel, breasting her way, rises or falls upon the wave. On a nearer approach, he will perceive this apparently insignificant star slowly and regularly assuming the form and brilliancy of the brightest planet ; and then again receding, or dying away, as if gradually absorbed in surrounding darkness.

The traveller by day, on the other hand, who, in his passage up or down channel, nears the eastern shores, must have observed a white tower, posted, like a sentinel, on the brow of a low hummock, apparently forming a projecting ledge from the seaward base of *Caer gybi*, or the mountain of Holyhead. On approaching still nearer, he will perceive that this hummock is, in fact, an island, torn from the main mass, but connected therewith by a link, at a distance resembling the gauze-work of a gossamer, which, in its fall, had accidentally caught upon the corresponding projections of the disjointed rocks.

Let him look a little longer, and he will now and then detect minute objects passing to and fro, and come to the obvious conclusion, that this aerial pathway is neither more nor less than a connecting ladder of accommodation formed by the hand of man.

The speck by night, the white tower by day, with its hummock and fairy bridge, comprise what is called the South Stack ; and, taken altogether, it forms a prominent feature in the bold, romantic scenery of this iron-bound coast, and combines so many objects worthy of notice, natural and artificial, that, be the observer what he may, poet, philosopher, mechanist, or naturalist, he will find wherewithal to excite

his curiosity, and reward his labor, in visiting a spot which has not many rivals in its kind in the wide world. I am not aware that its annals have hitherto been recorded. In consideration of the many hours I have strolled upon its rocks and pry'd into its recesses, I will, therefore, assume the office of its chronicler.

Equally attractive by sea and land, the visiter, who would fully satisfy his curiosity, should so arrange matters as to go by the one and return by the other ; in failure of which, he may rest assured, that if he has any taste for the sublime or beautiful, he will lose much which he ought to see.

Some preliminary cautions are, however, necessary, in the marine department of the expedition. In the first place, the day must be calm and the sea unruffled, or, if it does blow, that it is with due moderation from the east ; for this being an offshore wind, in a great degree tends to counteract the heavy swell, which, rolling in from the westward, renders a passage by water either impracticable, or, if practicable, disagreeable. In the next place, if choice of season is available, a preference should be given to the early part of June, when the sea-birds are assembled in congress for the important business of nidification and incubation, when every tenantable cranny in the rocks is occupied, and the whole shore re-echoes with wild cries, "their waste of music in their voice of love."

The tides also should be consulted, for if unfavorable, it will require a stout and sturdy crew to contend with its influence, in addition to the "race," a certain confluence of eddies, which, under peculiar circumstances, has been known to act a part not much inferior to its worthy congener, the Norwegian Maelstrom. There is evidence of its having once swallowed up an entire brig, with all her masts, yards, canvass, and cordage ; the luckless vessel got, by some means, entangled in the vortex, and, after a brief struggle, yielded to her fate, foundering in a sea of foam, before the eyes of a spectator on the heights. It may be feared, indeed, that feats of this appalling nature are not unfrequent in the long dark nights of winter, as scarcely a year passes without the melancholy sight of broken spars and lacerated rigging, from time to time thrown up from its fretful cauldron.

We will suppose our traveller, with every favorable requisite, on his way to join the boat waiting for him at the pier-head. Ere he reaches it, he will first pass the bridge connecting this fine pile of masonry with the town, over what is called the Sound, a narrow passage, even now of no great width, but much more formidable before it was smoothed down by chisel and gunpowder, through which, on a memorable occasion, Captain Skinner stemmed his way during a heavy gale of wind. On his passage from Dublin, an Irishman's carriage contrived to get rid of its lashings, and vaulting through his mainsail, bounded into the sea, leaving the vessel disabled by such an untoward exploit, and incompetent to adopt the then hazardous step of running for a crowded harbor's mouth, and already exhibiting the wreck of a vessel or two knocking their bottoms out on its rocks immediately to leeward. A few yards farther will conduct him under a very handsome triumphal arch of dark Anglesey marble, erected to commemorate the landing of his late Majesty on the island, when the royal squadron remained wind-bound in the bay, mourning, with half-mast pendants and ensigns, the loss of Caroline, his Queen. On its frieze is the following inscription, with its counterpart in Welsh on the corresponding side:—

GEO. 4. REX,
Monam invisens, huc appulit,
Aug. vii. A. D. 1821.

Côf—Adail . I. Ymweliad.
y. Brenin . sior . y . iv. âg . ynys
Fôn . Awst . vii . MDCCCXXI.

Finally embarked, a westerly course is steered, usually leaving on the right a villainous nest of invisible rocks, called the Platters ; which if stones had tongues, could tell many a dismal tale of misery and mischief of their own production. If the tide admits, a shorter cut is practicable, by passing between the mainland and a ragged-looking, little, rocky island, called Ynys y welt ; of this island and its adjacent rocks, a pair or two of oyster catchers (*hamatopus ostralegus*) seemed to have taken possession, exhibiting, as they ran along or flew from point to point, their smart, pieballed, glossy coats, in full contrast with their long, bright, orange beaks and legs, and crimson irides. Beautiful, and easily domesticated as these birds are, it is surprising they are not more frequently introduced in our pleasure-grounds. Those who have visited Brighton within a few years, may remember the numbers running about, without alarm, on the lawn of the Pavilion. For a short distance beyond this island, the scenery is tame and insipid. As we advance, however, the rocks assume a bolder and more precipitous front ; and in a few minutes, when the small insulated rock, called the North Stack, detaches itself, a magnificent picture appears through the fissure ; and from this point may be said to commence a series of splendid scenery, continuing, without intermission or diminution, for the remainder of the voyage.

Here, too, as in the case of Ynys y welt, there is a passage between the rock and the main, but so narrow, that, unless the water is perfectly smooth, an inexperienced navigator might hesitate to attempt it, even in a boat ; and yet through this channel, flanked and fringed as it is with bristling rocks, starting, like sharks' teeth, from its yawning sides, it is on record that a large cutter passed, in a heavy sea. The event took place some fifty or sixty years ago, and the particulars are fresh in the memories of many still living. She was one of the post-office packets, conveying the mail from Dublin to the Head. The wind was blowing tremendously, and a thick mist had, for a time, concealed the land. At a moment of extreme anxiety—the Captain being well aware of his proximity to the coast—it cleared up, revealing as fearful a situation as any in which mortal men could well be placed ; an overpowering sea rolling before the gale, was hurrying the vessel onwards to a fate which seemed inevitable, imprisoned, as she was now discovered to be, in a sort of bay of precipices, lashed by sheets of foam, bursting not only at their bases, but breaking over the ledges of rocks, which here and there reared themselves above the swell. Letting go an anchor would have been useless, had it held the ground ; the strongest tackle must have instantly yielded before the pressure of such a sea. To beat out was equally hopeless, for the North Stack projected so far into the offing, as to afford no chance whatever of weathering it. At this awful and critical juncture, an experienced sailor stepped forward, and urged the possibility of escape. "It is high water," said he to the captain, "but there is a channel between that island and the

main, and I think we may push her through"—hidden as it was behind the rocks of the Stack, over which the waves were frightfully breaking. To hesitate was death—the forlorn hope was decided upon; and with that ready confidence, so peculiar to British seamen in the hour of peril, the order was given—"Up with the helm—haul taught the sheets;" and away luffing to the wind, the bounding vessel flew towards the terrific chasm, on which every eye was riveted. Had the helmsman relaxed in nerve but an iota, had the swell interrupted the action of the tiller, though but for an instant, had she swerved but a foot from her course, her planking must have been rifted from her ribs by the grim range of serrated rocks, on which a biscuit might have been thrown with ease, as she floundered through the foam, and shot by them like an arrow from a bow. For a minute, their fate hung upon a hair; in another, they were in safety; and within an hour, firmly moored in the harbor.

On passing through this opening, the eye rests on pile above pile of stupendous rocks; the lower range broken into fissures, forming natural vaults and caverns of the most magnificent and picturesque description. Immediately on the left, one called *Ogo vaur*, (or the large cavern,) actually perforates the base of the high headland, called *Morva llwm*, or the bare headland of the boundless sea—from *Morva*, boundless sea, and *Llwn*, bare, exposed, naked. It is, I believe, only at low water or half tide, that a landing can be effected, on a rough shingly beach, mingled with broken masses of rock in a spacious portal, forming, when the spectator looks towards the sea from the interior, a suitable frame-work to as fine a marine view as can be imagined; the perforation is perfect, and accessible to those who think it worth their while to clamber over broken fragments in the dark, with the chance or the certainty of slipping over tresses of sea-weed into puddles of water left by the tide. Not far from it, there is another called the *Parliament-house*, far more worthy of inspection, and which will amply reward the candidate ambitious of taking a seat within its walls, compared with which, its namesake in *St. Stephen's chapel*, in all its glory, must hide its diminished head. If it is in the breeding season, let a gun be fired on entering by all means, and mark the effect—for lo! from every chink, and crevice, and chasm, as if shoveled out or exploded from a cask,—for I know not by what apter comparison I can convey an idea of the effect,—down tumble shower upon shower, and pack after pack, of guillemots and razor-bills—their snow-white breasts and dark velvet backs forming a beautiful contrast with the back-ground gloom, as they dart through the aperture; while above, below, and round about, gulls glide or hover, screaming and wailing at this ill-timed intrusion on their privacy. Here the empire of birds commences, and is continued with little interruption, though with singular selection and variety, for a considerable distance along the more inaccessible heights of the coast. The claimants for the undivided possession of this empire of air and water, are divided into four classes, who occasionally contest possession of certain spots and allotments. Of these, the most numerous are the gulls and guillemots, with their congeners, or cousin-germans, the razor-bills; but of them I shall speak more at large when we set foot on their favorite haunts in the *South Stack*, merely noticing them at present, as forming a conspicuous feature in this part of the scenery; dotting in fixed or moveable patches, the rocks, the sky, or the sea, according to their immediate occupation of

nursing, flying, or feeding. But though fewer in number, perhaps the most attractive and characteristic are the gloomy ominous forms of the shags and cormorants, and the stately, grave, and sedate figures of the herons. On the lower rocks, forming sunken ledges, with pinnacles just level with the water, or a few feet above, may be seen small assemblages of the former. Milton, though an excellent poet, makes but an indifferent remark for an ornithologist; he, I suspect, being the first who ever saw one of this sable tribe sitting on a

"Tree, and highest there that grew;"

but he is truth itself, when he describes the foul fiend

"Like a cormorant."

Observe the slouching form, the wet and vapid wings dangling from her sides to catch the breeze, while his weird and wildly staring eye scans and scowls about in all directions. Surfeited with his morning's meal, the filthy gormandizer reposes, gaping his naked yellow-skinned mouth, from whence in loose folds hangs a distended flap, big enough to form the floating bladder of a Greenland's fishing tackle; while a greasy imp or two sits waiting for a fermented portion of food from the parental pouch. Higher up behold the heronry; from little jutting shelves or corners, a few sticks project, slightly covered with a scattering of withered sea tang; these are the nests, on which the mother may be seen sitting, or near which, if the season be further advanced, the young brood stand, patiently expecting the return of their parents from the marshes and shallows, with a wonted supply of small fish. One of the most singular circumstances connected with this associated location, is the absolute line of demarcation and boundary observed on both sides; each species taking a separate site, and never intruding on the appropriated districts of a neighboring tribe. The guillemots and razor-bills nestle for the most part in their holes and corners; the gulls are scattered with rather a more latitudinarian spirit over the whole surface; while the cormorants usually sojourn on a somewhat lower range, as if more suitable to their heavy awkward flight. But most select and ascetic, as far as communication with others is concerned, are the herons. Simon Stylites, on his column, could not have more effectually secluded himself from the world, than one of these long-legged birds upon his solitary ledge.

Having left the caves of the North Stack some distance, a perpendicular wall of rock presents itself, of which the herons have taken exclusive possession, reminding me, from the peculiar positions of their nests, of the hermits of Montocvrat, who, by a refinement on solitude, and stretch of self-denying ingenuity, have so contrived their dwellings, that the door of one may be placed within a few yards of another, without the possibility of the tenants holding the slightest converse or communication. Thus, if a square foot of insulated space can be found, there one of these staid and melancholy birds is sure to be found posted like a warder on a watch-tower—motionless, grey as the rock itself, he might be mistaken for a piece of sculpture, but for the harsh cry ever and anon uttered, or by his now and then drawing back his neck and burying his head between the shoulders; and then stretching out his long legs far behind, in lieu of a tail, to act as a rudder, he launches himself silently from his resting place, and floats away, slowly flapping his wide-spreading pair of flagging wings.

A colony of about twenty or thirty appear to have monopolized this dreary façade, and year after year, at the appointed time, their rude eyries are refitted, for the reception and perpetuation of this lonely tribe.

This rugged amphitheatre affords other features also of considerable interest ; the eye is, in its progress, attracted by an extensive surface of recently exposed rock, evincing the incalculable powers of electric fluid, which in an instant severed an enormous superficies, and shattering thousands of loosened fragments, hurled them like pebbles to the bottom, where they remain, the everlasting record of an event, occurring on the 29th December, 1823 ; further particulars of which will be reserved till we come to speak of the signal station on the mountain, where its effects were, if not so powerfully, at least more singularly exhibited. About midway, in crossing the bay, there is a chasm so uniformly regular and direct, that its formation can scarcely be accounted for by any other theory than an actual recession of the originally united parts forming the line of precipice,—a phenomenon not unfrequent in several similar mountain ranges, and peculiarly applicable to this, which bears throughout unquestionable marks of having been exposed to upheavings and concussions fully sufficient to rend in twain far mightier mounds. This singular fissure, cleaved in so direct a line from the summit of the base, forms, or rather did form, a passage of communication, of no small celebrity in ancient days, and retaining its odor of sanctity till a very recent date. It is known by the name of *Ogo Lochwydd*, *Ogo*, as before mentioned, signifying a cave. Respecting the word *Lochwydd*, there is some difference of opinion ; by persons of high authority it has been explained to mean a place of meeting and assembling together—an interpretation perfectly satisfactory, if accurate ; if, however, it may be supposed a compound of the words *Lloc* and *wd*, it will admit of a different meaning, *Lloc* signifying a mound, a fold or confined place, and *wd* something that is extended or stretched out ; which might lead to the conclusion, that it was named from its obvious peculiarity, viz. a confined place extended in length, which, whether right or wrong, at all events most accurately defines this remarkable spot.

At no great distance, there is a solitary escarpment, for it deserves not the name of a landing-place, on which, during a tempestuous night in the beginning of March, 1808, a luckless sloop, driving before a snow-storm, strewed her broken timbers ; it was no subject of congratulation, that the ill-fated crew reached the land in safety, doomed as they were to suffer a protracted and more bitter fate ; for when the morning dawned, they were discovered frozen in the attitudes in which death had assailed them. The captain seemed to have patiently resigned himself to what was irremediable. He was found stretched at the foot of a rock, under which he vainly sought a remnant of shelter, his head resting on his hands, having breathed his last in a frozen sleep. Of his companions, some had struggled more, some less, wandering amidst the snow, or in vainly attempting to reach the summit. One poor fellow had nearly succeeded ; he must, it was evident, have persevered gallantly through the night ; but human efforts were of no avail ; he too was doomed to follow the fortunes of his messmates, leaving his remains within a few yards of a place of safety, which he was destined never to attain.

This interesting amphitheatre, beginning with the North and termi-

nating with the South Stack, embraces something more than a mile, being flanked on its southern extremity by the leading object of this article. A glimpse or two might have been caught previous to passing the North Stack, according to the course steered, whether closing with the land or keeping more to seaward. But it is not till the bay is fairly entered, that it stands out, in all its details. As few visitors approach it before the sun has gained the meridian, and therefore long after the eastern rays are withdrawn, the island usually appears of a gloomy, sombre hue, approximating to black, its dingy uniformity broken only by the indented sinuosities and irregularities of its surface ; whereas the main-land, either from being somewhat less assailable by the sea, or more exposed to the air and sun, and also from the operations of the artificers employed in forming the communication, presents a variety of shades, in which, however, a dull red is predominant. On a nearer approach, every part assumes more importance and interest. On the left, the headland precipices rise abruptly from the water's edge. In front, the light and airy bridge springs from rock to rock, while on the right, a dark deep cavern forms the aperture of another natural tunnel, similar to that of *Ogo-vawr*, penetrating through the north-eastern side, and curving in a south-easterly direction, where it opens on a little gulf, the sea rolling through it, I believe, without interruption, at low as well as high water.

It is at the mouth of this cavern, alongside a shelving rock, that the boat is laid ; and by means of a rude flight of steps to a certain point, a tolerably commodious and easy ascent is practicable to the summit level of the island, near the spot on which the suspension bridge terminates. The histories of the island, bridge, &c., from the causes which first brought them into notice, to their present state, are well deserving of attention.

On casting an eye over the map, it will be seen that every vessel, in her passage up *St. George's Channel* for any ports to the eastward of her course, (such as *Liverpool*, &c.) after taking a departure from the *Smalls light*, off *Milford Haven*, must steer in nearly a direct line for the *Skerries*, on the *N. W.* coast of the island of *Anglesey*, which line must of necessity bring her almost in contact with the western extremity of the projecting range of this and neighboring rocks ; and that in consequence of the whole flood-tide setting into *Carnarvon bay*, a vessel, even with due allowance for keeping clear of *Bardsey Island*, must be seriously affected by an inland draft ; but should she by good management avoid this danger, and have run the greater part of the chord of which the bight of *Carnarvon bay* is the curve, another assault is made upon her, when within about three leagues of the *Head*, by the reflux of an ebb-tide also making into the bay. These contending currents are probably the predominant causes of that dangerous "race" already alluded to, whose influence in gales of wind is by no means confined to the immediate point of collision between counter currents, but extends far out to sea over a considerable space. Those who have experienced eddies of this description can alone appreciate their overwhelming powers : the swallowing up of a brig has been already noticed. It is stated in a paper published by *Captain Evans*, the present harbor-master of *Holyhead*, to whose representations the chief merit of this establishment is due, after a long list of shipwrecks in the vicinity, that scarcely a winter passed, previous to the exhibition of this light, in which the neighboring peasantry and fishermen have not fallen in

with floating fragments, or various articles of merchandise, belonging to vessels which had gone down in the race unseen, unpitied and unaccounted for. The dead set of the currents up channel was not long ago verified by a curious incident. It was known that a homeward bound ship, wine laden, had gone to pieces off the Scilly islands, when to the surprise of all, in about a fortnight, several butts of sherry, forming part of her cargo, made their appearance, and drifted ashore on various parts of this coast. There are many anecdotes of hair-breadth escapes to confirm the danger of this indraft. During an intense fog, and light breeze from the S. E., a fisherman in a skiff, close in shore, examining some lobster baskets, was surprised by the sound of voices; and on looking up, was still more astonished by seeing the looming of a large square-rigged vessel almost on board of him. On his loudly hailing, she steered clear, and he immediately pulled alongside, conveying the unexpected information to the captain, that, if he persevered on that course but a few minutes longer, he would bring himself upon a parcel of rocks almost under his bows. Measures were of course instantly taken, and a danger easily avoided, which, but for this timely notice, must inevitably have been fatal. The fisherman was requested to remain on the look-out, as several other vessels were supposed to be not far astern. And so it proved; for on the fog's clearing up, a little fleet was discovered standing on steadily and unconsciously to certain destruction. One other anecdote may be mentioned, which, though it terminated, as far as the vessel was concerned, less fortunately, was certainly one of the narrowest escapes in one of the most critical situations in the annals of shipwrecks.

I shall give it nearly in the words of an observer on the spot: Soon after dusk, in the beginning of April, 1826, a fine new brig, named the *Alexander*, on her voyage from Jamaica to Liverpool, made Bardsey light, and shaped her course for the Skerries, with a strong breeze at S.S.W., weather hazy. At ten o'clock she shortened sail; soon after which a rock was observed close on her larboard bow, and breakers right a-head: the alarm was given, and the affrighted passengers hastily dressing themselves, and collecting their valuables, prepared for the worst. In a few minutes, the master came down, announcing the grateful intelligence that the danger was over, and they again retired in confidence to rest; but they had scarcely done so, when the vessel struck violently abaft, and the cabin was almost immediately filled with such a rush of water, that they were compelled to seek instant safety on the quarter-deck. The brig, when the first alarm was given, had been hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, with the intention of laying her along the land till an offing was gained; but as in the confusion they omitted to brace up her yards, on coming to the wind the sails were taken aback, and getting stern way, she grounded on the cliff: after a few heavy blows, she swung round in a line parallel to the shore, and there remained, beating violently, with her masts and yards entangled in the projecting rocks, which snapping and shattering with the repeated shocks, fell down on the deck, and added to the danger and confusion. By this time, the passengers had assembled round the master, who stood irresolute, until the chief mate assured them that the spritsail-yard lay upon a low table rock, upon which he thought it possible to conduct the women and children, if they made haste; a young lady from Kingston was the first to offer, and with much difficulty reached the rock in safety; when the gallant mate returned to

the wreck, and finally succeeded in landing two other ladies, three children, and a Spanish and English merchant. The master and crew then followed, and just as the last man landed, the yard was carried away, and all communication with the wreck cut off. Nineteen persons were thus huddled together at midnight on a ledge of rock just sufficient to hold them, but compelled to remain in the exact position in which they were first landed, lest by the slightest movement, they should precipitate the person before them into the sea. The night was dark and cold, and no one but the watch on deck had any covering beyond their night-clothes. But all their miseries were trifling compared with the terrible anxiety with which they watched the flowing tide, with an apparently inaccessible cliff behind them, and the water even then curling round their feet; each wave evidently reached a higher mark than its predecessor, and it was too clear that another half hour's flood must sweep them all into the sea. At length, when the dead level of the water was only a foot and a half below them, with inexpressible joy and thankfulness they observed it first to pause, and then gradually but perceptibly recede. Just before dawn, the chief mate and a boy, with great difficulty, scaled the cliff, and calling up the country people, obtained ropes, by which the whole party were successively drawn up in safety, with the exception of one individual, whose thigh was fractured by a splinter from the rock.

The next day the wind changed, and blew hard, breaking up the unfortunate vessel, from which little of the cargo was saved; but her boat drifted safely on shore from the booms, with three small goats, which long survived the miseries of that eventful night.

Under such circumstances, to all vessels, but more especially the post-office packets, the necessity of a light became of paramount importance, compelled as their commanders were by the nature of the service, when exposed to thick weather, or particular winds, (knowing full well the character of the coast right a-head,) to make the Skerries, or at other times to land their mail and passengers at the back of the Head.

Impressed at length with the obvious advantages, not to say necessity of the case, the Trinity-House finally entered into the views of Captain Evans, and decided upon adopting his suggestions, assigning to his superintendence the preparatory operations, which were commenced in May, 1808, when temporary shelter was erected, and a cook's galley set up for the accommodation of 70 men, who were only allowed to absent themselves, when weather permitted, from the Saturday evening till the Sunday morning.

At this period, it should be observed, that the present landing-place, on the north side, indifferent as it still is, at certain times of tide, was then altogether impracticable; and that on the south-east alone, where at all times more or less there is a considerable swell, a precarious footing was attainable. The difficulties of landing being thus so great, and the power of supplying this large population so precarious, particularly with water, there being none on the island, it was found absolutely necessary to provide against this inconvenience. Accordingly a canvass hose, 900 feet in length, was made to communicate with a small tarn, about 800 feet from the summit of the nearest headland, descending thence at a sharp angle the remaining 100 feet, till it reached the island; in connexion with this hose, a stay and traveller were rigged out, by which milk, instruments, and a variety of other articles,

were safely and commodiously passed to and fro. On one occasion, a passenger of a very different description attempted this fearful communication in the person of an active young man, one of the workmen. Having received intimation of his mother's sudden illness, he resolved, as the surf was too high to admit of the usual egress by water, to trust himself to this aerial conveyance. Accordingly, firmly grasping the hose and tackling, he slowly but steadily made his way good, with every eye intently fixed upon him, and trembling for his safety, up this terrific pathway, and safely landed himself on the mountain's brow. This hazardous adventure took place without the superintendent's knowledge, who very properly, upon hearing of it, issued a positive order, that it should on no account whatever be repeated.

As the works proceeded, the necessity of a more frequent and certain communication naturally increased. Accordingly an ingenious old millwright, in conjunction with Captain Evans, set their heads together for the accomplishment of this desirable object, the fruits of which appeared in the course of the summer, in the form of a small box or cradle, suspended on two strong stays, running through sheaves, and swung across the chasm, a distance of 150 feet, (a space 30 feet wider than the present bridge and subsequent cradle passage,) being made fast to the nearest projecting point of the mainland rocks, from whence an ascent was practicable. We would request the lightheaded and nervous portion of the community, who may chance to visit the South Stack, to have pointed out to them the precise point on the mainland rocks, from whence this first and original cradle took its departure; and thence to trace clearly and distinctly the goat-like ascent up and down, which all who, whether from business or curiosity, visited the island, were necessitated to clamber and crawl. The cradle itself, moreover, in its infant state, was by no means a bed of roses, before experience and practice had vouched for its security; and it is but fair to allow to Captain Evans, who was the first to embark and ferry himself over, something of the "*robur et æs triplex*," assigned by Horace to the man who first ventured his person on the wide seas, in the crazy barks of ancient times.

Confidence in its stability, however, soon removed all reasonable fears; and as one of the passengers who tried it in this its early day, I can perfectly recollect that even the first moment of its launching from terra firma, was a change much for the better, compared with the headlong scramble down certain parts of the precipice leading to its point of suspension. In the meantime, workmen, lowered by ropes, were constantly employed in forming a more commodious staircase on the broad face of the rock, from which, in January, 1809, a shorter passage, 120 feet in length, was effected. Still, however, by means of a cradle, though of a somewhat improved structure, which remained as the sole direct mode of communication for five years, during which time no accident occurred to any living being, Captain Evans' dog excepted, who one day, in his haste to secure a passage, at the moment of the cradle's departure, sprung forward unsuccessfully, and was precipitated into the waters below, from whence, as the sea was comparatively smooth, he was rescued without receiving the slightest injury. Two passengers were the legal complement of the limited dimensions of this carriage; but occasionally three, if not four, contrived to pack themselves on board. It was on one of these occasions, the inmates being all females, during a heavy gale of wind, what with the lateral pressure

of the whirling eddies, combined with the extra gravitating weight of the overloaded vehicle, it so happened that the workmen were for a time unable to haul it forward on the strained cordage, leaving the ladies for a time to enjoy their leisure, and meditate upon the scenery, heightened by the howling of the wind, the vibratory motion of the cordage, and the roaring of the waves below them.

To this cradle, at the expiration of five years, succeeded a regular foot bridge, of the most simple, primitive, and picturesque construction. Strong cables were thrown across, over which planks were laid, and on either side a light balustrade of stout net-work was raised, the whole secured, and the vibratory motion in part counteracted, by long guys, made fast to appropriate points on either side. Over this, those possessing tolerable nerves might trip comfortably enough, for there was no real danger, though to some the passage was still a matter of hesitation. But whether from the march of intellect wishing to meet the advancement of the times, or whether to rival in its way the gigantic undertaking over the Menai on the opposite side of the island, the bridge which succeeded the primitive cradle has itself been superseded by an elegant structure on the true scientific principles of permanent suspension bridges, over which a regiment of horse might pass.

But to return to the lighthouse. The preparatory operations having, as has been stated, commenced in May, 1808, and the foundation of the building laid in the following August, so rapidly were the works carried on, that, on the evening of the 9th February, 1809, the light was exhibited for the first time. The lantern, in which it is placed, is elevated above the sea about 200 feet, the summit level of the island being 140 feet. The reflectors cover three triangular surfaces, which revolve by clockwork machinery, wound up every nine hours, giving, in order to distinguish the light from that of the Skerries, a full face every two minutes, which may be distinctly seen from a ship's deck, at the distance of about nine leagues. The tower is a substantial stone-building, with walls at the lower part five feet thick; but, solid as was this foundation, it was found on trial not to be sufficiently dense to keep out the pelting of the winter gales, when the waves bursting upwards, dashed their spray with such inconceivable force, that the water actually filtered through, and kept the interior in a constant state of moisture; so much so, as to excite an apprehension that it might seriously injure the masonry. A variety of remedies were suggested, and the most experienced opinions taken; copper bolts were inserted, on which a casting was to be made fast. Persons were despatched from London with a mixture of pulverised iron, Parker's cement, ashes, and sand. With this composition, every crevice and interstice was carefully filled, and the whole smoothed down to an uniform surface, which set, and became firm as stone itself; but all to no purpose, for, to the general astonishment, water was still forced through, and the interior walls were as damp and trickling as ever. Captain Evans went to London, and reported the case to the Trinity-house Board; small slates were then recommended as an additional casing; but the blast of the first hurricane ripped them away like shreds. In this dilemma, when, in the multitude of counsellors, no wisdom had been found, an old carpenter, employed in repairing a window-frame and doorcase, which he knew to have been set up above 40 years, at a mansion house in the neighborhood, remarked that every part of the casing below ground was in a state of decay, whereas the other parts, which had been coat-

ed with a mixture of painting oil, white lead, and sand, remained as sound as ever. Happening at this juncture to meet Captain Evans, he mentioned the fact, which thus accidentally suggested a similar application at the lighthouse.

Accordingly, a mixture was prepared, consisting of sand from Port Davaich, free from sea-water, which, after being thoroughly dried in an oven, was well sifted. Two men were then employed to paint as far as they could reach, with a mixture of white lead and oil; and then over this glutinous surface, the sand was dashed on, and left to dry and harden for five or six days, after which the process was repeated; when, to the surprise of all, two coats were found fully to answer the purpose; for since that time, the water has been effectually excluded, and not a drop of moisture ever penetrating within.

Exclusive of this tower, there are two dwellings for the accommodation of the light-keepers and their families, and another, on a small scale, fitted up by Captain Evans for his own use, when detained by business on his frequent visits to the island. And thus a spot, hitherto rented at £1, 1s. for the summer-pasture of a few sheep, on its scanty patches of grass and thrift, became at once an object of interest and importance to the public in general. To the geologist and naturalist, it must, indeed, have been always so.

The whole coast partakes more or less of a micaceous schistose character, traversed here and there, as may be seen at Port Davaich, about three miles east of the South Stack, by a vein of trap, in itself a sufficient indication that indirect igneous, if not immediate volcanic causes, have been no slumbering agents in the formation of this range of coast. Of its having been upheaved or severely compressed by some adequate force from an original position in the earth's crust, a glance upon the precipice fronting the island affords undisputable proof; and that a great portion of this stratification was at one period in a semi-fluid or pliant state, must be admitted to be equally unquestionable. I can no where recollect such a series of fantastic festoonings and twistings, as the face of the rock presents, a few yards on the right of the mainland gateway, opening upon the suspension bridge. I can compare it to nothing more analogous than rolls of ribbon uniformly plaited, resting on an uneven irregular foundation. A little further, on the other hand, the rock changes not only its integral character, but its stratification; assuming, instead of the horizontal, a perpendicular form, exhibiting finer and bolder, though perhaps less curious, features, than its intimate neighbor, on which it immediately impinges. Thus, the Parliament-house cavern seems to have been formed by the falling in of fragments disturbed and disjointed by a sudden change from a horizontal to a perpendicular stratification; when, at the period of its rising, it shoved aside and elbowed away the more yielding masses of the tortuous schist. An additional proof that this unbending obdurate mass was the aggressor, may, I think, be inferred from the shattered face of the elevated surface, forming the highest peak of the mountain, rising far above the surrounding and more decidedly micaceous schistose beds, exhibiting a dismal scene of fraction, dislocation, and of trituration, (if the term may be applied to fragments of many tons in weight,) as if the cumulus had contended with sturdy obstacles in its process of elevation. An experienced observer will require no directions to detect various points of contact between rival masses; but there is one within a few yards of the spot on which he first treads upon

the island, after crossing the bridge, so well adapted for observation, that it may be allowable to point it out. On proceeding towards the lighthouse, he will perceive a deep indenture very conspicuous on the south-east side, where the sea rolls in, forming the gulf before mentioned, into which the natural tunnel opens; proceeding to the extremity of the promontory, immediately fronting the abrupt face of the opposite side of this gulf, he will trace a marked difference in the texture of the arm on which he stands, and that directly facing him; the one being in part more massive, while the other inclines to the micaceous schistose form—and on following the two curves of the gulf to their point of junction, he will readily remark, that, although in very close contact, they are, nevertheless, not identically the same stratum; and possibly the intermediate chasm may have been occasioned by the rupture which took place in their component parts at the moment (and if it was the work of a moment—what a moment!) of collision—when these mighty rocks rose from the sea, grinding and grating the one against the other.

Thus much of the geological attractions. As for the naturalist, in the scene which appears in all its feathered glory before him, he will find certain species, which can nowhere be contemplated with such ease and satisfaction, as at the points of this projecting promontory. There have I sat, and could have remained for hours, watching these sea-birds, and listening to their wild cry, mingling with the hoarse roar of the waves lashing the rocks below. The perpendicular faces of this little gulf are intersected by innumerable fissures, crevices, ledges, and shelves, admirably adapted for birds requiring these accommodations; and here accordingly an army of razor-bills (*alea torda*) and guillemots (*colymbus troile*) had taken up their position, almost, though not entirely, to the exclusion of the gulls. And therein, as if conscious of their safety, it being an inviolable rule never to disturb them, they were carrying on their usual occupations with the most perfect unconcern, permitting one to enter fully into their domestic arrangements. Closely jammed in a lateral niche, just opposite, sat 72 guillemots, all bowing their heads at each other, with a gravity and solemnity unaccountable. On they went for above a quarter of an hour, without intermission, each nodding slowly to his neighbor, who, with equal composure, nodded as slowly in return. Now and then, from another ledge, one or two would come in from a short excursion, and, jostling the whole line, send a dozen or two backwards over the edge, croaking disapprobation at the intruders, who took the vacant places, utterly disregarding the confusion they had caused. It was impossible at first to divest oneself of an involuntary shudder, as they slid headlong or backwards into the abyss, their squab plump bodies supported by such comparatively disproportioned wings. I felt at every moment a sort of rising cry, "Ah, poor bird, nothing can save him! he must be killed." When flapping his little pinions, away he went, cleaving the air, making his circuit for a mile, skimming now and then over the sea, but not touching the waves, and then returning to his friends. Amidst the myriads of old ones, I looked in vain for anything like a corresponding number of young; I could scarcely see a single individual. It is true, that the females only produce one egg; but still that could not account for the paucity of progeny. I suspect from certain sympathetic croakings uttered by the old ones, when turning their heads towards little chinks, the recesses of which were invisible, that the infant birds were kept in the background; and well they are so, or otherwise, in the constant

disturbances, and tumblings over, that take place, they must inevitably break their necks in the confusion.

But a greater surprise was excited by perceiving in the midst of the bustle a solitary egg here and there lying on the bare rock, within a few inches of the edge. By what care or instinct is it preserved from falling? It has been said, that if they are removed by the human hand, it is impossible, or at least extremely difficult, to replace them in their former steady situation; whence it has been inferred that they are glued by some secreted liquid to the rock. One of our best ornithologists, Montagu, on good evidence, doubts the fact, but still the mystery is great, if not greater; there they are in a most hazardous situation, but they are preserved—by what means? How many are the things which our philosophy cannot fathom! The razor-bills were by no means so numerous as the guillemots, and, generally speaking, did not mingle with them; they seemed to hold themselves apart as the better bird of the two, peering at one another, and pluming their coats with a sort of dandy consciousness of their superior brilliancy and glossiness. But both agreed in keeping aloof from me; there was nothing like intrusion on the spot I had selected for observing them. Not so the gulls, at least the *Larus canus*, or common gull. They were all familiarity; some flew so near, that I could almost feel the fanning of their wings; while others settled within a few yards, conning me over with a vacant simple stare, uttering their plaintive, melancholy, imploring sort of note. While on the other hand, a pair or two of the large black-beaked gulls (*Larus marinus*) now and then sailed by, and then alighting on an inaccessible ledge, reconnoitred me with a scrutinizing look from their keen, suspicious, penetrating eye, expressing a very different language. The former, barely opening their slender beaks sufficiently to give vent to a gentle cry, seemed to say, "We are poor harmless creatures, do not hurt us." The latter, on the other hand, the moment they had perched, opened theirs as wide as possible, uttering, at the same time, a loud hearty scream, *ab imo pectore*, as much as to say, "This is our territory; you have no business here; we wish you would go away." Not far from the resting-place of this pair of black-beaked gulls, a pair of the common sort had established themselves on a bit of a plateau that made one giddy to look at, and quite tremble for the fate of their sole offspring, a little grey down-covered toddler, with about half an inch between his toes and destruction, for a breath would have blown him over; but there he stood quite at his ease, so well tutored apparently, that when the old ones successively returned with food, he was indifference itself. No tremulous movement of his flappers, no impatient stretchings of neck, no gaping of mouth, like other young birds. I cannot conceive a more melancholy advance from infancy to maturity, than this youngster's; it being evident, from the moment of his quitting his eggshell to the present hour, the choice of standing on his right or left leg, or a cautious putting of one before the other, to the extent of a few inches, was the only source of amusement or variety within his reach. It was curious to observe the proceedings of many of the older birds. The din was incessant, and some seemed quite exhausted with screaming, or hearing others scream; for I could perceive them retiring from the main body to rest a while in perfect silence. Now and then, indeed, as if by mutual consent, the uproar entirely ceased, and the whole body settled on a rocky inclined plain, interspersed with grass, of some extent, just below the light-keepers' dwellings, which

formed their grand nursery establishments ; for there, in every stage of growth, hundreds of young ones were moving about ; I conclude that each parent had a perfect knowledge of its own nestlings, though, generally speaking, there were no striking symptoms of recognition ; apparently, old and young seemed to mingle without much reference to relationship, and a stranger might have supposed that there was a community of offspring. The only sign of attachment I remarked, was, that an old bird would now and then fix its eye in a more pointed manner on some one of these moveable puff-balls of downy feathers, and then suddenly opening its mouth, deposite at the feet of the fledgling, a crawful of half-digested shrimps or soft crabs. Numerous as they are even now, before the erection of the lighthouse and bridge these assemblages in the breeding season were tenfold greater. When the works were commenced in the spring of 1808, the unusual appearance of persons on the island, with their operations of blasting, &c. so disturbed the proceedings of the birds who had recently arrived, that with the exception of one solitary pair of gulls, the whole body, including guillemots and razor-bills, took to flight, leaving the intruders in full possession of a spot which they, from time unknown, had occupied by a sort of prescriptive right, although occasionally annoyed by other birds, as well as accidental visitors from the mainland. This solitary pair had taken post on that inaccessible plateau of bare rock where I noticed the single young gull, and seemed to be aware that nothing but shot or stones could dislodge them. Their determined confidence in the security of their strong hold met with its due reward, orders being issued that none should molest them. The consequence was, that in a short time they became quite familiarized to the noise and bustle, and remained until their young were reared, and in a condition to shift for themselves.

In the ensuing spring, the same pair, as was supposed, retook possession of their old post, and strict orders, as before, were given, on no account to disturb them, and as a further protection, no fire-arms were allowed to be used, and any strangers disregarding these rules were not to be admitted again on the island. In consequence of a rigid attention to these humane regulations, the same pair continued for five successive years to visit the same ledge, and rear their young, consisting generally of two, and never exceeding three in number. But although only this single pair were observed to breed on the island, a considerable number at times, as if aware of their security, sought shelter, denied them on the mainland, where, notwithstanding the bare and perpendicular character of the precipices, there was scarcely a spot among the clefts and hollows to which the young men and boys of the neighborhood did not find their way in search of eggs, for which they found a ready demand.

The main body of gulls at length, finding that these wonted haunts no longer afforded security, and whether taught by the experience of the above pair, or from their own observation, in the spring of the sixth year took refuge in the island, chiefly on the south side, and on the inclined plain before mentioned, where they have remained during the breeding season ever since, and on this spot, in particular, their artless nests are spread in such numbers, that it is difficult at times to avoid treading upon them. It is remarkable, however, that only two pair of the black-beaked gulls returned, and these, according to their usual habits, not only build apart, but never herd with the rest. Neither

have the razor-bills and guillemots re-established themselves in the same abundance, or with the same apparent confidence, which may in some degree be accounted for by the parts of the rock most suited to their habits having been more or less used as landing-places. But although these poor birds have, contrary to the general rule, found a protector in man, they are not entirely without their troubles and annoyances. Certain crows, the light-keepers say, a pair only of one particular species, come at the same time, and build their nest just opposite the Stack, as if for the express purpose of harassing and stealing their eggs. For no sooner do the gulls begin to lay, than these two crows are perpetually on the look-out, frequently hovering over and watching for an opportunity to carry off a prize. The moment the thieves appear, the whole gull colony is in a state of commotion and consternation; those on their nests cowering over their new-laid treasures, while the others, by their screams and menacing attitudes, do their best to frighten and drive the marauders away; but the cunning crows usually gain their point. Watching an opportunity, down they pounce, pierce an egg with their sharp beak, and fly off with it in a trice. The light-keepers assert, that these crows are of a species known only in Ireland, and never, with the exception of these two individuals, seen in Anglesey; from their description, I have, however, no doubt of its being the hooded or Royston crow (*corvus cornix*), well known in many parts of England, and in the north, very destructive to the eggs and young of the red grouse. A curious circumstance fell under the observation of the light-keeper: a pair of these birds had for some years frequented the same spot, when one season the female was shot, and the male almost immediately disappeared, remaining absent for the space of three or four days, when he returned with another partner, and the business of nidification was carried on as before.

The gulls, at this season so numerous on the island and adjacent coast, disperse themselves for half the year, and are never seen congregated in great numbers, except when attracted by shoals of herrings, or some similar cause; but it is positively asserted by the light-keepers, as a very extraordinary fact, that they all instinctively return to the South Stack on the same night, viz., the 10th of February, and retire, with the exception of those that, having been robbed on the main, had resorted to the island to renew the labors of incubation on the night of the 12th August. The keepers state that, in the middle of the former night, they are warned of their arrival by a great noise, as it were a mutual greeting and cheering, adding, that they look to their return as that of so many old acquaintances after a long absence, announcing the winter to be over, and spring approaching. For a time they appear to congregate together without any order whatever; but in the course of a month, begin to pair, and getting their nests in readiness, proceed to lay their eggs. On a lonely spot, facing the South Stack, a couple, of what are familiarly here termed mountain hawks, but which I ascertained to be the peregrine falcon (*falco peregrinus*), annually build; and as they occasionally give chase to the sea-birds, they are frequently brought under the notice of the light-keepers. One day the hawk was seen pursuing a razor-bill, but aware probably of the toughness of its skin, instead of assaulting his prey with the usual death-pounce from the beak, he seized the unfortunate by the head with both his claws, and made towards the land, his prisoner croaking, screaming, and struggling lustily. Being a heavy bird, he so far in-

commoded or overbalanced his aggressor, that both descended fast towards the sea ; when just as they touched the water, the falcon let go his hold and ascended, the razor-bill as instantaneously diving below.

About sixty years ago, an American ship was lost near the sound between the South Stack and the Main, when a great number of rats, described to be of a very large size, probably the Norway rat (*mus decumanus*), landed upon the island, where their descendants remained until about six years ago, to the great annoyance of the light-keepers, who adopted every possible means to get rid of them, by poison, guns, dogs, and traps ; a considerable number were at length killed, and probably this incessant warfare decided them upon decamping, which they did, it is supposed, in a body, at the same time, for not one has been ever seen on the island since a particular night. There is, moreover, good reason for believing that they not only went off in a body, but to the same identical spot, as immediately afterwards the nearest farm-yard at Tymaur, about a mile from the head of the Stairs inland, was found to be overrun with them ; and in one rick of corn, which was nearly half consumed, no less than eighty were killed in making their escape. I believe no other wild quadrupeds breed on the island ; but stoats and weasels frequently destroy tame rabbits kept near the dwelling houses ; and that they come from the mainland cannot be doubted, half-consumed dead rabbits having been found on the bridge, evidently the prey of these animals endeavoring to carry them off. In endeavoring to collect any particulars tending to throw light upon the mysterious subject of migration, I ascertained that five woodcocks, and several small birds, such as thrushes, &c., had flown against the plate-glass reflectors with such force as to kill themselves, not always coming from seaward, but often from the land ; and I was further assured, that they invariably, in these cases, came from leeward, flying against the wind.

On crossing the bridge, the visiter will find a commodious ascent up a steep zig-zag flight of 374 steps, hewn out of the rock, commanding, at its various angles and windings, a near and picturesque view of precipices on every side ; and if he is fortunate, he may peradventure have an opportunity of witnessing the frightful risks to which human beings will fearlessly expose themselves in search of eggs, or samphire (*crithmum maritimum*), equally "dreadful trade." The latter, however, I believe, is chiefly found on the precipitous rocks to the eastward. That nine-tenths of these adventurers do not come to untimely ends, must be matter of astonishment to all who see on what apparently rotten or slender tackling their existence depends. Held on by an urchin or two, heedless of consequences, and often inefficient in bodily strength, a lad will lower himself with perfect *sang froid* down the face of a precipice, enough to curdle one's blood to look upon, and on reaching a ledge, barely wide enough to admit the foot of a goat, away will he scramble with or without the rope, according to circumstances, to pillage the nest of a gull, which, if aware of its own powers, might not only baffle his attempt, but flap him headlong to the bottom. Wonderful however to say, very few fatal slips are on record ; but narrow escapes naturally enough occur frequently. A lady living near this part of the coast, despatched a boy in search of samphire, with a trusty servant to hold the rope at the top ; while the boy was dangling in her service midway between sky and water, whether unused to his situation, a sudden dizziness from looking downwards at the boy's motions,

or misgivings as to his own powers of holding him up, I cannot say, but it so happened that the servant felt a cold sickly shivering creeping over him, accompanied with a certainty that he was about to faint, the inevitable consequence of which, he had sense enough left to know, would be the unavoidable death of the boy, and the probability of his own, as in the act of swooning, it was most likely he would fall forward, and follow the rope. In this dilemma he uttered a loud despairing scream—by good fortune a woman working in an adjoining field heard him, ran up just in time, and caught the rope as the fainting man fell senseless at her feet.

On reaching the summit of the headland, a walk of about a mile to the left leads to the signal station, an establishment connected with two different departments, one belonging to government, to report the arrival of the packets, and other information connected with the public service; the other under the control of individuals, for the purpose of conveying, by telegraphic signals, to Liverpool, notices of homeward or outward bound vessels. This was the station which so severely felt the effects of the lightning alluded to before, when we passed the avalanche of fragments shattered from their primeval resting-place, and forming part of the surface of rock near the North Stack. It was soon after midnight on that dreadful night, when the electric fluid seemed to be in action over the whole body of the mountain, from its apex to its base, that a servant girl, sleeping with two children in the signal cottage, was roused to a sense of her danger, by a crash which shook the house to its foundation. The lightning stripping the shutters, and displacing a large bow-window, entered the bedroom of the signal man, who was asleep with his two other children, one of whom and the father were scorched, the latter from the middle of the thigh, in a spiral form up to his neck, burning several holes in his flannel waistcoat, which, with the shock, rendered him some time senseless. On examining the room, it was found that the bed-posts were all broken, the curtain rods melted, the pillow of the bed ripped up in all directions, the clock-case and the bell shivered to atoms, the wainscot, and the dresser behind it, cut to pieces, the front door forced some yards out, a large shelf above the kitchen fire-place forced through the front window, and three of the beams that supported the deck roof broken, forcing all the others out of their sockets. It then tore a hole through a twenty-inch stone-wall, and made its way into another bedroom, where it shivered to pieces all the furniture, iron pots, earthenware, &c., also the wainscotting of the bedroom in which the servant maid and children lay, but without doing them material injury. It then made its way through another twenty-inch stone-wall, into the store-room, where it wrenched from the wall a large cupboard, shivering to pieces its front, shelves, and all the paint-pots, glass, &c. that it contained; then through the foundation of the building, and destroying large stones, it finally furrowed up the pavement, and disappeared through a potato clump twenty yards off. It is a singular fact, that the only article untouched, was a chest containing some dozen cartridges used for signal guns, which, had they exploded, would have blown up the building and destroyed every individual in it. A brass pan was also blown from a shelf, bottom upwards, upon a turf fire, blazing on the hearth-stone, thereby preventing that destructive element from doing further mischief. The servant, after recovering from her fright, called to her master, but receiving no answer, scrambled over the wreck, and succeeded in taking him out,

placed him under a wall some yards from the place, and then carried two of the children, and led the other two, all with scarcely any clothing, to a house at the foot of the mountain, full half a mile distant. Then returning to her master, she found him still senseless in the place where she had deposited him ; by proper treatment he was gradually restored, though, for a time, it was feared he would lose his sight ; this, however, he at length recovered, with the exception of an occasional weakness, which still remains.

The summit of the mountain not far distant, is in the centre of a very extensive area, surrounded by a rude stone-wall, usually assigned to the Romans, though probably of much more remote antiquity. That the Romans may have occupied it as a post, there can, indeed, be no doubt, as seven very fine coins, of the date of Constantine, were lately found on the mountain ; and a small inlet and island, about four miles S.E. of Holyhead, still bear the name of Porth and Ynys Diana, (Port and Island of Diana.) Near this latter spot, is a small sandy bay, called Porth y Capel, (Port of the Chapel,) on the borders of which a tumulus of considerable elevation is surmounted by the ruins of a chapel, much resembling, in size, construction, and form, Capel Llochwydd on the mountains. Of late years, the sea has made extensive encroachments on the shores of this bay, and almost entirely laid bare the seaward face of the mound, and strewed the whole surface with human bones, evidently showing that it was of artificial origin, erected over the remains of a considerable number of bodies. The spot deserves the minute attention of the antiquarian. From an examination of the lower strata, and, indeed, the occasional heterogeneous manner of many of the upper deposits, it would seem that they are the remains of bodies collected after a battle, and thrown together without reference to order ; but in other places, entire skeletons are deposited in rude graves, formed of, and covered in with, small laminar slabs. On a slight search, I discovered the entire remains of an infant, as well as others of full-grown persons ; and about a year ago, a small tin box was picked out of one of these graves, containing ornaments, which, from all that now can be collected, (for the boys who discovered them threw them away as valueless,) were probably necklaces and earrings ; the box, however, which I saw, was in too perfect a state to have been of Roman manufacture, and rather inclined me to conclude that, as was often the case, this sepulchral monument, be its antiquity what it may, acquired a sanctity which rendered it a favorite depository for the dead, till much later times.

One thing I must remark, which, though possibly accidental, may be of importance in establishing, if not the exact date, at least the race of people by whom it was originally formed. I observed that most, rather, I should say, all those rude graves, whose directions I could accurately ascertain, as well as the position of some of the lower skeletons, were placed north and south. And I further ascertained, from an intelligent friend, that some skeletons discovered in forming a road in the island, not many years ago, were also laid in the same direction. It would be far too wide a field, in an article like the present, to enter into the manifold, and, I think, convincing proofs, that the early Northern and Indian nations were of one and the same stock, and to trace, from a knowledge of the latter, their mysterious veneration for the north. Suffice it to say, that as the main front and gateways of the great Jain temple at Ajmir were due north, so do we find that the passages of

some of the most celebrated of the ancient temples of the sun-worshippers, who originally peopled this country, invariably, for some equally mysterious cause, were also north and south; for example, that of Grian-an (signifying literally the place of the sun, or appertaining unto the sun), on Greenan mountain, in Donegal; and it may be observed, that this and many similar ruins have, by antiquarians, been compared and classed with the circular erections on the mountain of Holyhead.—Time warns me to conclude, or I might say a few words upon the holy legends of this sacred mountain. I might speak of the discourses held by its patron saint, the holy Gybi, with his brethren, on the isle of Baedrey, or inquire into the possible causes which prompt him at daily dawn, as the chronicles have it, to walk forth upon the waters to meet the patron saint of the Ormshead, and then having met and spoken, why each turns upon his heel, and retires by the way he came; thus, by Gybi's morning course being ever towards the east, and his evening towards the west, and the sun's rays thus ever falling upon his face, his countenance is described to be dark and sunburnt; whereas that of his companion being ever in a counter direction, beholdeth not the sunbeam, and is, therefore, fair and comely to look upon. But upon matters of such high import, I feel some hesitation in speaking without more consideration and deliberation than are now at my command.

THE LAST LOOK.—By L. E. L.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

'Tis the very lightness of childish impressions that makes them so dear and so lasting.

THE shade of the willow fell dark on the tide,
When the maid left her pillow, to stand by its side;
The wind, like a sweet voice, was heard in the tree,
And a soft lulling music swept in from the sea.

The land was in darkness, for mountain and tower
Flung before them the shadows of night's deepest hour;
The moonlight unbroken lay white on the wave,
Till the wide sea was clear as the shield of the brave.

She flung from her forehead its curls of bright hair,—
Ere those ringlets fell round her, another was there;
Red flush'd her cheek's crimson, and dark droop'd her eye,
A stranger had known 'twas her lover stood by.

One note on his sea call, the signal he gave,
And a boat, like a plaything, danced light on the wave;
Her head on his shoulder, her hand in his hand,
Yet the maiden look'd back as they row'd from the strand.

She wept not for parents, she wept not for friends,
Yet fast the bright rain through her white hand descends;
The portionless orphan left nothing behind
But the green leaves—the wild flowers sown by the wind.

But how the heart clings to that earliest love,
Which haunts the lone garden, and hallows the grove;
Which makes the old oak tree and primrose bank fair,
With the memories of childhood whose playtime was there.

'Tis our spirits which fling round the joy which they take,
The best of our pleasures are those which we make,
We look to the past, and remember the while,
Our own buoyant step, and our own sunny smile.

A pathway of silver was track'd on the wave,
The oars left behind them the light which they gave,
And the slight boat flew over the moonlighted brine,
Till the coast in the distance was one shadowy line.

They reach'd the proud ship, and the silken sails spread,
And the gallant flag shone like a meteor blood red;
And forth from the scabbard flash'd out each bright sword,
In fealty to her the young bride of their lord.

From a cup of pale gold she sipp'd the clear wine,
And clasp'd on her arm the green emeralds shine,
The silver lamps swinging with perfume were fed,
And the rich fur beneath her light footstep was spread.

From the small cabin window she look'd to the shore,
Lost in night she could see its dim outline no more:
She sigh'd as she thought of her earlier hours,
"Ah, who will now watch o'er my favorite flowers?"

FATAL PRESENTIMENTS.

'Tis the sunset of life teaches mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—Everything relating to futurity is powerfully interesting. The solemn obscurity of the dark and mysterious Future inevitably induces the mind to contemplate with awful anxiety that state of good or evil to which we all must come: and, as death is common to every one, so are its presages eagerly received, and by many implicitly credited.

In Scotland, the *Bodach Glas* announces the termination of human life to the appalled and trembling persons: in Wales, the *Canwyll y Cyrph*, or Corpse Candle, indicates the same doom, and blanches the bravest brow; in Ireland, the Death Fetch has the same ominous power; while here in England, the harsh ticking death-watch points with equal certainty to the final struggle, and whitens the cheek of the aged nurse by its well-known warning.

It would be no difficult matter to account for the *modus operandi* of these "Fatal Presentiments." The human mind is a strange machine, and when excited by intense anxiety, and wound up to the highest pitch by despair and fear, it is no hard matter to conjure up those "signs and tokens," which are now considered as sure and fatal prognostications of the worst of human calamities. The buzzing of a fly in the chamber of the dying, is an omen of sufficient magnitude to startle the strongest; and Hope,

Which draws towards itself,
The flame with which it kindles,

is frequently put to flight by a sound which at any other time would not be noticed. But it has been contended, and by persons of no mean understanding, that *Fatal Presentiments* are conveyed to the mind by means, if not supernatural, at all events mysterious and wonderful;

and numerous examples, as we shall presently see, have been adduced in proof of the unerring certainty of the warning, as well as of its mysterious occurrence. Lord Rochester—a strange but not a despicable authority—indulged an impression, that the soul, either by a natural sagacity, or some secret notice communicated to it, had a sort of divination by which these presages were engendered; while many of the ancient philosophers believed that the mind was endowed, to a certain extent, with power of prescience totally distinct from, and independent of, that conjectural sagacity in regard to the future, which is derived from enlarged and comprehensive experience of the past. This was the opinion entertained by Cicero; and in short, it is a tenet which has been common to men in all ages—embodied in their popular poetry and traditions, and disputed only in ages of sceptical refinement: and if we admit that every action and every event occur in conformity to general laws; in other words, that there is no such thing as contingency either in human actions, or the course of events, but that each must be determined by an adequate notice or cause,—there seems nothing repugnant to reason, or inconsistent with the known operations of the mind, in admitting the possible existence of such a faculty, though, for wise purposes, its operation is confined within narrow limits, and we are kept in salutary ignorance of futurity. If there be no contingency, everything is necessary, and *may*, for anything we know to the contrary, be sometimes, and to a certain extent, foreseen even by man in his present state.

This is especially the case as regards approaching evil, while prosperity, even when it comes suddenly, is seldom or never preceded by any presage of its approach. How are we to account for this? we may adduce two solutions of the marvel. *First*: it is no doubt a wise provision to warn man of evil, as it is of more importance to him to receive a premonition of approaching mischief, than a coming good. *Second*: all our powers and faculties are primarily devoted to our preservation, and are most violently called into action, when this is endangered. Hence even the very instincts of our nature frequently impart a salutary presentiment indispensable to our safety. It is upon this principle chiefly that we would account for the presentiment of evil being so much more prevalent than that of good, which requires no harbinger to prepare us for its approach. And for the very same reason, that we have sometimes a general and an indefinite presentiment of coming evil, which is frequently complex in its character, we may have a *distinct* presage of the approach of death, the most awful event which we are called upon to meet in this present state of our mortal being.

It is a well authenticated fact, that many men distinguished for great personal bravery, and the most intrepid contempt of danger in its most appalling forms, have on the eve of battle been overwhelmed with a *fatal presentiment* that they should not survive the combat; and that, in no instance, so far as we have been able to ascertain, has this presentiment proved false. The self-doomed victim has in every case fallen as he had predicted. The following examples, for the authenticity of which we will vouch, are strikingly corroborative of the fact in question.

A young officer, of great promise, belonging to the 92nd regiment, was observed on the day before the battle of Corunna, to be particularly low spirited; which was the more observable, as he was generally gay, cheerful, and full of spirits. His brother officers inquired the

reason—rallied him, as brother officers are wont to do—but received no answer. On getting an opportunity, however, of conversing alone with one of them, to whom he was much attached, as he was a namesake, and a fellow countryman—"M." said he, "I shall, to a certainty, never survive to-morrow. I know I shall not, and you will see it." His friend tried to laugh him out of this notion; and said, it was childish, and unworthy of a man, who had so often and so heroically faced the enemy, to harbor such dismal forebodings. The next day, after the heat of the action, the two young men met by accident; and he who the day before had derided the gloomy imagination of his friend, accosted him with—"What, M.! I thought you were to have been killed:—did I not say you should not?"—His friend replied, that nothing could convince him that he should ever see the sun of that day set; and, strange as it may seem, the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when he was struck in the breast by a cannon shot, which instantly deprived him of existence.

There are few regiments that have not some anecdotes of this sort to record. We shall mention one or two more, which have been communicated to us by officers of great respectability, as having passed under their own personal observation. Lieutenant M'D., of the 43d, was so strongly possessed with this presentiment on the eve of one of the battles in the Peninsula, that he sent for Captain S., of the 88th, who was a countryman of his, and requested him to take charge of several little things, and to transmit them safely to his relations, particularly to his mother. Captain S., in surprise, asked him the reason why he, who was in perfect health, should think of making such arrangements? M'D. replied, "I know I am in perfect health; and I know, also, that I shall never return from the field to-morrow." Knowing M'D. to be a particularly brave man, for he had already repeatedly distinguished himself, and never having heard him express himself in such terms before, Captain S. was lost in astonishment, and his first impression was, that his poor friend was suffering from the delirium of fever. He, therefore, proceeded to remonstrate with him, and to endeavor, if possible, to rally him out of that desponding presentiment, which appeared to affect him so seriously. M'D. heard him calmly, and, without taking any notice of what he said, repeated his request in so cool and collected a manner, as to leave no doubt that he was in the full and perfect possession of all his faculties. Captain S., therefore, readily promised to comply with his wishes, should he himself survive; they then separated, and each went to his post.

On the following day, after the tumult and *mêlée* of the battle had subsided, the British being, as usual, victorious, a number of the officers met to congratulate one another on their safety. When Captain S. joined the party, he immediately inquired after his friend M'D., but none of the survivors had seen him, or knew anything of his fate. The conversation of the preceding day now rushed upon his mind, and, without saying a word, he instantly returned to the field to search for him among the wounded—the dead—and the dying. Nor did he search in vain. He found him, already stripped of part of his regimentals; but he knew him at once, his head and face being unharmed. Captain S. became deeply affected, and could not help shedding tears over the lifeless body of the brave and gallant youth, fore-doomed to so premature a fate.

The same thing happened in the case of Serjeant Macdonald, from
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Lochabar, as brave a fellow as ever drew sword, or carried a halbert, and who had been in ten or twelve general engagements, in each of which he had distinguished himself. On one occasion, however, he was so overwhelmed with this presentiment of death, that, on the day of battle, when his regiment was ordered to advance, his limbs refused their office, and his comrades had literally to support, and assist the man, to whom they had been accustomed to look up to as an example and model of a brave soldier. The battle had not lasted half an hour, before he was shot through the head.

A private of the name of Mackay, a man of the most reckless and dare-devil character, used to be the delight of the bivouacs of the 43d, during the Peninsular war. He had a great deal of that coarse but effective wit and drollery, which never fail to excite laughter; he abounded in anecdotes and stories, which he told with a remarkable degree of *naïveté* and humor; and often did he beguile the watches of the night, as poor Alan did with Mungo Park, by singing the songs of his dear native land. The instant Mackay appeared, hunger, thirst, and fatigue, were forgotten; the soldiers clustered round him, and seating themselves by the watch-fire, thought only of listening to the joke, the tale, or the song. Even some of the officers did not disdain to mingle in these parties, and to acknowledge the rough but powerful fascination which hung on the lips of this unlettered soldier. Nor were his humor, mirth, and song, confined to the march and the camp; in the thickest of the enemy's fire he was as merry and as vivacious as in the bivouac! "Never," said the officer, who communicated to us these particulars, "shall I forget the impression made upon my mind by hearing Mackay's full and deep-toned voice pealing forth 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' under the destructive diagonal fire from the enemy's artillery on the heights above the village of St. Boes. A soldier only knows the thrilling effect of such an incident at such a moment!"

Yet this singular man was seized with one of those *fatal presentiments* of which we have been speaking.—On the eve of the battle of Toulouse, he suddenly became thoughtful and silent. His previous character rendered this alteration more apparent, and his comrades eagerly crowded round him to inquire the reason, being at first inclined to jibe him with what they called his "Methodist face;" but, on observing his dejected look, the wild and unearthly expression of his eye, and the determined obstinacy with which he resisted all solicitations to join their party as usual, they stared at each other with astonishment, and ceased to annoy him.

It was his turn to go on duty to the outposts, and he, consequently, soon left them. On his way to his post, he met a young officer, who had shown him much kindness, and whose life he had been chiefly instrumental in saving. "Ha, Mackay!" said the officer, "Is it you? Bless me, how ill you look! What's the matter? Are you unwell? Stay—I will go to the Colonel, and request him to let some one else take your duty." "I thank you kindly, Mr. M." said Mackay, respectfully saluting the officer. "I am not unwell, and had rather go myself. But I have a favor to ask of you. You have always been kind—very kind to me, and I am sure you will not refuse it." "What is it? Speak it out at once, man," said Mr. M. "It is borne in upon my mind that I shall fall to-morrow," rejoined Mackay; "here are ten dollars: will you take charge of them, and send them to my mother?"

You know where she lives ; and—and—if it was not too much trouble, sir," he added, his voice faltering, " you might tell her, if you should see her, poor old woman ! that her son—devil as he has been—has never ceased, day nor night, to beg Heaven's blessing on her head, or to blame himself with leaving her solitary and destitute."

The veteran wept like a child ; and the young officer was scarcely less affected. Taking the money, he broke away from Mackay in order to conceal his emotion ; and he retired to his quarters, oppressed with the melancholy feelings which this strange scene had occasioned ; but anxious, at the same time, to persuade himself that it was a mere hallucination of fancy, and that the poor fellow's mind was touched. On the succeeding day, however, when the remains of the regiment were mustered, Mackay was missing : but the tears of his surviving comrades sufficiently indicated the fulfilment of his presentiment. He had fallen late in the action, beside one of the redoubts, pierced with more than twenty bullets.

The last instance of *this* kind, which we shall mention, is one that will probably make a greater impression than any of the preceding, as it relates to individuals of great historical importance. Napoleon, on the 7th of May, 1796, had surprised the passage of the Po at Piacenza, while Beaulieu was expecting him at Valeggio, and General Laharpe, commanding the grenadiers of the advanced guard, fixed his headquarters at Emmetri, between Fiombio and the Po. During the night, Liptay's Austrian division arrived at Fiombio, which is only one league from the river ; and having embattled the houses and steeples, filled them with troops. As the position was strong, and Liptay might receive reinforcements, it became of the utmost importance to dislodge him, and this, after an obstinate contest, was effected. Laharpe then executed a retrograde movement to cover the roads leading to Pavia and Lodi. In the course of the night, a regiment of the enemy's cavalry appeared at his outposts, and created considerable alarm, but, after a slight resistance, retired. Nevertheless, Laharpe, followed by a picquet and several officers, went forward to reconnoitre, and particularly to interrogate in person the inhabitants of the farm-houses on the road. Unfortunately, however, he returned to the camp by a different route to that by which he had been observed to set out ; and the troops being on the watch, and mistaking the reconnoitring party for a detachment of the enemy, opened a brisk fire of musketry, and Laharpe fell dead, pierced by the bullets of his own soldiers, by whom he was dearly beloved. It was remarkable that, during the action of Fiombio, throughout the evening preceding his death, Laharpe seemed very absent and dejected ; giving no orders—appearing, as it were, deprived of his usual energies, and entirely absorbed by a fatal presentiment. Laharpe was one of the bravest generals in the army of Italy—a grenadier both in stature and courage ; and, although by birth a foreigner (a Swiss), he had raised himself to the rank of a general by his mere talent and bravery.

An anecdote, somewhat bearing upon the point, has just come into our recollection ; and as it is characteristic and striking, we offer no apology for its insertion. On the night before Massena's attack on Lord Wellington's position on the Sierra de Busaco, the troops, ignorant of the enemy's proximity, and fatigued with their day's march, had lain down on the summit of the ridge to take a little rest ; and both men and officers were soon fast asleep. Amongst them was the gal-

lant officer who then commanded the Connaught Rangers. He had not, however, slept long, before he started up, apparently in great alarm ; and calling a young officer of the same regiment, who lay close by him, he said, "D., I have just had a most extraordinary dream ; such as I had once before, the night previous to an unexpected battle. Depend upon it, we shall be attacked very soon." The young man immediately went forward ; and, after looking between him and the horizon, and listening attentively to every sound and murmur wafted on the night-breeze, he returned, and reported that all was still. The Colonel was satisfied, and they again lay down. In less than half an hour, however, the Colonel again started up, exclaiming, in strong language, that, ere an hour elapsed, they should surely be attacked! On seeing the Colonel and his young friend throw aside their cloaks, and move off, several of the officers by them took the alarm. And it was high time ; for, on examination, it was found that the enemy's columns of attack were ascending the heights, with the utmost secrecy and expedition. Some of them had then reached the summit, and deployed into line, before the British were ready to attack them. They were immediately charged, broken, and driven down the declivity with great loss. It is remarkable that the same gallant officer, now a general, had a similar dream in Egypt, on the morning of the 21st of March, before the British position was attacked by the French, under cover of the darkness. The circumstance is certainly curious, although not exactly connected with the immediate subject of the present article.

The examples which we have hitherto adduced, are exclusively referable to incidents of a military character ; but many of our readers, who reside in the secluded districts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, or even of more civilized England, will find no difficulty to charge their memory with abundant proofs of the realization of the gloomy forebodings of these fatal presentiments ; not occurring amidst the careless bustle of a camp, or the heedless hum and popularity of the busy world ; but in the silent and secluded glen, the gloomy grove, or the pine-clad mountain. To a soldier on the eve of battle, it is possible that a sad foreboding for the fortune of the morrow may find ready access to the heart. The bravest man may wish to live, if not for himself, at least for his wife and little ones, his parents, or his kindred. And the fond remembrance of these, rushing with all the force of separated affection into his bosom, may conjure up those feelings of despondency, which, in their extreme intensity, may constitute these fatal presentiments. But this cannot be said of those, who, pursuing their calm, sequestered path, on the wide road of human life, scarcely ever vary the events of their existence, and rarely quit the secluded spot which gave them birth. And that such persons are subjected to the occurrence of fatal presentiments, is too well known to need illustration here.

Supposing, then, that the occurrence of fatal presentiments be firmly established, is it possible, consistent with any known principle of the human mind, to offer any satisfactory explanation of this strange and mysterious phenomenon? It is obvious, from the preceding anecdotes, that this "fatal presentiment" cannot be considered as a mental hallucination, engendered by cowardice or fear, as, in all the instances adduced, the individuals have been remarkable for their courage, firmness, and intrepidity. It is curious, too, that the most striking con-

comitant of this prophetic anticipation of death, is the strong and overweening conviction of its positive realization.

It may be urged, that a person thus fatally possessed, may become so careless of existence, as, thereby, to insure his destruction. Be it so: but, we ask, what originally induces the presentiment? Soldiers, and particularly veteran soldiers, familiar with danger and death, are not generally liable to be troubled with hypochondriac feelings, or with phantoms of visionary terror. The evils to which they are exposed, are physical, not mental; their life has too much of stern reality in it to be embittered or disordered by the fanciful phantasmagoria of the brain: food and rest after fatigue, and, after battle, victory and glory, are commonly the prime objects with which they concern themselves. It is, therefore, highly improbable that such gloomy forebodings as those which we have narrated, should, in the first instance, be occasioned by any distempered affection of the mind; and it is no less improbable that the constant fulfilment of the prediction should be a mere accidental coincidence.

Upon what principle, then, are we to account for the appalling certainty of approaching death thus irresistibly "borne in" (to use poor Mackay's words) upon the mind? By what secret intervention is it thus, in some instances, assured of the near approach of an event, which, to the vast majority of men, "clouds and shadows rest upon," till the fatal moment when it is revealed? Whence, too, the overwhelming conviction with which it is accompanied? We confess we cannot tell: but we believe the fact, because the moral evidence in its favor is irresistible. The physiology of the mind is a subject, of which we must ever remain in total ignorance. Spurzheim may unravel all the perplexing convolutions of the brain—he may discover new organs, new passions, and new combinations; he may, in short, exert all that ingenuity, for which he is so renowned; but he gains nothing by the effort, but our admiration for his anatomical skill and dexterity. The mind may have *latent* powers, which can only be called into action by a particular combination of circumstances; which combination may be of rare occurrence, and beyond the reach of our inquiries, when it does happen. Many of the lower animals are gifted with a presentiment of danger, the manner of acquiring which is probably as mysterious as that which we are now considering; and this seems to be given them by nature for their preservation.

Man, in general, is placed in a less enviable situation; because he has reason, instead of instinct, for his guide. Yet it has been believed, in all ages, that men have been, occasionally, forewarned of their approaching dissolution, and that "sounds by no mortals made," are intelligible to "death's prophetic ear." This belief, probably, originated in the observation of facts similar to those we have been mentioning; but how, at the "sunset of life, coming events cast their shadows before," is a mystery too abstruse for our mundane faculties. It is equally impossible, we suspect, even to conjecture, with any degree of plausibility, whether these premonitions result from any internal consciousness, or external agency;—from some latent power of the mind suddenly called into action, or from the immediate influence of that Mighty Being, of whom it is only an emanation. Be this as it may, we have adduced a sufficient number of proofs to answer all the purposes of our argument; and to set our thinking readers reflecting on a subject of great and most interesting importance.

THE OLD MAID AND THE GUN.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—*My Dear Sir Cristifer*,—There's naething I so much admire about you as the real simplicity o' your ways of going on. I always used to think, that as folk grew greater they grew aye the prouder: indeed, I've seen't sae in some folk myself; there was Mrs. Duncason, the bailie's wife—as douce, quiet-behaved a woman in her shop as could be—ceevil and respectable to all the customers—when her man was made a Sir, for carrying up a dress, or something o' that kind, till his Majesty—no the present man, but his brother—he aye cared mair for his clothes than this sailor ane—she was neither to hold nor bind,—she answered as sharp as could possibly be, if a body only spiered the price o' an article, till folk was just frightened out o' her shop; for ye ken it wad not have done to have threip'd about maybe a hawbee, wi' such a grand woman, and “yer leddyship” coming out at every word. But that's no the way with you. Ye are just the same kind-hearted, evendown sort of a man that I have always known ye, unco agreeable to the leddies, and no elevated wi' yer dignity above what is just an' proper in a man o' yer station. I could not help thinking o' this the ither night when ye cam yer wa's up to yer tea, just as ye used to do, lang lang syne, afore ye ever thought o' being made a knight or a baronet either. We were just all delighted wi' ye; but I'll no tell ye a' that was said of you after ye were gone. I most sincerely hope the roomatism has not returned, and I can really and truly recommend coarse brown paper neist the skin, as the very best remedy I hae ever tried. It keeps out the cauld beyond belief. Weel, that night, ye mind, ye were sae amused, or was pleased to say sae, with my adventure wi' the ship at Portsmouth, that ye begged o' me to write it down for you, to read and laugh at it at yer leisure. Ye'll maybe think me an auld fool for my pains, but I can refuse ye naething; so, as I hae naething else to do the noo, I will e'en write it a', as it took place, as nearly as I can recollect.

Ye remember wee Johnny Henderson, the white-headed laddie, that lived wi' me ever since his mither, my niece, died o' a consumption, poor thing: he was aye a mischievous callant, an' I hope ye've forgi'en him for the tricks he used to play upon us baith—do ye mind when he sawed awa' about a foot frae yer crutch, and when ye gaed to show Mrs. G. to her coach, ye cam' down on yer nose on the carpet? Aweel, aweel, I hope ye've past a' that, for there was nobody that wee Johnny likit sae weel as yersell. He was ower high in the spirit for a poor auld maid like me to manage, so, wi' the advice o' the ither friends, though sair again' my inclination, I agreed to let him gang for a sailor, for he was extraordinary mad for the sea. I had had the care o' him by that time for more than ten years, and he was just the same to me as if he had been my ain.

Weel, we got him appointed a midshipman on board of the *Jenny-veeve*, a frigate of war, with thirty-six guns in her. When the news cam down, he was just wild wi' joy—he gaed about the house singing “Cease, rude Boreas,” and “The Gallant Harry Thusa,” till my maid—do ye mind auld Jenny?—declared he was fey, and naething gude would come out of it. The time cam on at last when he had to gang up to England an' join his ship. He had his uniform on—I mind him so weel—wi' his little dirk hinging at his side, and looking sae

bonny, wi' a little cockit hattie upon his head—oh, he didna look like as if he was ganging to the wars; an' I thought he was a bit orphan, an' that he might have staid sae happy at hame wi' his auld auntie—and my heart nearly misgave me, and I was sorry I had agreed to let him gang. But it was ower late to draw back; an' as the bit creature hung greetin' ower my shouther, I vowed, if he was spared this voyage, he should never quit me again. I, wi' tears and grief, said fareweel to wee Johnny, and lookit forward wi' the greatest impatience to the time when I was to see him again. He hadna been gone from me above a month, when he writ me a letter, tellin' me his ship was ordered to go to a station in South America, an' stay there for three years—an' I wasna to see him for a' that time! It made me regret a thousand times that ever I allowed him to gang, but it couldna be mendit noo, so I consoled myself as weel as I was able. It's extraordinary how soon ye come round out o' the bitterness o' grief at parting, as lang as ye hae ony hope o' meetin' again. I thought every time I heard frae him he was aye nearer the hame-comin'; and I amused myself in the meantime by mendin' his torn shirts he had left, and putting cloutings in the hinder part o' his breeks—five pair o' ankeens, and three janes, forbye an auld pair o' corduroys. Every letter he wrote me, showed he was getting mair and mair edication. They had a chaplain on board of the vessel, that was a good gentleman, and very kind to wee Johnny, learning him Latin and Greek at his orra hours, beside navigation, and boxing the compass, and astronomy, that they need in their profession as officers. The other parts o' their duty, such as speeling the shrouds, firing off little pistols, and rowing in boats, I'se warrand Johnny learned them without troubling the reverend gentleman muckle in the teaching—for he was aye an active kind o' an ettercap, and unco fond o' the pouter—an' as to the climbing, I lost him ae time for a haill day, and fand him, at last, on the outside o' the lumm.

The three years at last past ower, an' a letter cam frae him to say, his ship would be at Portsmouth some time in the end of July or beginning o' August. This cam to me in June, and I couldna sleep for thinkin' o' my dear wee Johnny's comin' back to me again. At last I made up my mind I wad gang up myself and receive him when he cam back; for, thinks I, the bit laddie will need some decent person that knows the ways o' the world to tak care o' him, after being sae lang awa' frae the dry land. I telled my resolution to no living; and upon the fifteenth day of July, I took my place in the James Watt steam-boat for London, and intended to tak the coach the minute I got there, and wait at Portsmouth till the Jennyveeve cam hame. Captain Bain, the Captain o' the James Watt steamboat, was a very nice chatty man, and tell'd me in every way how it was best for me to proceed. So, when the ship arrived at Blackwall, I gaed, intill a hackney coach, to the Green Dragon hotel, and was just as happy as if I had been in my ain house. Next morning, I gat into a coach wi' four horses, in a long street called Oxford Street, and was just entering into chat wi' a ledy on the other side, when an ill-fawred man opened the door, and told me he had put my luggage into the boot. I tell'd him I was muckle obliged to him for being sae kind, and was gaun on speaking to my fellow-passenger, when the man interrupted me again, and told me, "he expected me to pay him for his trouble, as he had put the trunk and portmanty at the very bottom o' the boot, as I was going the whole way thro' to Poachmuth."—"Mercifu'! gracious!" cried I, "dinna

tak me to ony such place. Tell the coachman not to gang on, on ony account ; for I took my place last night for Portsmouth, and paid." The impudent vagabond turned and winkit to a companion beside him, and said something about "queerin' the old Scotch un ;" but, thinks I, my birkie, ye'll get the warst o' the queerin' if ye begin till't. The leddy noo telt me I was in the richt coach, and it was only the black-guard's way o' speech. Upon which I was greatly at my ease, and resolved not to gie the insolent rascal a single bawbee. Weel, he threipit on an' on ; but I aye pretendit to be deaf, and never answered to all his begging ; for he didna ask it at a' in a respectable manner. At last he grew to such a pitch of abusing me, that he told me to keep my coppers, as he supposed they would be a fortune to an old skintint like me in my own beggarly country. Upon which I put my head out o' the window o' the coach, and telt him, says I, "Ye needna laugh at me, ye ill-fawred loon, or speak about beggarly countries, when ye're a beggar yersell, an' wad be a robber too, an ye had the courage! Gin ye had keepit a ceevil tongue in yer head, ye wad hae chanced to hae had a siller saxpence in yer pocket! Sirs, wha has the best o't noo?" Upon that a great guffaw gat up again' the vagabond ; and the coachman crackit his whip, an' away set I, still in a great passion ; for ye ken I'm easy angered, Sir Cristifer ; but still it was pleasant to hae saved a sixpence frae such an ill-mannered scoundrel as yon, an' so thought the leddy too, for, in the hurry an' stramash, he had forgotten her a'thegither.

I needna tell you onything about the journey down, but it was a lang way o' gate, and altho' the ither leddy was particular kind, and telt me a' the places, as we passed along the road, I'll no say but at the end o' the day I was very ow'come with sleep. The ither leddy she fell asleep too ; but, just when we gat within maybe three miles o' the town, there was the most awfu' firing o' guns that could be. We baith started up in alarm, and the firing still continued boom, booming extraordinar. "Oh it's the French, the weary French!" cries I, for I mindit o' the panick in Edenburgh in the year eighteen hunder and twelve, when a French fleet was reported to be down at the Bass ; but my neighbor pat me in mind we were at peace with the French, and then she thought it wad maybe be saluting some ither fleet that was coming in frae foreign parts. "It'll be the Jennyveeve," thinks I ; "Oh ! I hope, mem, they dinna salute wi' cannon-balls, for I hae a nephew in a ship that I'm expecting is coming hame just about this time?"—"Oh no," says she, "be quite easy ;" but the guns still gaed on firing far faster than the Castle on the fourth o' June ; an' I couldna rest till I fand out the occasion,—so I put my head out o' the window and skirled to the coachman, as loud as I was able—"Coachman !" says I, "what's a' the guns firing for the noo?" The coachman was a very ceevil man, as indeed a' the English coachees are, and says he, "It's the Lord Igh Hadmiral, maum, a-kimming hover from the Hisle of Vight." That was our king that is noo ; and an awfu' pluffin o' the pouter they made about him. At last I got into the hotel, the George, where the coach stoppit, and they telt me the house was unco croudet, because the Prince was in the town, and a great army o' officers come to wait on him. But after a deal o' do, they said they wad pit me up, and so, after a cup o' tea, me and the ither lady gaed out to see the town. Everybody was fleein' about as if the enemy was at the gate, grand officers wi' their cockit hats, and epalits on

their shoulders, and fine leddies walking about. Indeed, we were baith of us very delighted wi' the sight. But I maun mak my story short; for, to tell you the truth, I'm no muckle used to the writin', and my fingers are getting unco stiff.

Weel, the next morning I gat up, and after my breakfast, I askit the landlord if he could tell me onything about the Jennyveeve, for I expectit her in about that time. He was a very polite man, and promised, the minute she cam into the "hoffing," which I thought was maybe some part o' the harbor, he would let me know. A' the forenoon I gaed walking about the town, ca'in' every noo and then at the hotel, just to ask about the vessel; but at last I thought I wad gang doon to the harbor myself. Weel, the first thing I sees is a gentleman wi' a prospect glass in his hand, and, after keekin' through it a lang time, he turned about to his friend, and said, "Jennyveeve in the offing; I know her by her trim." I gaed up till him, and askit if it was really the Jennyveeve frigate, and how far off the part o' the offing was she was in. He telt me she was just rounding St. Helen's, and would be at anchor in two hours. Noo, a thought struck me, I would like to surprise wee Johnny; and as the sea was quite calm, and the day as warm as could be, I agreed wi' a man to tak me out to her in a boat. Away we went through the water, an' amang a' the ships, quite enchantit. I saw the Victory, where Lord Nelson was killed, and she lookit just like a three-story house in Abercromby Place. We sailed, and sailed, and at last we reached the side o' the Jennyveeve. A gentleman lookit ower the bannister at the side o' the ship, and I telt him I wantit him to let me come on board, as I had a friend in the ship, that I was very particular to see. Weel, he gaed awa' for a while, and then he cam back, and in a few minutes a stair was let down, and up I gaed, and fand myself on the floor o' the vessel, standin' beside the gentleman that had spoken to me first. I telt him who I was, and that I wantit to see wee Johnny Henderson, that was a bit middie in their ship. He said I wad see him belive, but in the meantime he wad introduce me to the captain—a nice, brisk little bustling man, though rather ower much given up to the swearing, he turned out to be. He was standin' on the raised up part o' the floor, giein' his orders, and speakin' to me, a' in the breath. "You want Mr. Henderson, I think, madam? excellent young man—highly pleased with him"—and then he said something about the ship. "Oh, I was sure ye wad be that, captain, for I aye brought him up myself wi' the greatest care." The captain laughed and spoke very familiarly, as if we had known ane anither for long; but in a while he turned to the gentleman I spoke till, and desired him to send Mr. Henderson. The gentleman—he was a lifetenant o' the ship—turned awa' in a moment, but as he passed me to execute the order, I could hear the birkie was humming the tune o' Black-Eyed Susan. Weel, in a short time up cam wee Johnny; but I declare to ye, Mr. North—Sir Cristifer, I should say—I wad not hae known him, he was sae changed. He had grown tall and strong, and in naething like the stripling he had been, save in his bonny, wild-looking blue ee;—but when he saw me, and rushed forward and kissed his puir auld auntie, I kent he was the same warm-hearted creatur he used to be—I'll no say but I grat wi' perfect happiness at seein' the lad again—and I think Johnny himsell was unco near the greetin'.

The captain and the ither gentleman had gaen awa, which was very
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considerate, but they soon cam back again, when they saw us in conversation. "Oh, Johnny," said I, "what a great chield ye have grown! the breeks that I mended for ye 'll be o' nae use to ye now, and the sarks 'll be perfectly thrown awa." He began to laugh, when I said this, wi' the same wild laugh he used to do at hame; and said, "What! auntie, always thinking about the pence yet?"—"It'll maybe be the better for you some day, if I do; for, if ye're no greatly changed, a bawbee aye burned a hole in your pocket unco soon." But now began a great blazing awa o' the guns, much the same as the day before; a' the ships gettin' covered up wi' the smoke, but sometimes atwixt twa o' the clouds we could see a boat rowed wi' somebody in't o' great consequence, and some ither boats followin't to keep it company. I telt them it was the Lord High Admiral, the King's brither, seein' the ships; but the captain cried out, it was very unlucky he had not known it before—but that they must exert themselves noo. Accordingly, he ordered every one to his station, to get the ship in the grandest order, in case the Prince should come on board to inspect her. So for a good while I was left to my own reflections.

It was just astonishin' to see how neatly they gaed about it—a' as quiet an' active as possible, nae clish-maclaver gaun on amang the men, like what ye hear whan a wheen women's brushing up a dining-room or washin' a stair. I stood for a lang time, and admired the quickness o' their motions, and the ship at last lookit just like a new preen. The guns in the ither ships were still firin' awa at intervals, and we were very near to them noo, and could see everything that gaed on. The boat we had seen before, keepit rowin' frae ship to ship, and aye the guns keepit blawing on, till my very een grew sair wi' the winkin'; for it's onpossible to keep the een open when such a great thud o' sound comes blash upon yer ear; it was for a' the world just like a skelp on the cheek o' the head. Weel, when I was tired wi' joukin' my head, an awfu' fear cam upon me, that the guns in our ain ship wad be obleegated to be fired; an' I weel kent, that if I wasna killed by the burstin' of the cannons, I wad die o' the fright. So, says I to the captain, "Oh, Captain Pagan, Captain Pagan, do ye think ye'll hae to fire aff the guns o' the ship? It'll just kill me outright." Then he laughed extraordinar, and said, "Fire!" said he; "yes, egad, old Billy's a bluff one, and if we don't give the royal salute, he'll blow us up sky-high!"—"Oh Lord hae a care o' me!" says I, "he wad surely never do such a cruel thing as blaw us a' up for no firin' a salute? Oh, they're weary things, thae salutes, baith for auld and young!" I sat down just perfectly owercome wi' my apprehensions, when, to my great delight and astonishment, wee Johnny comes up to me, and tells me that a flag or signal o' some sort or ither was put up, to gie them to understand that the Lord High Admiral didna want to be saluted; but he wad just come in about half an hour, and see how they were after being three years from home.

Weel pleased, as ye may imagine, was I to hear the news; for I made sure a' danger was over: and I couldna help thinkin' how very kind it was in the Prince, no to let the sailors, poor fellows, run the risk o' firing, noo they had come sae near to the shore in safety. But just in the midst of my keekling and rejoicing, up comes wee Johnny again, and tells me, that as the Admiral didna like to see petticoats on board, I must be stowed away into some quiet corner where his Royal Highness wadna see me. Oh! I was willing to gang ony place, I was

sae perfectly happy to have escaped the guns. But oh, Sir Cristifer! whar do you think that neer-do-weel callant persuaded me to be hid-den? There wasna a single part o' the ship, he said, that the admiral wadna see in a jiffey; he wad gang intill every corner, till no a mouse wad be in the hail of the vessel that he wadna ken whar its hiding-hole was; so, after threeping and telling me everything was safe, he just prevailed on me to slip intill ane o' the guns. Weel, he telt me, and swore till't, that no salute was to be fired, and that there was no chance o' my being fund out in such a place as that; and so, at last, in great fear and trembling, I let him lift me up, and put me, feet foremost, into ane o' the cannons at the side o' the ship. Ye ken what a wee jump body I am; and I assure you I've lain in many a waur situation than yon; I couldna turn myself, to be sure, but I was in safety, and the Prince, they telt me, wadna stay more than twenty minutes. Weel, I hadna been lang in the gun when I heard the patter of oars in the water below where I was; then I heard the boat stop; and syne I heard a great stamping on the floor, or the deck, as they call it in a ship. Then the noise all ceased for maybe a quarter of an hour, and then the stamping began again. And as the party stood very near whar I was, I could even hear a wee o' what they were sayin'. I could just catch a voice nows and thens sayin' something about damnation—an' I was sure frae the rest that I heard, that it was the Prince was speakin'; but the captain gied as good as he got, and spak' a great deal about damnation too; so that really whether they were swearing, as sailors generally are in the habit of doing, or expounding a text, I couldna weel determine; but, however that may, there gat up a great laugh, and the Prince seemed unco weel pleased, by the tone o' his voice. But oh, Mr. North!—there, I've forgotten yer teetle again—just fancy my feelings when I heard the captain ask leave to salute his Royal Highness as he went away! Oh dear me, thinks I, I'll be sent fleelin' thro' the air frae the mouth o' a gun! And what sort o' death is that for a decent auld maiden leddy to dee! Oh that I had never set my foot intill a ship! And wi' that I tried to scream to them to stop, but my throat was sae dry I could mak' no sound;—I tried to creep out, and hoped to tumble intill the sea and be drown'd; but I couldna move hand or fit, I was sae jammed intill the gun. And noo, tho' I was mair than half dead, I had a terrible consciousness o' everything that was gaun on. I heard the party gaun down into their boat; I could fancy I saw them laughing and chatting awa' sae happy and contentit; and there was I, stuck into the mouth o' a gun, ready to be fired awa' in honor o' the Lord High Admiral!!! I thought I could see the very part o' the wall about twa miles aff that I wad reach to, and yet I had na power to cry out and tell the Prince the jeopardy I was in. But very soon a greater degree o' the fear cam' ower me, for the ship shook and staggered as if a great blow had been hit, and then cam' a roar o' the cannon, and I felt that the bitterness o' death was begun; then gaed aff anither: and then, in the pauses between, my ears were preternaturally sharpened, and I heard a voice saying, "Oh, auntie, farewell—but don't be very much alarm'd, for she is not loaded with ball,—and you've a chance of being picked up by the boats." Then gaed aff anither gun, and I felt by the sound they were coming regularly up the row where I was—and then I heard the captain, standing just at the end o' my gun, say to the man that was firing them aff—"Here—run out this old jade!" Mercifu' me,

could the cauld-hearted vagabond be speakin' that way o' me !—Raise up her breech a little, and lay on !"—Here my senses a'thegither forsook me—to be spoken o' in such an undelicate manner before sae mony great starin' menfolk, was waur than being shot out o' the gun ; and being perfectly owercome wi' shame and fright, I sank into a dwam. The rest o' the story is very soon told. The vagabonds kent a' the time they were never gaun to fire her aff ; but the captain and that good-for-nothin' creatur, wee Johnnie, did it a' for their ain amusement. However, when they gat me out o' the gun, they really behaved sae weel, and made sae mony kind speeches about it, that I coudna find it in my heart to be angry. So I just forgied them baith ; but if ever onybody catches me playing hide-and-seek in the body o' a gun, they've my free leave to fire it aff, and send me fleecin' to the back o' Beyont. And noo, Sir Cristifer, I hae gien ye the account o' my adventure, that ye wantet. Ye maun mak a' allowances for the spelling and the language o' this account ; for the real truth o' the matter is, that if I tak' either to writin' or speakin' o' the English, I dinna come nearly so good a hand as when I think and write in my ain native tongue. So, wi' best wishes to yourself, and to Mrs. G. the next time ye see her, I remain, My dear Sir Cristifer,
Your affectionate friend and weel wisher, —

GEORDIE SCOTT. A HAMELY PASTORAL.—BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

SHEPHERD lads o' Tweed an' Yarrow,
Sair exposed to Cupid's arrow ;
Lads, o' amorous lads the wale,
Listen to my waefu' tale ;
An' whene'er you feel a smart
Raund about yaur quaking heart,
Or a pang that gars you shiver,
Pant, an' breathe as in a fever ;
When a maiden's killing blink,
Tells o' what you darena think,
Then, O then, be ne'er forgot,
What befel to Geordie Scott.

Geordie dreaded a' transgression,
Cameronian by profession ;
He was sober, decent, homely,
Visage neither fair nor comely ;
Wore a plaid o' underlockings,
Corduroids an' good gray stockings ;
Locks of black, an' oily glow,
Sleekit nicely down his brow,
Which his hand, wi' ready will,
Sleekit close an' closer still.

Such our Shepherd—you can see,
Face an' mind, as well as me ;
For a painter sits within,
Drawing forms wi' little din ;
A great master of the art,
Near the region of the heart.

Strange his coloring and keeping,
 Whether we're awake or sleeping ;
 Tell him draw unto the letter,
 Geordie five feet ane an' better ;
 Legs like pillars, stout an' stumpy,
 Figure square an' rather dumpy ;
 Mind, a cloudy murky din,
 Passions just like other men.

Think o' sic a lad o' figure,
 In the prime o' youthfu' vigor,
 Frae his lonely habitation,
 Coming to a *great occasion* ;
 All his spirits in emotion,
 Shedding tears of deep devotion ;
 Pierced at ance through heart and marrow,
 By a twang of Cupid's arrow.—

Gude forgie us ! can it be ?

Is this case a certainty ?

Yes, forsooth, an' without peaching,
 In the middle o' the preaching ;
 With his thoughts on heaven above,
 Geordie's spirit bow'd to love ;
 Thrilling, killing, sweet he felt it,
 A' the saul within him meltit ;
 Shepherds, sure you'll wail the lot
 O' the simple Geordie Scott.

Ah ! but had you seen the creature !

What a form an' what a feature !
 Eye so heavenly, pure an' chaste,
 Grass-green veil down to her waist.
 All her robes of snowy hue,
 Ribbons of cerulean blue ;
 Shetland bonnet, hose, and shoon,
 Brooch o' goud like half a moon ;
 Frill o' seemly Paisley lace,
 Numbering fifty points like v's ;
 With birks an' bowers an' lily flowers,
 A wiley sketch of youth's amours.

And then ilk playfu' breeze that pass'd her,
 Show'd her brow of alabaster ;
 Handsome foot and taper limb,
 Rounded form so sweetly slim ;
 Neck, the ivory polish'd new,
 Lips, the cherry wet wi' dew ;
 Face in holy calmness steeping,
 Sweetness in her bosom sleeping ;
 Stare or wonder man could not,
 At the fate o' Geordie Scott.

O, that love ! it costs us dearly !

Acts sae quietly an' queerly !
 What is't like ? what can it be ?
 'Tis like sugar put in tea.
 Life is bread, grown rather stalish,
 Love's the kitchen gars it relish ;

That's what love is like, I wis—
This precisely what it is.

A' the holy service through,
Geordie felt he wistna how ;
Ilka thing was dearer, sweeter,
Saums in prose an' saums in metre.
Preachings, prayings, doings, jarrings,
Even the terrible debarrings,
Had a zest, a sterling merit,
Never felt by Geordie's spirit.
Love, soft, sweet, an' precious love,
Foretaste gave of bliss above ;
O, that love ! how snair it snools ane !
Fashes, fuddles, fikes, an' fools ane !

Geordie's wits were sairly stoundit,
Oft he glower'd like ane dumfoundit ;
Neighbor shepherds fand him lying,
Sometimes laughing, sometimes crying ;
Every night he lo'ed her better,
Pray'd an hour that he might get her ;
Then with blessings breathed her name,
" Dearest, sweetest Annie Graeme !
Oh ! what pity sic a bonny ane,
Shoudna be a Cameronian ;
But, ere long, if she is not,
Blame the wit o' Geordie Scott."

Geordie could nae langer thole,
For his heart burnt like a coal ;
Off he set to desperate game,
Copper nose an' cheek o' flame ;
Lip half curl'd, beard new shaven,
Hair as sleek as glossy raven ;
Tongue that ne'er could sentence gather,
Save a word about the weather ;
Think o' sic a lad o' frame,
Courting bonny Annie Graeme.

GEORDIE.

Annie, I've a word to say,
Come an' hear it if you may,
Just a wee bit ower the green,
Out o' sight o' human een ;
There I'll tell you, lassie dear,
What, I hope, you'll like to hear.

ANNIE.

May be sae, but I ken weel,
What it is ye wad reveal ;
Some love message frae the nailer,
Or a joke frae Tam the tailor ;
Honest blackfoot, be content,
To take back this message sent.

GEORDIE.

Annie !

ANNIE.

What ?

GEORDIE.

I scarce dare tell!

Annie—guess the truth yoursell'.

ANNIE.

No, I canna !—yes, I can !

It is your master—that's the man !

GEORDIE.

Annie, that wad be ill-seeming,
 Gi'en to drink, an' gi'en to women !
 Dancing on hell's very brim,
 Sure, ye wadna think o' him ?

ANNIE.

True ; he's young, an' blithe, an' frisky,
 Gi'en to fun, an' gi'en to whisky ;
 These, to lasses, are exciting,
 Just the things our hearts delight in !

GEORDIE.

Fie for shame ! had ye been saying,
 Reading, singing saums, an' praying,
 Were your pleasure, I could then
 Tell what ye wad like to ken.

ANNIE.

Dear lad, what need ye make sic wark,
 He kiss'd me ae night i' the dark ;
 An' whisper'd i' my lug fu' clearly,
 " Annie ! faith, I loe you dearly !"
 Then, what for need ye stand sae prim,
 I ken the message comes frae him.
 Poor lad ! for a' his buts and bens,
 I like him better than he kens !

GEORDIE.

Oh, sin' sirs ! life had a beginning !
 There's naught but sinning ! sinning ! sinning !
 An' ae wee step aside, we ken,
 May often lead to nine or ten !
 Ah, bonny lass ! ye're little trowing,
 What may lurk aneath sic wooing !
 When the beauties o' the kintry,
 Aince begin to mell wi' gentry,
 Ony ane may guess wi' me,
 What the hopefu' end will be !
 But, bonny Annie, wad ye win
 The gates o' Paradise within,
 Wi' farmers dinna moop an' mell,
 But take a lad that's like yoursell ;
 I ken o' ane wha wad expressly
 Always love ye, an' caress ye ;
 Pray wi' you baith morn an' even,

Point the path that leads to heaven ;
 Looking for a brighter morrow,
 Sharing a' your joy an' sorrow.
 If sic joe your fancy strike,
 You may get him when you like.

ANNIE.

I like religion—think it charmin',
 At a kirk or mountain sermon,
 Folks look sae braw wi' decent air,
 I like it better than a fair ;
 But e'en an' morn to whine an' pule,
 It turns to be a saut o' drule ;
 Therefore, the neist time that ye see him,
 Tell the lad I winna hae him.

GEORDIE.

Annie, he can make you lady
 Of a press an' good grey plaidy ;
 A cow, a stirk, a pot, a ladle,
 A good brown yaud an' a side-saddle ;
 Sixty ewes o' rare creation,
 An' a toop wad mense a nation ;
 Twa good limbs as stout as steel,
 An' a heart that likes ye weel.
 Annie—I dare hardly tell,
 But the lad is just mysel' !

ANNIE.

What, you ?—he, he !—now, I'll be sworn,
 I never heard sin' I was born,
 Sic royal fun !—I'll gar it spread
 Through links o' Yarrow an' o' Tweed ;
 An' to the poct straight I'll send it,
 Though 'tis sae rare he canna mend it ;
 But into ranting rhymes he'll string it,
 And make a sang, that I may sing it.
 Are ye no saying this in daffing ?
 For if ye're no, I'll dee wi' laughing !
 He, he !—to think o' sic a dumpy,
 A moorland Cameronian stumpy,
 To come in sad an' serious frame,
 To ask the hand o' Annie Graeme.
 It is enough to turn love's passion,
 An' sweet, sweet wooing, out o' fashion.
 Gae hame an' kep your kibbit ewes,
 An' tell your mammy a' the news,
 How ye came on at courting Annie,
 A quean right wicked an' uncanny ;
 Wha disna value at a bodle,
 A Cameronian's corby noddle ;
 An' gar her feel that haggies pate,
 For the grand bump o' self-conceit.
 He, he !—your wooing's gone to pot,
 Farewell, an' thank ye, Geordie Scott !

Geordie's sunk look grew something prouder,
He flung his plaid out ower his shouder,
An' stumpit off he wistna whither,
Ower the Morton hills o' heather,
At the ways o' woman fretting,
Sometimes praying, sometimes greeting ;
Wailing his unhappy lot,
Wae's my heart for Geordie Scott.

It fell out 'gainst a' misgivings,
Geordie's mair than any living's,
That bonny Anne, the country's pride,
Came hame his master's winsome bride ;
An' lives a lady weel directit,
Weel beloved an' weel respectit ;
But Geordie, to this hour o' grace,
Darena look her in the face ;
But hings his head and stumbles by,
An' turns his murky face awry.
O shepherds, let us wail the lot
O' the hapless Geordie Scott !

THE WONDERS OF PHYSICS.

[CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.]—What mere assertion will make any man believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride ? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth ? and that, although so remote from us, that a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time ?—Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second ? or that there exist animated and regularly-organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch ? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than 500 millions of millions of times in a single second ! that it is by such movements, communicated to the nerves of our eyes, that we see—nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color ; that, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness our eyes are affected 482 millions of millions of times ; of yellowness, 542 millions of millions of times ; and of violet, 707 millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen, than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses ? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

MORNING DRESS.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A dress composed of *foulard*, the ground is white, with a thickly covered but very light running pattern *corsage uni*, trimmed with a falling tucker of blond lace, tastefully intermixed with ribbon. Sleeve *à la Caroline*. A white satin rouleau is placed immediately above the hem; ornaments composed of ribbon are attached to it at regular distances. The head-dress is a hat of black *velours epinglé*; the inside of the brim is trimmed with red and blue striped gauze ribbon to correspond with that on the dress; a full *rosette*, formed of ends of ribbon, with a *bouquet* of roses of different colors, ornaments the crown.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of Swedish blue satin, the *corsage* is cut very low, and is arranged in crossed drapery; it is trimmed *en pelerine*, with black velvet edged with white blond lace. The sleeve is excessively full to the elbow, from thence to the wrist it sits close to the arm, and is finished with a pointed cuff, composed of black velvet. The skirt is trimmed just above the knee with a row of ornaments of a novel form, arranged in a wreath; they are composed of black velvet. The hair divided on the forehead, is dressed in full curls at the sides of the face, and arranged in a butterfly bow on the summit of the head, and a plaited braid, which forms a crescent round the bow: it is ornamented with knots of Swedish blue gauze ribbon. Necklace and earrings, pearls.

A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

White cambric trowsers finished with an embroidered flounce. The frock is rose-colored *gros de Naples*, trimmed at the bust and hands with embroidered *tulle*. The bracelets and *ceinture* are of black velvet, with gold buckles, and clasps. The hair is arranged in the Chinese fashion.

A FASHIONABLE EVENING DRESS.

A dress composed of dark green velvet; the *corsage* is cut excessively low, and *en cœur*, so as to display a *chemisette* of white gaze de Paris, cut low and square, and trimmed with a very full *riche* of plain blond net. *Béret* sleeve, composed of velvet, over which is one *à la Donna Maria*, of gaze de Paris. The trimming of the skirt consists of a large wreath of foliage, composed of satin, a shade lighter than the dress. The head-dress is a *chapeau béret* of velvet to correspond with the dress; it is adorned under the brim with a velvet *patte*, edged with white blond lace. A profusion of long curled ostrich feathers, placed in contrary directions, adorn the crown. The necklace and earrings are gold, finely wrought; the brooch and bracelets gold and rubies.

HATS AND BONNETS.

Satin hats, lined with velvet, are worn both for carriage costume and in half-dress; the most elegant are ornamented with feathers, but several are trimmed with satin ribbons, figured in new and beautiful

patterns. There is much variety in the arrangement of the ribbons ; some are disposed in bows without ends, others in *coques*, and many have the knots to resemble a large flower. Hats have, for the most part, a blond lace *rûche* attached to the *bride*. Bonnets are never trimmed with feathers, and very rarely with flowers ; but if the latter are used, they are placed in a bouquet at one side of the bottom of the crown, and are of a delicate description. The ribbons must be arranged in round knots, or in *coques* forming a wreath in front ; the *coques* must not be high.

Velvet, silk plush, and satin, are the materials in favor for bonnets ; those composed of colored satin are frequently decorated with black blond lace.

THE LATEST GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

WE have been disappointed in not receiving the latest Gentlemen's Fashions in season, and the plate to the present number is given without any explanation, and is not to be considered a perfect specimen of what our future numbers will contain.

ON DITS OF FASHIONS.

CHRYSSON.—Court and ball dresses are now beginning to be ornamented with gold and silver fringes, made upon a new principle, and from a very beautiful material, for which a patent has been obtained. It is called *Chrysson*, as its name imports, and possesses a great number of advantages over everything we have hitherto seen, particularly in respect to its brilliancy, lightness, and, above all, its permanency, as it will never tarnish, or soil the most delicate satin, as is the case with other gold and silver fringes upon exposure to a humid atmosphere, besides being very heavy ; whereas fringes made upon the new principle, by Mr. Burgis, the inventor and patentee, retain their elegance and beautiful lustre for many years, and are not heavier than silk of the same size.

The few ladies who do not wear mantles to go to the *spectacle*, have two shawls, a large one that they wrap round them in the carriage, and a small one that they throw lightly over their shoulders in the box. Two boas, one short, the other long, are sometimes used for the same purpose.

One of the most expensive dresses that has been seen this season, is an Indian cachemire ; a red ground, thickly strewed with small bouquets. The cachemire has cost, at Constantinople, three thousand francs.

The smelling-bottles of the newest style are no longer made square ; they imitate either a gourd or a phial ; the stopper is in the form of a bee or a butterfly.

Socques have become an object of luxury ; the sole is cork, it is lined with leather, and covered with velvet ; the straps are of plush with elastic springs, and a clasp of bronzed steel.

The revolutionary confectioners in Paris give to their bon-bon boxes the forms of paving stones.

AMERICAN POETRY.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—*Shepherd*.—KEN ye anything about American poetry, Mr. North ?

North.—Not so much as I could wish. Would all the living best American bards send me over copies of their works, I should do them justice. I respect—nay I admire that people, James ; though perhaps they don't know it. Yet I know less of their Poetry than their Politics, and of them not much—

Tickler.—How Jonathan Jeremy-Diddlers our Ministries ! “Have you got such a thing as a half-crown about you ?” And B flat, obedient to A sharp, shells out the ready rhino from his own impoverished exchequer into that of his “Transatlantic brother,” overflowing with dollars.

Shepherd.—But the little you do ken o' their poetry, let's hear't.

North.—I have lately looked over—in three volumes—Specimens of American Poetry, with Critical and Biographical Notices, and have met with many most interesting little poems, and passages of poems. The editor has been desirous of showing what had been achieved under the inspiration of the American Muses before the days of Irving and Cooper, Pierpont and Percival, and thinks, rightly, that the lays of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, the poets of the Western world, are as likely to bear some characteristic traits of national or individual character, as those of the Minnesingers and Trouveurs—or the “Gongorism of the Castilian rhymesters of old.”

Shepherd.—Gongorism ! What's that ?

North.—Accordingly, he goes as far back as 1612, and gives us a pretty long poem, called “Contemplations,” by Anne Bradstreet, daughter of one Governor of Massachusetts Colony, and wife of another, who seems to have been a fine spirit.

Shepherd.—Was she, sir ?

North.—She is said to have been “a woman honored and esteemed, where she lived, for her gracious demeanor, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her virtuous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions ; and more so, these poems are the fruits but of some few hours curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments.

Shepherd.—Then Anne Bradstreet, sir, *was* a fine spirit ! Just like a' our ain poetesses—in England and Scotland—married or no married *yet*—and och ! och ! och ! hoo unlike to her and them the literary limmers o' France, rougin' and leerin' on their spinnle-shanked lovers, that maun hae loathed the sight and the smell o' them, starin' and stinkin' their way to the grave !

Tickler.—James !

North.—The celebrated Cotton Mather—

Shepherd.—Aye, I ken about him—born about fifty years after that date—the great mover in the mysterious matter o' the Salem witchcraft.

North.—He says that “her poems, eleven times printed, have afforded a plentiful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles.” And the learned and excellent Norton of Ipswich—

Shepherd.—I kenna him—

North. — Calls her "The mirror of her age, and glory of her sex."

Shepherd.—Recolleck ye ony verses o' her contemplations ?

North.—Anne is walking in her contemplations through a wood—and she saith,

While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongued Philomel perch't o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
And wish'd me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O Merry Bird!" said I, "that fears no snares,
That neither toils, nor hoards up in thy barns,
Feels no sad thought, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;
Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Remind'st not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Set'st hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew;
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion!"

Shepherd.—Oh! man, but they're bonny, incorrect, sweet, simple lines thae—and after sic a life as Anne Bradstreet led, can there be ony doubt that she is in heaven?

North.—In my mind none. Nearly a hundred years after the birth—and nearly forty after the death of Anne Bradstreet—was born in Boston, Jane Colman, daughter of a clergyman, who was a school companion of Cotton Mather. At eleven, she used to correspond with her worthy father in verse—on entering her nineteenth year, she married a Mr. Turel of Medford—

Shepherd.—Hoo can ye remember names in that wonnerfu' way, sir? And yet you say ye hae nae memory? You forget naething.

North.—And died, James, in 1735, at the age of twenty-seven, "having faithfully fulfilled those duties which shed the brightest lustre on woman's name—the duties of the friend, the daughter, the mother, and the wife."

Shepherd.—Hae ye ony o' her verses by heart, sir?

North.—A paraphrase of a Psalm you know well—

Shepherd.—I ken weel a' the Psalms.

North.—The following flows plaintively.

From hearts oppress'd with grief, did they require
A sacred anthem on the sounding lyre:
Come now, they cry, regale us with a song—
Music and mirth the fleeting hours prolong.
Shall Babel's daughter hear that blessed sound?
Shall songs divine be sung in heathen ground?

No ! Heaven forbid that we should tune our voice,
 Or touch the lyre, while—slaves—we can't rejoice !
 O Palestine ! our once so dear abode !
 Thou once wert blest with peace, and loved of God ;
 But now art desolate ! a barren waste !
 Thy fruitful fields by thorns and weeds disgraced.
 If I forget Judea's mournful land,
 May nothing prosper that I take in hand !
 Or if I string my lyre, or tune my voice,
 Till thy deliverance call me to rejoice ;
 O may my tongue forget the art to move,
 And may I never more my speech improve !
 Return, O Lord ! avenge us of our foes,
 Destroy the men that up against us rose !
 Let Edom's sons thy just displeasure know,
 And let them serve, like us, some foreign foe,
 In distant realms—far from their native home,
 'To which dear seat, O ! never let them come !

Shepherd.—I daursay, gin I cou'd get the soun' o' our ain mournfu' auld version out o' ma heart, that I sou'd like the lines unco weel—she mun hae been a gentle creatur.

North.—I mentioned, James, that she and her father used to correspond—

Shepherd.—After her marriage ?

North.—Before and after—and in one of his letters—which I think must have been addressed to her *before*—before living with her husband at Medford—alluding to her having, in her paraphrase, said,

No helper in the waste and barren ground,
 Only a mournful willow wither'd there,

her father writes to her thus—Strange, is it not, that part of his letter should be read at a Noctes !

Shepherd.—I think I see him mendin' his pen in his study at Boston, New England, America, ae forenoon about twal o'clock, on the 21st January o' 1731—preceesely a hunder years !

North.—The affectionate father says, "This serious melancholy Psalm is well turned by you in most parts of it, considering your years and advantages for such a performance. You speak of a single withered willow which they hung their harps on ; but Euphrates was covered with willows along the banks of it, so that it has been called the river of willows. I hope, my dear, your lyre will not be hung on such a sorrowful shrub. Go on in sacred songs, and we'll hang it on the stately cedars of Lebanon, or let the pleasant elm before the door where you are suffice for you."

Shepherd.—The pious pride o' paternal affection !

North.—Jane Colman, during her eight years of wedded life, was no doubt happy—and in a calm spirit of happiness must have indited the soft, sweet, and simple close of an imitation of Horace.

Shepherd.—O' Horace ! Cou'd she read Latin ?

North.—Why not ? Daughter—wife—of a clergyman ?

No stately beds my humble roof adorn,
 No costly purple, by carved panthers borne ;

Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,
Diffusing odors through our stately rooms ;
For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,
But my fine linen all is made at home.
Though I no down or tapestry should spread,
A clean soft pillow shall support your head,
Fill'd with the wool from off my tender sheep,
On which with ease and safety you may sleep.
The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,
And all be calm and still as is your breast !

Shepherd.—Far mair simplicity o' language seem to hae had the young leddies o' New England in thae days, sir, than them o' Auld England o' the present age.—Come doon some half' century still nearer us, and fin' you ony virgin or wife o' poetical genie at that pint o' time ?

North.—I come down to 1752, and find Ann Eliza Schuyler, the daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler, New York. At seventeen, she was married to Mr. Bleeker of New Rochelle, and removed with him to Tornhanick, a beautiful solitary village, eighteen miles above Albany. There they passed several years, we are told, in the unbroken quiet of the wilderness ; but then, were driven from the repose of that beautiful and romantic spot by the savages in alliance with Burgoyne. On their way from Albany, down the Hudson, they were forced to go ashore by the illness of their youngest daughter, where the poor creature died. Soon after, the capture of Burgoyne—(an unfortunate soldier, but a most accomplished man—witness his celebrated comedy, the *Heiress*)—allowed them to return to their retreat in the country ; but the loss of her daughter made so deep an impression on her mind, that the mother never recovered her former happiness. A few years afterwards, her husband, when assisting his men in taking in the harvest, was surprised by a party of the enemy from Canada, and carried off prisoner. The shock which she received was so great, that her health was gone forever ; and though her husband was soon rescued from thralldom, and they, after a visit to their friends in New York, returned to Tornhanick, there she shortly died, in the thirty-first year of her age.

Shepherd.—And is her poetry as interesting as her life ?

North.—I have seen but little of it, and wish the editor of the *Specimens* had given us more ; for he well observes, that a female cultivating the elegant arts of refined society at the *Ultima Thule* of civilized life, in regions of savage wildness, and among scenes of alarm, desolation, and blood, is a striking spectacle.

Tickler.—A striking spectacle indeed !

Shepherd.—I maun hear mair frae you, sir, anither time, about these American poetesses.

PARLIAMENTARY ABSTINENCE.—Perhaps it is not generally known, and certainly not generally attended to, that an act of parliament was made in the reign of Edward III. prohibiting any one from being served, at dinner or supper, with more than two courses ; except upon some great holidays there specified, in which he may be served with three. This act has never been repealed.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE ATHENEUM.

THE subscribers have transferred the proprietorship of the "Atheneum, or Spirit of the English Magazines," to Messrs. Kane & Co., by whom it will hereafter be published. The close of the connexion between the former conductors of this Magazine and its readers—a connexion which has subsisted long, and has never been otherwise than agreeable—is not unaccompanied by a feeling of regret on the part of the former; but the good taste and industry which succeed them will ensure to the latter, it is believed, a continuance of the satisfaction which has been so generally expressed, of which, and an unusual punctuality in making yearly remittances, the subscribers will retain a grateful remembrance.

JOHN COTTON,
DAVID CLAPP, JR.

THE new Proprietors think it unnecessary, from the long time the Atheneum has been before the public—having now reached its three hundred and sixty-second number—to state explicitly its character, or the advantages of a periodical conducted on a plan which for so many years has been approved and patronised by a reading and discerning community. It is their intention not to alter materially the publication, except in the additional Fashions, and some improvements in its appearance. It will be perceived that a solid page has been substituted for one divided into columns, and in future the title of the work, which has occupied so much space on the first page of each number, will be given only at the commencement of every volume. Subscribers will thus receive an increase of literary matter, and a great improvement will be made in the appearance of the volumes when bound. The plan has also been adopted, which was proposed in the preface to the last volume, of giving credit for each article to the Magazine from which it is taken. We wish, however, to have it understood, that we reserve to ourselves the liberty of altering any article, to free it from objectionable or offensive passages, and also of abridging when necessary. We should otherwise be often obliged to exclude articles from our pages in consequence of their length and the large portion of trifling and uninteresting matter they contain, which, if divested of these objections, would make interesting and entertaining selections. Due care will always be taken, in making these alterations, not to injure the connexion or interest of the original article. We hope thus to succeed in making the Atheneum, what its title indicates, the *Spirit* of the English Magazines.

The new Proprietors trust that the addition of the Gentlemen's Fashions to those which have been published, will be received with pleasure by the patrons of the Atheneum. They have been induced to add them by the wishes and suggestions of a large number of individuals, who are anxious to have a publication containing these fashions, not designed exclusively for the trade, which is the case with all those published at present in this country. Those subscribers who do not wish to receive them, have the privilege of taking the Ladies' alone, as formerly; but the low price which is charged for the additional Fashions will induce, they hope, all the patrons of the work to receive them.

We shall continue to issue the Atheneum on the 1st and 15th of every month, retaining the privilege of occasionally publishing double numbers, as heretofore; and as we shall endeavor to be the earliest herald of the fashions on this side the Atlantic, the plates will be issued upon the day of publication next succeeding the arrival of our Magazines. When these have not a long passage, we shall be able to publish the plates fifteen days in advance of all the monthly periodicals of this country.

In our selection and arrangement of articles for the Atheneum, we shall be guided by the plan which has been pursued in the preceding volumes; but by means of the new literary sources which will be added to the large number heretofore enjoyed, we confidently expect to increase the interest and entertainment of our pages, and render them still more valuable in the estimation of those who have prized the work solely as a literary publication; and we trust, by an unremitting and indefatigable attention to the conducting of the literary and fashionable departments of the Atheneum, to merit their patronage, and that of a large portion of the reading and fashionable part of the community.

KANE & CO.

* * Circumstances have obliged us to publish the present number in the octavo instead of the duodecimo form,—in consequence of which, the postage on the present double number should be for six sheets.



SPRING—MAY-DAY.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—Youth is the season of all sorts of insolence, and therefore we can forgive and forget almost anything in Spring. He has always been a privileged personage ; and we have no doubt he played his pranks even in Paradise. To-day, he meets you unexpectedly on the hill-side ; and was there ever a face in this world so celestialized by smiles ! All the features are framed of light. Black eyes are beads—blue eyes are diamonds. Gaze, then, into the blue eyes of Spring, and you feel that in the untroubled lustre, there is something more sublime than in the heights of the cloudless heavens, or in the depths of the waveless seas. More sublime, because essentially spiritual. There stands the young Angel, entranced in the conscious mystery of his own beautiful and blessed being ; and the earth which we mortal creatures tread, becomes all at once fit region for the sojourn of the immortal Son of the Morning. So might some great painter image the First-born of the Year, till nations adored the picture. To-morrow you repair, with hermit steps, to the mount of the Vision, and,

Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,

Spring clutches you by the hair, with the fingers of frost ; slashes a storm of sleet in your face, and finishes, perhaps, by folding you in a winding-sheet of snow. The day after to-morrow you behold him—Spring—walking along the firmament, sad, but not sullen—mournful, but not miserable—disturbed, but not despairing—now coming out towards you in a burst of light—and now fading away from you in a gathering of gloom—even as one might figure in his imagination, a fallen Angel. On Thursday, confound you if you know what the devil to make of his Springship. There he is, stripped to the buff—playing at hide-and-seek, hare-and-hound, with a queer crazy crony of his in a fur cap, swandown waistcoat, and hairy breeches, Lodbrog or Winter. You turn up the whites of your eyes, and the browns of your hands in amazement, till the Two, by way of change of pastime, cease their mutual vagaries, and, like a couple of hawks diverting themselves with an owl, in conclusion buffet you off the premises. You insert the occurrence, with suitable reflections, in your Meteorological Diary, under the head—Spring. On Friday, nothing is seen of you but the blue tip of your nose, for you are confined to your bed by rheumatism, and nobody admitted to your sleepless sanctum but your condoling Mawsey. 'Tis a pity. For never since the flood-greened earth, on her first resurrection morn, laughed around Ararat, spanned was she by such a Rainbow ! By all that is various and vanishing, the arch seems many miles broad, and many, many miles high, and all creation to be gladly and gloriously gathered together—without being crowded—plains, woods, villages, towns, hills, and clouds, beneath the pathway of Spring, once more an Angel—an unfallen Angel ! While the tinge that trembles into transcendent hues—fading and fluctuating—deepening and dying—now gone, as if forever—and now back again in an instant, as if breathing and alive—is felt, during all that wavering visitation, to be of all sights the most evanescent, and yet inspirative of a beauty-born belief, bright as the sun that flung the image on the cloud, profound as the gloom it illumines—that it shone and is shining there at the bidding of Him who inhabiteth eternity. The grim noon of

Saturday, after a moaning morning, and one silent intermediate hour of gravelike stillness, begins to gleam fitfully with lightning like a maniac's eye ; and list ! is not that

The sound
Of thunder heard remote ?

Hand in hand with Spring, Sabbath descends from heaven unto earth ; and are not their feet beautiful on the mountains ? Small as is the voice of that tinkling bell from that humble spire, overtopped by its coeval trees, yet is it heard in the heart of infinitude. So is the bleating of these silly sheep on the braes—and so is that voice of psalms, all at once rising so spirit-like, as if the very kirk were animated, and sang a joyous song in the wilderness to the ear of the Most High. For all things are under his care—those that, as we dream, have no life—the flowers, and the herbs, and the trees,—those that some dim scripture seems to say, when they die, utterly perish—and those that all bright scripture, whether written in the book of God, or the book of Nature, declares will live forever !

But let us suppose ourselves sitting, for one moment, beneath THE SYCAMORE, by the banks of Windermere. Poets call Spring Green-Mantle—and true it is that the groundwork of his garb is green—even like that of the proud peacock's changeful neck, when the creature treads in the circle of his own beauteous glory, and the scholar who may have forgotten his classics, has yet a dream of Juno and of her watchful Argus with his hundred, his thousand eyes. Many females, too, look on nature with a milliner's or a mantua-maker's eye—arraying her in furbelows and flounces. But use your own eyes and mine, and from beneath THE SYCAMORE let us two, sitting together in amity, look lovingly on the Spring. Felt ever your heart before, with such an emotion of harmonious beauty, the exquisitely delicate distinctions of character among the lovely tribes of trees ! That is BELLE-ISLE. Earliest to salute the vernal rainbow, with a glow of green gentle as its own, is the lake-loving Alder, whose home, too, is by the flowings of all the streams. Just one degree fainter in its hue—or shall we rather say brighter—for we feel the difference without knowing in what it lies—stands, by the alder's rounded softness, the spiral Larch, all hung over its limber sprays, were you near enough to admire them, with cones of the Tyrian dye. That stem, white as silver, and smooth as silk, seen so straight in the green sylvan light, and there airily over-arching the coppice with lambent tresses, such as fancy might picture for the mermaid's hair, pleasant as is her life on that Fortunate Isle, is yet said by us, who vainly attribute our own sadness to unsorrowing things—to belong to a Tree that *weeps* ;—though a weight of joy it is, and of exceeding gladness, that thus depresses her pendant beauty, till it droops—as we think—like that of a being overcome with grief ! Seen standing all alone by themselves, with something of a foreign air and an exotic expression, yet not unwelcome or obtrusive among our indigenous fair forest trees, twinkling to the touch of every wandering wind, and restless even amidst what seemeth now to be everlasting rest, we cannot choose but admire that somewhat darker grove of columnar Lombardy Poplars. How comes it that some Sycamores so much sooner than others salute the Spring ? Yonder are some, but budding, as if yet the frost lay on the honey-dew that protects the balmy germs. There are others warming into expansion, half-budded and half-leaved, with a various light of color visible in that sun-glint

distinctly from afar. And in that nook of the still sunnier south trending eastward, lo ! a few are almost in their full summer foliage, and soon will the bees be swarming among their flowers. A Horse Chestnut has a grand oriental air, and like a satrap, uplifts his green banner—yellowing in the light—that shows he belongs to the line of the prophet. Elms are now most magnificent—witness Christ-Church walk—when they hang over head in heaven like the chancel of a cathedral. Yet here, too, are they august—and methinks “a dim religious light” is in that vault of branches just vivifying to the Spring, and though almost bare, tinged with a coming hue that ere long will be majestic brightness. Those old Oaks seem sullen in the sunshine, and slow to put forth their power, like the Spirit of the Land they emblem. But they, too, are relaxing from their wonted sternness—soon will that faint green be a glorious yellow.

The Ash is a manly tree, but “dreigh and dour” in the leafing ; and yonder stands an Ash-grove like a forest of ships with bare poles like the docks of Liverpool. Yet, like the town of Kilkenny,

It shines well where it stands ;

and the bare grey-blue of the branches, apart but not repulsive, like some cunning discord in music, deepens the harmony of the Isle of Groves. Contrast is one of the finest of all the laws of association, as every philosopher, poet, and peasant, kens. At this moment, it brings, by the bonds of beauty, though many glades intervene, close beside that pale grey-blue leafless Ash-Clump, that bright, black-green Pine-Clan, whose “leaf fadeth never,” a glorious Scottish tartan triumphing in the English woods. Though many glades intervene, we said ; for thou seest that BELLE ISLE is not all one various flush of wood, but bedropt, all over—bedropt and besprinkled with grass-gems, some cloud-shadowed, some tree-shaded, some mist-bedimmed, and some luminous as small soil-suns, on which, as the eye alights, it feels soothed and strengthened, and gifted with a profounder power to see into the mystery of the beauty of nature. But what are those living Hills of snow, or of some substance purer in its brightness even than any snow that falls and fades in one night on the mountain-top ! Trees are they—fruit-trees—The Wild Cherry that grows stately and wide-spreading even as the monarch of the wood—and can that be a load of blossoms ! Fairer never grew before poet’s eye of old in the fabled Hesperides. See how what we called snow brightens into pink—yet still the whole glory is white, and fadeth not away the purity of the balmy snow-blush. Aye, balmy as the bliss breathing from virgin lips, when moving in the beauty left by her morning prayers, a glad fond daughter steals towards him on feet of light, and as his arms open to receive and return the blessing, lays her innocence with smiles, that are almost tears, within her father’s bosom. Milton !

As when to those who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabæan odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest ; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheer’d with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

If such be the character of Spring, gentle reader, wilt thou not forget and forgive—with us—much occasional conduct on his part that appears not only inexplicable, but incomprehensible ?

[LONDON QUARTERLY.]—The pagan origin of the customs observed on May-day is distinctly marked. At the two extremities of the Island of Great Britain they form a singular contrast. The stormy sky, and inhospitable soil of the Celt, so frequently refused him the means of subsistence, that when he contemplated the return of the yeaning time and the harvest, it was to him a season of doubt and anxiety. On the Beltam-day, the Highlander, faithful to the rights of his ancestors, still offers the consecrated cake to the fox, the hooded crow, and the eagle, the destroyers of his flocks and herds, and to the beings whom he reveres as their protectors. And the devoted person who draws the black lot is compelled to leap three times through the flames as a memorial of the ancient sacrifices. The youth of the year did not present the same apprehensions to the inhabitant of the genial shores of Italy. He did not supplicate the deities for blessings which he had no reason to fear they would withhold, and he rejoiced in the anticipation of them. However, when the classical festivities of the Floralia were introduced into this climate, it would have been desirable either to advance their place in the calendar, or to expel the King of the Fogs, who according to the fairy tale of Madame d'Aunois, has held his court in England ever since he was jilted by his mistress. Milton, with the *Ben vengo Maggio* of the Tuscan poet yet ringing in his ear, may have been inspired to "Hail" the bounteous, flowery May;

Who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

But we fear that even before the alteration of the style so beautifully lamented in *The Tears of Old May-Day*, she was but a sickly hollow-cheeked damsel. Stubbs, in his declamation against *Maie*, tells us that "every parishe towne and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, olde and young, even all indifferently; and, either going all together or devidyng themselves into companies, they goe some to the woodes and groves, some to the hilles and mountaines, some to one place, and some to another, where they spende all the night in pastymes." Yet we must not allow his invective as unexceptionable evidence of the mildness of the weather, which could allow of such cool and airy revels. He has evidently overcharged his picture, notwithstanding his boast of the "credible reports" he had received from "men of greate gravitie, credite, and reputation." Another writer of the same age more considerably qualifies his account of the May games with "if the skie clear up." An "if" of which we all feel the necessity.

The supposed cosmetic virtues of May dew, when gathered before sunrise, are pretty generally remembered in the country. It was probably an allegory by which some village Zadig attempted to induce the maidens to attend to the wholesome observances of early rising and exercise.

The puritans fought a stubborn battle with the May poles, those "heathenish vanities of superstition and wickedness," whose fall is deplored by the author of *Pasquil's Palinodia*, in verses of extraordinary harmony considering the time when they were composed:—

Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes,
For then true love and amity were found,
When every village did a May pole raise,
And Whitsun ales and May games did abound:
And all the lusty yonkers in a rout,

With merry lasses danced the rod about ;
 Then friendship to the banquet bid the guests,
 And poor men fared the better for their feasts.
 Alas, poor May poles ! what should be the cause
 That you were almost banisht from the earth ?
 Who never were rebellious to the lawes,
 Your greatest crime was honest, harmlesse mirth.

The May poles never held up their heads again. The last upon record was that in May-fair, which was "begged" by Sir Isaac Newton as a stand for his great telescope. The morrice dancers, and Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian, rallied after the Restoration, although somewhat shorn of their former glories :

For, oh, the hobby-horse was forgot.

The merry troop was wandering up and down the country about twenty years ago ; but these are sad degenerate times, and it is greatly to be feared that now they are only to be seen in Mr. Tollett's parlor window. Mr. Ellis has quoted, in Brand's "Popular Antiquities," some extracts from Mr. Douce's elaborate dissertation upon the May games, but we must inform that gentleman, that, correct as Minshew generally is, his authority for once is questionable. The Tarrasca was the dragon, and not the chevalet or hobby-horse.

On Whitsunday Mr. Brand has quoted the following verses from Barnaby Googe, which require some explanation :—

On Whitsunday whyte pigeons tame in strings from heaven flie,
 And one that framed is of wood, still hangeth in the skie ;
 Thou seest how they with idols plaie, and teach the people to ;
 None other wise than little gyrles with puppets use to do.

It was the custom during this festival to suspend a silver dove from the roof of the church, and to let it slowly down during some part of the service, as an emblem of the descent of the Holy Ghost. In the churches in France, under the early races, the host was sometimes kept in a shrine made in the shape of a dove, and suspended over the altar.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—The following "Carol for May-Day," by the late Bishop Heber, is not unworthy of Herrick ; without, however, any of that poet's quaintnesses.

Queen of fresh flowers,
 Whom vernal stars obey,
 Bring thy warm showers,
 Bring thy genial ray.
 In nature's greenest livery drest,
 Descend on earth's expectant breast,
 To earth and Heaven a welcome guest,
 Thou merry month of May !

Mark how we meet thee
 At dawn of dewy day !
 Hark ! how we greet thee
 With our roundelay !
 While all the goodly things that be
 In earth, and air, and ample sea,
 Are waking up to welcome thee,
 Thou merry month of May !

Flocks on the mountains,
 And birds upon their spray,
 Tree, turf, and fountains,
 All hold holyday ;
 And love, the life of living things,
 Love waves his torch, love claps his wings,
 And loud and wide thy praises sings,
 Thou merry month of May !

[*LADY'S MAGAZINE.*]—The "Address to the Cowslip," which we give below, is by John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant. There is in it much poetical feeling, combined, however, with a cast of melancholy, hardly excusable in a season designed for universal joyousness.

Once more, thou flower of childish fame,
 Thou meet'st the April wind ;
 The self-same flowers, the very same,
 As those I used to find.
 Thy peeps, tipp'd round with ruddy streak,
 Again attract mine eye,
 As they were those I used to seek
 Full twenty summers by.

But I'm no more akin to thee,
 A partner of the Spring ;
 For Time has had a hand with me,
 And left an alter'd thing ;—
 A thing that's lost thy golden hours,
 And all I witness'd then,
 Mix'd in a desert, far from flowers,
 Among the ways of men.

Thy blooming pleasures, smiling, gay,
 The seasons still renew ;
 But mine were doom'd a stinted stay ;
 Ah, they were short and few !
 The every hour that hurried by,
 To eke the passing day,
 Lent restless pleasures wings to fly,
 Till all were flown away.

Blest flower ! with Spring thy joys begun,
 And no false hopes are thine ;
 One constant cheer of shower and sun
 Makes all thy stay divine.
 But my May-Morning quickly fled,
 And dull its noon came on ;
 And happiness is past and dead
 Ere half that noon is gone.

Ah ! smile and bloom, thou lovely thing !
 Though May's sweet days are few,
 Still coming years thy flowers shall bring,
 And bid them bloom anew.

Man's life, that bears no kin to them,
Past pleasures well may mourn :
No bud clings to its with'ring stem—
No hope for Spring's return.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE FASHIONABLE
APOTHECARY.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—A sudden partiality appears to incline the fashionable and literary world towards the mysteries of the healing art. The sane in body insist on being excoriated into the condition of Lazarus, that they may penetrate the veil of the temple of Esculapius under favor of a cuticular passport ; while the sane in mind luxuriate into ecstasy over the tragic crisis of the scalpel, and the prolonged sensibilities of a pulmonary consumption. Physic is no longer thrown to the dogs by our modern Shakespeares ; and the romantic school has at length found refuge in the mortar, and armed its defenceless innocence with a pestle ! Why should not I too try my hand in the *mêlée* ? Albeit, unused to any other mode of composition than the hieroglyphic abbreviations of the Pharmacopœia, yet mystery being the soul of romance, my random records may not be the less interesting to the public for a little touch of the incomprehensible.

I cannot, like my eminent coadjutor of Blackwood's, prevail on myself to accuse the harshness of my early fortunes ;—no dishonored acceptance, or negatived loan, rankles in my memory ;—I never had a bill returned on my hands, saving at the commercial season of Christmas, with a request for a stamped receipt ; nor borrowed a pound,—unless of rhubarb, from some superabounding pharmacopolist of the neighborhood. Nature, indeed, seems to have pre-ordained me for the career of a prosperous apothecary ! My father was domestic Chaplain to the late much-respected Earl of Worthing ; my mother, her ladyship the Countess's favorite companion. Affinity, either chemical or moral, united the worthy pair in clandestine wedlock ;—instead of fattening on toads, they ventured to starve on tithe-pigs ; and instead of restricting her maternal sensibility to the tendance of Lady Worthing's Dutch pugs, the Companion to the lady of quality found her cares required by the promising infancy of an only son, * * * * L—, my unworthy self.

From such progeniture, much of my future fortunes, my future qualities, might be prognosticated. I was born with a singular and callous apathy towards the rubs of life ; and while other lads were smarting under the whips and ferrules of the pedagogue, my parents occupied themselves in seasoning me to the whips and scorns of the affluent and in-humane. They taught me to simper under an affront, and return bow for blow. My father compelled my attendance at all the parochial interments, that I might acquire the command of a decent gravity of demeanor, and learn to bear a draught (of air) without my hat ; my mother required my presence at all her parochial tea-parties, that I might accustom myself to listen to the longest edition of the stalest story without yawning. At fifteen, I wanted nothing but a little Latin, a little shop, and a pair of black silk stockings, to qualify me for my profession. Medical knowledge can only come with practice.

In what progression I managed to acquire these three indispensa-

bles, by what mode of experience I learned to administer a drachm without a scruple, shall form my first mysterious abbreviation. I have already revealed to the urbane lecturers of the "New Monthly" the recipe of my destiny ;—let them now behold me installed, at the age of twenty-eight, in a spruce showy box in Conduit Street, with a handsome brass label on my door, and a night-bell, to be shaken when taken, hanging in tempting ostensibility to the lintel. I was still a bachelor, having resolved that till my demi-fortune was enabled to expand into the binary honors of the chariot, my own fortunes should never become co-partite. But with a view to compass this augmentation of my quadrupedal possessions, I do not hesitate to acknowledge that my first patient was of the Mammalian class—even a scion of that auspicious dynasty of Pugs, which had been nursed in the lap of luxury and of my venerated parent, in Lady Worthing's caniferous parlor. In this initiatory preface to my professional practice, I saved Bobtail,—and gained a friend !

A few evenings following my visit to Lady Worthing's, I was sitting in my front drawing-room, over the shop,—so that, during my vesper luxuriance in the emulgent consolations of small Souchong, my feelings might be recreated with the industrious poundage of my apprentices, and my ears tingle with the bell of custom,—when my footboy threw open the door, and announced—"Lord Lancing !" the youthful grandson of my aristocratic patroness. I was paralyzed !—not because I perceived that Jack was slipshod, and had contrived to interpolate a solitary arm into his pepper-and-salt jacket ; but because I read in the patrician countenance of his little Lordship portents of some awful revelation !—His lip was parched with feverish excitement ; his brow haggard with the irritations of suppressed anxiety. These symptoms might have arisen, it is true, from a redundancy of crude apples, or a pleonasm of pastry ; but the quick furtive glance round the chamber, to assure himself that we were alone—*absolutely alone*—was the result of some more hateful combination.

"Doctor !" said Lord Lancing, as soon as the retreating footsteps of Jack resounded on the floor-cloth of the passage below—"Doctor !" said he, (youth is apt to lavish prematurely the honors of the diploma on every neophyte of the healing art,)—"Doctor ! I have a question of moment to propose to you."

He drew nearer to the table as he spoke, and there was something indescribably thrilling in the air of stern inquiry with which he bent his small grey eyes on my countenance, as if to decypher the thoughts my lips labored to envelope in mystery. "My Lord," I replied, attempting to throw into my address something of easy jocularly, which I fancied might serve to defeat his suspicions of my suspicions—"I am your Lordship's most obedient humble servant."

"Doctor !" answered Lord Lancing, apparently grateful for this mode of encouraging his confidence—"you are a respectable man,—my grandmother has a regard for you,—*you* cured her pug !"

I acknowledged this flattering encomium by a trifling bow ;—such a one as we of the profession bestow on all customers whose patronage does not amount to more than a twopenny receipt ; and Lord Lancing profited by the movement, to draw still closer to my chair.

"My Lord," said I, in some trepidation, for I felt that a crisis was approaching,—"*it has been a very fine afternoon !*" and, in spite of my better reason, I own that my voice faltered as I uttered these insig-

ficant words. Great Heaven ! the sentence that followed was destined to congeal them on my lips—to freeze the warm current of my blood forever !

“How much arsenic forms a mortal dose ?” whispered the scion of aristocratic sin ; while, leaping from my chair, I stood transfixed with horror, gazing on this Thurtell of the peerage—this Burke of juvenile nobility ! Methought the spirit of Cain was already flashing from his eyes ! No ! the midnight felon,—the perpetrator of pitch-plaster plots,—the apprentice Brownrigg,—the Halifax assassin of the fair and betrayed Bayley,—never could have worn an aspect of more paralysing audacity than that which, like copper-sheathing, invested his youthful brow with the boldness of mature delinquency ! I could only stammer out a reiteration of his name. “Lord Lancing !” said I !—

A deathlike pause ensued ! It might be that the spirit of evil sank rebuked before that simple adjuration ; or, it might be that the incubus of hypocrisy was pouring its copal varnish over the fearful delineations of his soul. “I ask you, Doctor,” he resumed, in a mild, plausible voice, “how much arsenic forms a mortal dose for a quadruped ?”

What was I to think of all this ? Was it guilt ?—was it guile ?—was it my own gullibility ? Had the visible emotions of my bosom terrified a sinner from his evil purpose ?—or had those very emotions forestalled his conception of those very purposes of evil ? Time, thought I,—time, that developer of mysteries,—will analyze this equivocal matter, and detect the existence of every noxious particle.

“My Lord !” said I, scarcely able to articulate—“Take of arsenic ten grains, and the quadruped will be a dead quadruped.”

“Have you that quantity at hand ?” he now inquired ; affecting a listless indifference, which almost prompted me to reply that I had nothing at hand but a little miscreant, worthy the emendation of Cold Bath Fields or Milbank. For the whole truth now glanced on my mind ; and although of less than the vital moment I at first conjectured, it was only a step lower in the hangman’s ladder of crime. Lord Lancing !—arsenic ! !—quadruped ! ! !—Lady Worthing ! ! !—and her *dynasty of pugs* !—Yes ; the evil design of the vile lordling was sufficiently demonstrated ! One of the ancestral pets was about to become the victim of his jealous malignity !

No sooner did this conviction stick in my throat, (affecting me with a nervous sensation, like that of the *globus hystericus*,) than I assumed an urbane smile ; and, descending to my shop, possessed myself of a small packet of the fatal mineral, and presented it to Lord Lancing. There was, perhaps, something of unconscious trepidation in my demeanor ; for it impressed his little Lordship with a suspicion that I expected a pecuniary equivalent for my instrument of mortality. “Doctor !” he cried, retreating hastily towards the door, “put it into my grandmother’s bill !”

How vast the significance which may be imparted to the simplest words by a concatenation of associations ! “Put it into my grandmother’s bill !” There was nothing very imposing in the sentence, yet it jarred my every nerve with the shock of a Voltaic battery ! The medium of his crime and of her bereavement was thus to be mulcted secretly from her own strong box ! To use the forcible expression of Sir Walter, “it was like seething the kid in its mother’s milk.”

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, when, half an hour after this heart-stirring interview, I made my way through the crowded

streets towards the patrician abode of the unfortunate lady, and, scarcely conscious of what I did, knocked at the door, and hastily inquired of the pampered domestic by whom it was opened—"Is Lady Worthing at home?"—The man was evidently startled by the earnestness of my address; and by the intensity of gesture with which I pulled my hat over my brows, when he replied, that he would go and see. In fact, my feelings were now excited to a pitch almost beyond the control of my own reason; for the lugubrious echoes of the knocker had subsided only to give place to innumerable yelpings, barkings, and howlings, uttered in the varied intonation of every stage of canine existence. For the first time, these domestic sounds cut me to the heart;—"the little dogs and all—Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart!" thought I, while the tears rushed to my eyes.

The reply of the footman was affirmative. "Lady Worthing was at home, and would have much pleasure in seeing Dr. ———." As I ascended the stairs, a universal bowgh-wowgh resounded from the drawing-room, at the door of which, unconsciously wagging his tail, stood little Bobtail—the innocent I had already rescued from the grave—as if to welcome his preserver! "Bobtail!" said I, stooping to caress him; but my heart was too full for speech, and the words gurgled in my throat like a vitriolic gargle. In another minute I found myself in presence of Lady Worthing, who was sitting near a profuse tea-table, while her wretched descendant lounged on an adjoining sofa. "Ah, Doctor!" he exclaimed, while a glance of peculiar malice irradiated his grey eyes, "this is an unexpected pleasure." Little did he think, when he placed a chair for me near his grandmother, the purpose which urged my visit;—little, very little conjecture the burthen with which I had stored my pockets in defeature of his atrocious plot. Aware of the tender susceptibility of Lady Worthing's frame, I had not for a moment indulged the intention of agonizing its sensibilities by a too sudden announcement of the delinquency of her grandson, or the perils impending over her helpless favorites. I resolved to be at once prompt and cautious in my measures,—to meet cunning with cunning—pharmacy with pharmacy; and accordingly filled my waistcoat-pockets with every grain of epecacuanha left in my store after the preceding Lord Mayor's feast.

But how to administer my precautionary dose, without attracting the notice of the fond mistress of Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart? The antidote was in the palm of my hand,—the innocent victims frisking round my feet; but any unwonted movement on my part must naturally call forth Lady Worthing's inquiries and detection of the villainous projects menacing her repose. At all times I was a favorite with the little wanton creatures, whose gambols now affected me with unspeakable sympathy; for there is something in the canine race—something of more than human constancy—which finds a responsive chord in every generous mind. Poor little Bobtail!—From the moment I first poured the syrup of buckthorn down his expiring throat, he seemed to regard me as his benefactor, and to imbue every little dog in the house with correspondent sentiments.

But the crisis was approaching, and admitted not the indulgence of these softer emotions of the soul. Adroitly stooping, as if to pick up my glove, I insinuated a copious pinch of *ip.* into the mouth of my little favorite; and while Lady Worthing was reprimanding one of her domestics touching the opacity of a substratum of butter on the

last muffin, I hastily filled a saucer with cream, and contrived unobserved to seduce both Blanche and Tray into the deglutition of its medicated contents.—*My task was accomplished!*

How sweet the expansion of the human soul in the first consciousness of an act of benevolence! “My spirit’s lord sat lightly on his throne,” as I beheld the rescued pugs repugnantly shaking their whiskers after swallowing the abhorrent fluid; and while they went wheezing and sneezing about the room, I swallowed the rejected muffin without wincing. In the exaltation of my soul, I became unconscious of minor accidents.

Scarcely was the tea-tray removed, when I took up my hat with a view to departure. “No! Doctor,” cried her Ladyship, with a smile of venerable benevolence, “since you have kindly looked in upon me this evening, I shall not let you off without a hit at backgammon.” What could I urge against a request thus politely expressed?—It was vain to plead ignorance of the game; such a pretext would have been unavailing to my father’s or my mother’s son.—It was vain to talk of engagements; I had already incautiously announced a professional interregnum!—I resolved, therefore, to wait and witness the catastrophe! The board was brought—the candle-shades adjusted—Lord Lancing took up a volume of Ferdinand Count Fathom, and read or seemed to read,—and the game commenced!

I question whether the awful chess-scene in “Arden of Feversham” ever produced so absorbing a sensation in any audience, as that hour of agonizing backgammon to myself! Lord Lancing had contrived to place himself in the rear of my chair, so that his movements were secure from my investigation; while the rattling of the dice in Lady Worthing’s hand, and the rapid clatter of displacing the men, altogether impeded my auricular revelations;—his Lordship might have poisoned a pack of hounds without my being enabled to authenticate the act!

At length, however, a sound became audible, needing no curious inquisition to detect the nature of the orgasm by which it was produced. “Grandmamma!” cried Lord Lancing, rushing from his hiding-place, “that little brute, Bobtail, is sick!”

“Nonsense,” replied her Ladyship; while I evinced my involuntary trepidation by making a false move. But in a moment, simultaneous retchings resounded through the chamber, which became, as it were, the cabin of a Dover pocket.

“Lancing!” cried her Ladyship, roused by these discordant efforts of nature, “I am satisfied you have been giving these poor dear precious darlings something that disagrees with them!”

“Nay, grandmamma—”

“How often have I warned you against feeding them with stewed sweetbread or—”

A new concerto resounded *fortissimo* through the apartment.

“Call Fox—call Smith—call Tomkins!—Ring for John. Thomas, and Richard!” shrieked Lady Worthing. “Oh! Dr. L—, what can you do for me—for them?”

“Grandmamma,” interposed the youthful criminal, with an unabashed countenance, “I am almost sure I saw the Doctor administer an emetic to Blanche and Tray:—now didn’t you, Doctor?”

“Wretch!” retorted I, my eyes flashing fire, and my whole frame quivering with indignation—“Dare you, indeed, reveal a circumstance

arising from the unparalleled wickedness of your own design—*dare* you allude to an antidote motivated by your surreptitious recourse—to *poison*? Yes, Lady Worthing, in my own defence, I am compelled to denounce your grandson as the premeditated murderer of your helpless favorites!”

Instead of the shriek which I had anticipated, as the echo of this horrific declaration, an involuntary burst of laughter issued from the lips of the Dowager;—*for a single instant, I believed it the fruit of mental aberration!* But the boyish intemperance with which Lord Lancing soon joined in her cackinations, gave rise to a different opinion. “As sure as fate, granny,” he exclaimed, “Dr. I.—fancies that the arsenic you commissioned me to procure for the coachman, to extirpate the rats in the stables, was obtained for this nefarious purpose.”

It was now *my* turn to utter a shriek of amazement and delight. “Come to my arms, much injured youth,” I began. But it was no moment for explanations; the condition of the pugs was peremptory; and it was not till I had removed them to the housekeeper’s room, and ministered to their ailments, that I ventured to return with a view of making my peace with my patroness. At first Lady Worthing, morbidly tenacious of her grandson’s reputation, was inflexible to my exculpations. “To suspect a scion of her noble house of such criminality was an outrage against herself.” Even Lord Lancing pleaded my cause as coherently as frequent peals of laughter would permit: but at length hearing little Bobtail scratch in convalescence at the door, I seized him in my arms, and bade him put up his innocent paws in my behalf, even as the youthful Dauphin of France was taught to intercede for Marie-Antoinette with the Parisian populace! This little *ruse* was successful; my excess of zeal was first pardoned, and at length commended. From that hour I date the overflowing patronage of the Dowager, and my own fortunes. *Within a year, I became master of a chariot—and a wife!*

The above anecdote must convince my readers that candor is the amiable weakness of my character—that I am no less prompt in acknowledging a blunder than in making one; I may therefore venture, without incurring the charge of a preposterous vanity, to put forth an instance in which my professional acumen was the means of restoring an estimable individual to society—and to himself!

It has often occurred to me as a lamentable evidence of human egotism, that we appropriate to our use the various products of national commerce, without bestowing the slightest interest on the means by which they have been snatched, as it were, from distant tropics, and wafted, so to say, to our feet. We give not a thought to the perils of land and sea encountered for their conveyance to our favored clime, nor a tear to the waste of human life and human health braved in their culture or their manufacture; sweetening our Bohea, without reflection on the terrors of yellow fever; ensconcing our superfine blue coat, without dreaming of indigo and the liver complaint; swallowing our mutton-broth, careless of the magnified spleen of the rice-grower; and inhaling the spicy breath of “the crackling berry’s juice,” without one sympathising pang for the jaundiced complexion and disordered organization of the original planter! We of the medical profession, see these things in a different light. The arrival of an Occidental or Oriental fleet, laden with cargoes of colonial produce and colonial martyrs, serves at once to stir up our juleps and our feelings;

we feel the throbbing pulse till our hearts beat responsive ; we gaze on the bilious cheek till sugar loses half its sweetness to our palate.

One of my most esteemed patients is a gentleman whom I shall designate as Mr. Sangaree, formerly an eminent contractor for camels in the Honorable East India Company's service, and a grower of indigo in his own ; who, having returned to the place of his nativity with an income of some thousands per annum, and a spleen emulating the dimensions of a Stilton cheese, was by my humble endeavors restored to comparative health. Mr. Sangaree, soon after his convalescence, became proprietor of a splendid villa at Wandsworth ;—a mansion rivaling the glories of Chatsworth, and standing on a lawn resembling a few hundred yards of green baize. For some time, he appeared a happy man ; but no sooner had he gone the round of house-warming dinners, and discovered that he had not a single neighbor capable of encountering Mulligatawney, the refrigeration of a Punkah, or the elaborate edition of his interview with Sing Gong Futty Bothr All, Rajah of Banyshandan, than poor Sangaree grew hypped and fractious. I prescribed Cheltenham—I proposed Brighton ;—talked of a tour, and listened to three consecutive recitals of the Banyshandanian audience ; but was obliged to take up my leave and my fee without the restoration of my patient to health or temper.

Some days after my visit, I was startled at my frugal meal—some hashed mutton, most appetizingly prepared by the hand of my fair partner, and a pint of port simmered before the parlor-fire by the officious hand of my medical partner—when Sangaree's chariot drew up to my door ; and his confidential housekeeper, a Mrs. Phibbs, who resembled a native dragoon in a dimity gown, stepped out, and stepped in.

" Oh ! Doctor," cried she, flourishing a pocket-handkerchief like the mainsail of a man-of-war, " my poor dear master !—you must instantly accompany me back to Wandsworth."

Insensibly I glanced towards the hashed mutton—" You shall dine like a nabob at the willa," cried she, with a look of contempt at its unctuous opacities ; " but not a moment is to be lost ;" and she touched her forehead so significantly, that I immediately adjourned to my shop and provided myself with implements of phlebotomy, and that crooked vest which is called a strait-waistcoat. In half an hour we were at Wandsworth ; and it was fortunate for me that during my suburban journey my Brobdignagian companion had prepared me for the spectacle which was about to meet my eyes ; for on entering the gorgeous dressing-room of my patient, I found him seated on a brocaded sofa, with a black Bandana handkerchief disposed like a cravat between his upper lip and the tip of his singularly-elongated nose ; while vast patches of rappee smeared his protuberant chin, to the extremity of which he occasionally applied a bottle of volatile salts.

" Ah ! Doctor," faltered he, in a tone of decided hypochondriacism, " it is all over with your poor friend !—lost to society, Sir !—banished from the fellowship of mankind !—a match for the satyr of the woods at the King's Mews, or Lord Horsephizz at the King's levee !"

" My dear Sangaree," I replied, in a soothing voice, accepting a seat by his side, " what is the meaning of all this ?—whence arises this hideous transformation ?"

" You see it then ?" said he, lowering his tone to the thrilling whis-

per of maniacal affection. "Ah! Doctor, the servile wretches by whom I am surrounded pretend that I delude myself—that my features remain in *statu quo*, and that my understanding alone is disordered!—But you, my estimable friend, are a sensible man;—and to you I may fearlessly reveal the secret of this mysterious catastrophe.—Doctor, prepare yourself for a tale of terror!"

I assumed an air of respectful attention; on which my infatuated patient applied his pocket-handkerchief sonorously to his chin; having wiped that arid feature with the diligence we commonly bestow on its nasal concomitant, resumed his narration.

"Last evening, Doctor, being, as usual, alone—(for that ass, our Curate, having quarreled with my assertion, that the Hindû God Siva is the Oriental Isaiah, no longer drops in at tea)—I attempted to pass away my time till supper by reading a strange farrago of absurdities, called "Frankenstein;" after which, I found my curried rabbits, kibobed turkey, and capon marinated with mango-juice, extremely refreshing. My claret was well saltpetred—my sangrorum inimitable; and, lost in reflections on the romantic tale I had been perusing, I forgot to order the dishes to be removed.—Fatal forgetfulness!—horrible oblivion!—Had not my rascals waited till I rang my bell, the frightful crisis would have been anticipated."—He paused, and blew his chin, while I managed to preserve an imperturbable gravity.

"On a sudden, Doctor, the osseous fragments on my plate, and the dismembered limbs of the poultry still lingering on the dishes, became instinct with horrific animation. The legs of the rabbits united in preternatural collision with the carcass of the capon—the turkey rose on its drum-sticks—human faces intellectualized the superficies of two mealy potatoes, and surmounted the grisly spectres;—which now stalked from the table and seated themselves beside me!—Oh!—Doctor, Doctor!"

"A drunken dream," thought I; but I remained as dumb as a dormouse.

"The turkey, Doctor, was the first to speak. 'Sangaree!' said it, in a sepulchral voice, like that of Macready in a catarrh; 'Sangaree! behold in me the renowned John Company, and the lady opposite is my wife.'—Oh! Doctor, my very blood seemed saltpetred by this announcement!—'Sangaree,' said *the thing*, perceiving my trepidation, 'in thy last contract for cameling my campaign with the Rajah of Seninavadavad, one hundred spavined beasts disgraced thy bargain; fifty died of the glanders, and a score were foundered before they reached the first field!—By the honor of John Company, thou shalt pay the piper!'—At this terrible announcement, I felt in my breeches pocket for my purse, meaning to tender it as a *douceur* to the Begum; but Mrs. Company grinned a horrible grin in my face, disclosing a row of patent mineral teeth. 'Wretch!' cried John, his long, lank throat reddening as it might have done in its pristine turkeydom, 'dost thou insult our consort?'—and extending his ornithologic claw, he seized me by the nose, and tweaked it into *vice versarius* juxta-position with my innocent chin!—Oh! Doctor, the shriek with which I received this visual infliction dispelled the charm!—The spectres vanished! my varlets rushed in, and found me lying senseless under the table!—But, alas! on my restoration to consciousness, the truth of the apparition was painfully authenticated by the substitution of my chin for my nose—my nose for my chin!"

"I see it, my dear friend, I see it!" cried I, seizing him affectionately by the hand. "But do not despair;—John and Mrs. Company have frequently visited my patients, leaving evidence of their malignant magic, and I am fully prepared with a counter-charm; resign yourself without apprehension to my hands." At this moment the door burst open, and his four domestics, arrayed according to my preconcertment with Mrs. Phibbs in Eastern costumes, borrowed from one of his old trunks, made a sort of fantastic entry like the personages of one of Molière's burlesque *entr'actes*. At a signal from my hand, two of them advanced towards him and closely pinioned his arms; a third unbound the Bandana handkerchief from his pseudo chin; and the fourth, after violently lathering his nose with Naples soap, produced a blunt razor, and shaved that unresisting feature, even to excoriation; while the whole four chanted a quartette of mysterious adjurations.

At first poor Sangaree raved and swore, resisted and threatened; and replied to my inquiries, whether he found his features afford any promise of dislodgement, by a torrent of invective. At every fresh latheration, however, his fury became weakened by physical irritation; and at length, when his nose had been reduced to the condition of St. Bartholomew's, and he felt the jagged razor approaching it for the eleventh time, he cried out that "the spell was broke, and that his chin now formed the extreme Cape Matapan of his visage!"

He had literally been flayed into rationality! Never did I behold him more cheerfully himself than when he signed me a cheque on his banker, and dismissed me for the night;—and if indeed my friend Sangaree has experienced any relapse of hypochondriacism, he has at least taken precautions that the intelligence should never reach Conduit-street.

THE SISTERS.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

We grew together,
Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart:
And will you rend our ancient love asunder?
Midsummer Night's Dream.

"I go, sweet sister! yet my love would linger with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain:
Take then the braid of Eastern pearl, that once I loved to wear,
And with it bind, for festal scenes, the dark waves of thy hair;
Its pale, pure brightness will bescem those raven tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in the lone convent-cell."

"Oh! sister, sister! wherefore thus?—why part from kindred love?
Through festal scenes, when thou art gone, my step no more shall move.
How could I bear a lonely heart amidst a reckless throng?
I should but miss Earth's dearest voice in every tone of song!
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearl! or let me proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine!"

" Oh ! wouldst thou seek a wounded bird from shelter to detain ?
 Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed, to weary life again ?
 Sweet sister ! take the golden cross that I have worn so long,
 And bathed with many a burning tear for secret woe and wrong !
 It could not still *my* beating heart—but may it be a sign
 Of Peace and Hope, my gentle one ! when meekly press'd to thine ! "

" Take back, take back the cross of gold ! our mother's gift to thee—
 It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be ;
 With funeral splendor to mine eyes it would but sadly shine,
 And tell of early treasure lost, of joy no longer mine !
 Oh ! sister ! if thy heart be thus with voiceless grief oppress'd,
 Where couldst thou pour it forth so well as on my faithful breast ? "

" Urge me no more !—a blight hath fall'n upon mine alter'd years,
 I should but darken *thy* young life with sleepless pangs and fears !
 But take, at least, the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,
 And sometimes from the silvery strings one tone of memory wake !
 Sing to those chords, in starlight hours, our own sweet Vesper-hymn,
 And think that I, too, chaunt it then, far in my cloister dim ! "

" Yes ! I *will* take the silvery lute, and I will sing to thee
 A song we heard in childhood's days, even from our father's knee !
 Oh ! listen, listen ! are those notes amidst forgotten things ?
 Do they not linger, as in love, on the familiar strings ?
 Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain ?
 —Kind sister, gentlest Leonor ! say, shall it plead in vain ? "

SONG.

" Leave us not, leave us not !
 Say not adieu !
 Have we not been to thee
 Tender and true ?

" Take not thy sunny smile
 Far from our hearth !
 With that sweet light will fade
 Summer and Mirth.

" Leave us not, leave us not !
 Can thy heart roam ?
 Wilt thou not pine to hear
 Voices from Home ?

" Too sad our love would be,
 If thou wert gone !
 Turn to us, leave us not !
 Thou art our own ! "

" Oh sister ! thou hast won me back !—too many fond thoughts lie
 In every soft, spring-breathing tone of that old melody !
 I cannot, cannot leave thee now ! even though my grief should fall
 As a shadow o'er the pageantries that crowd our ancient hall !
 But take me, clasp me to thine arms—I will not mourn my lot,
 Whilst love like thine remains on earth—I leave, I leave thee not ! "

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—About three years since, after a short residence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil, in order to visit from thence the celebrated mountains of Quito. On arriving at Guayaquil, I found there two travellers, who were preparing to take the same route. These were Captain Wharton, an English naval officer ; and a young midshipman, named Lincoln. The frigate which Wharton commanded had suffered considerably in her voyage through the South Seas ; and as it was now undergoing the necessary repairs, Wharton resolved to devote some of his leisure time to visiting the forests and mountains of Quito. It was quickly agreed that we should make the journey together. I found Wharton a frank and open-hearted man ; and his young favorite, Lincoln, a youth of eighteen, had a handsome sun-burnt countenance, with an expression of determined bravery.

We set out on a fine clear morning, attended by my huntsman, Frank, and two Indians, as guides. On beginning to ascend the mountain, the scenery became more enchanting at every step. The mighty Andes, like a vast amphitheatre, covered to their summits with gigantic forests, towered aloft ; the snow-crested Chimborazo reared its proud front ; the terrific Cotopaxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame ; and innumerable other mountains, branching from the far-spreading Cordilleras, faded away in the distance. With an involuntary shudder, I entered the narrow path that leads into the magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from branch to branch ; the paroquets chattered incessantly ; and the eagles, from amidst the tall cypresses where they had built their nests, sent down a wild cry. The farther we advanced, new objects presented themselves on every side : the stately palms, with their broad sword-like leaves ; the singular soap-tree ; the splendid mongolia ; the tall wax-tree, and the evergreen oak, reared themselves proudly over the orange groves, with whose fragrance was blended the aromatic perfume of the vanilla.

Towards evening, our guides began to quicken their pace, and we hastened after them. In a short time, they uttered a shout of joy, of which we quickly discovered the cause. By the light of a large fire, which was kindled in an open space of the forest, we descried a little Indian village, consisting of several huts erected on trunks of trees, and to which were appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who was employed in replenishing the fire, answered the cry of our guides in a similar tone ; and, after a short conference, we were conducted into one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning, we again resumed our way through the deep shade of the forest, and in due time stopped to enjoy a repast under a broad-leaved palm. Suddenly, one of the Indians motioned us to be silent, and bending his ear to the ground, appeared to be listening to some sound, which, however, was unheard by us. We paused, and attentively watched his motions. In a few minutes he arose, and beckoned us to follow him into the forest : he stopped often, and laid his ear to the ground, and shortly after we heard a female voice shrieking for help. We hurried on ; with difficulty restraining our young midshipman from advancing before the rest of the party ; and had proceeded but a short way, when the shriek was repeated close beside us. We stopped on a motion from our guides, who, parting gently the

intervening boughs, gave to view a scene which caused us hastily to grasp our arms.

In an open space blazed a large fire, round which were seated several men in tattered uniforms : they were armed, and appeared to be holding a consultation regarding a beautiful Indian girl, who was bound with cords to a tree. The Indians prepared their bows and arrows ; but we beckoned them to desist, until we gave the signal for attack. On the termination of the conference, one of the men approached the girl, and said, "So, you will not conduct us to your village?"—"No," answered the young Indian, firmly, but sobbing.—"Good child!" he replied, with a scornful laugh, "so you will not be persuaded to lead us to your hut?"—"No," she again replied. "We shall see how long the bird will sing to this tune;"—and with these words, the ruffian snatched a brand from the fire, and again approached her. We hastened to get ready our guns ; but the impetuosity of Lincoln could not be restrained, and casting his from him, he sprang forward just as the brand had touched the shoulder of the girl, and struck the villain lifeless to the earth. At the same instant, the Indian arrows whistled through the air, and wounded two of the others, but not, it appeared, dangerously, as they fled with their terrified comrades.

Our midshipman, meanwhile, had unbound the girl, who, the instant she was free, knelt before him, and poured out her gratitude in the most impassioned language. We learned that her name was Yanna, and that her parents dwelt in a village in one of the deepest recesses of the forest—that she had left home early in the morning to gather cocoa—and that, having strayed too far, she had suddenly found herself surrounded by the ruffians from whom we had just rescued her, and who had endeavored, by threats and violence, to force her to guide them to the village. We could not withstand her prayers to accompany her home. There we were quickly surrounded by the Indians, whom we found to possess an almost European fairness of complexion. Yanna immediately ran up to her parents, who were chiefs of the tribe, and spoke to them with animation, using all the while the most impressive gestures. As soon as she had finished her narrative, her parents hastened forward, and kneeling before us, kissed our hands with expressions of the deepest gratitude ; and the whole of the tribe knelt along with them, pouring forth mingled thanks and blessings. Then on a sudden they started up, and seizing us, they bore us in triumph to the hut of the chief, where we were treated with the utmost hospitality. Wharton smiled to me as he remarked, that our young midshipman and Yanna had disappeared together. Shortly after, Yanna returned, holding Lincoln with one hand, and carrying in the other a chaplet of flowers, which she immediately placed on his head. On the following morning we again set out, and as we parted, the beautiful eyes of Yanna were filled with tears.

On leaving the village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base ; but its snowy head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gradually gathering round it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain ; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel-work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were traveling rushed down with still greater impetu-

osity ; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents, along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and so violently, that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes. Then came the lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath—every where a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned ; he had discovered a spacious cavern. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar-trees were struck down, or bent like reeds ; monkeys and parrots lay strewn upon the ground, killed by the falling branches ; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain-stream. When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us ; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously ; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise ; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, " Good God ! we have come into the den of —— " He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, crying out, " A tiger ! "—and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession ; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength ; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing

eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury, upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place ; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him !" said Wharton, with his usual calmness ; "aim at his eyes ; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barreled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment ; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang, growling, from the entrance ; but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet ; they, therefore, proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave ; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton ; "we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter." *

So saying, he placed himself close behind the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore ; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning ; and the tiger, who heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once ; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree and tore it with his claws. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. He had strangled the two cubs ; and before we were aware of his intention, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that

they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I censured my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of the action, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers that he also had lost all hope of rescue, and with it all sense of the ties between master and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of birds in the neighboring forest, and the sun was streaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look round, as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased.* We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head—"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for that the tigers had gone round the height, possibly to seek another inlet to the cave. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barreled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the examples of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians,

who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprung up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon the firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance—she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion,—he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Maddened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of his blow: he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon anything to save himself—but in vain. For an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it, to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror—then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb. It was

now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch ; but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's bed and listened to his deep breathing. It became more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to repass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immoveable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination ; and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy ; the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief when they learnt poor Lincoln's fate. Yanna burst into tears ; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body. I remained with my wounded friend ; he still lay insensible to everything around him. Sleep at length overpowered me. Towards morning, a song of lamentation and mourning aroused me—it was from the Indians, who were returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was weeping beside it. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon tigers' skins, which they had strewed with green boughs ; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe. Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long black hair—an offering upon the grave of him who, it is possible, had first awakened the feelings of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved ; he raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner ; it was deadly pale, and seemed to be turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him. "All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued fixed upon the same spot ; "there it stands !"—and he fell back and expired.

ON LAUGHTER.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—To laugh is the privilege of man. It is beyond comparison the most valuable right that he can boast of. It is, moreover, peculiar to himself. No animal but he (for we do not admit our friend, the hyæna, to be an exception,) can achieve a cachinnation. None but himself can be his parallel—none but himself can "give his cheeks a holiday," in this innocent, admirable, and obstreperous fashion. We think too little of laughter ; and far too little of those who make us laugh. They are our greatest benefactors. What is Magna Charta ? or the Habeas Corpus ? or universal suffrage—(a thing to be exercised once in three or seven years—a poor right to send "a Burgess" to parliament for the independent borough of Bribe'em) to this ? Why *this* may be exercised every day—every hour—nay, we may split our sides upon every occasion, or no occasion, ten times a minute,—and who shall say us nay ? Let us look into this

matter a little. We owe a huge debt (on judgment, as the lawyers say) to comic authors, and we seem a little backward to pay it. Yet it undoubtedly ought to be paid; if with nothing else, at least with gratitude.

All wise men, and men of experience, concur with us in admitting the utility and beauty of laughter. What say Hunter and Harvey,—Baillie and Cheselden :—"When the cachinnatory muscles are duly called into action, these morbid symptoms naturally disappear," &c.—(*Hunter on the Nerves*, p. 343.) "When the regions about the thorax and lungs are stimulated by laughter, the system resumes, &c., and the arterial vessels perform their functions with ease," &c.—(*Harvey on the Blood*, p. 119, 131.) "When the surface of the cutis is thus abraded, and the eschar formed, nothing dissipates the serum which in those cases forms below the skin, so rapidly or effectually, as that involuntary convulsion of the system, which is vulgarly called laughter or cachinnation," &c.—(*Cheselden's Works*, vol. ii. p. 17.)—We could multiply our quotations to an incredible extent, were it necessary.

But it is *not* necessary. Laughter (like rum amongst the Indians,) needs only to be known, in order to be loved. It is a sort of maxim or axiom in nature, which carries conviction with it. It is self-evident. We hear, laugh, and are satisfied : that is all.

Some foolish people, indeed, imagine that laughing is a crime. They are told so by people more foolish than themselves; and upon the strength of this erroneous lesson they grow more lugubrious every day. But these are only the shakers, the ranters, the quaverers, the jumpers, and various other sects or species. In all that regards common sense, or rational amusement, they must be left out of calculation. Others, again, object to laughing, from mere vanity : as for instance, the solemn coxcomb fresh from Oxford; the young parson in his first surplice; the bran-new barrister, guiltless of a brief; the poet who has never published; and the numberless number of simpletons and pretenders, young and old, who utter an infinite quantity of nothing, and entrench themselves behind the squares of gravity, because they have no other defence against the wiser portion of the world's contempt. To laugh is to grow wise—it is to become agreeable. Give us a laugh—nay, a grin, as broad as broad Scotch—or anything else that is broadest of the broad—a thing, in short, of infinite latitude, and in which the longitude cannot be found. We have a great liking for laughter, and we do not care who knows it; and our respect for the *creators* of laughter is absolutely immeasurable.

There is a good story, (in the *Mirror*, or *Lounger*, or *Connoisseur*, we forget which,) of a man, who dismisses all the common notions of respect from his mind; and in lieu of prostrating himself before wealth or rank, bows with the utmost humility before his superiors in *health*. He turns his back upon a paralytic duke, but bends his periwig to the dust before a peasant or artificer who has cheeks as ruddy as the morning, or sinews that complete with Hercules! And this is, after all, not so absurd. For, if we are to worship men only because they have the greatest power of enjoyment in their reach, it matters little to us from what source it be derived—from an overgrown fortune or a gigantic form; from the three per cent consols or a rosy face; from a good constitution or a lordly name! It is, perhaps, partly on this account, (from the idea that the movers of laughter must also be the persons who enjoy it the most,) that we entertain such respect for the sons of

MOMUS. Our *gratitude*, however, depends of course upon another cause,—the pleasure which they yield and have for many a year yielded to ourselves. What ! shall we forget Hogarth, and Gillray, and Bunbury, and Cruikshank ? (we mean Cruikshank the illustrious, GEORGE—the first of that name—not Robert)—Do we owe nothing to the *Marriage à la Mode* ? to the *Harlot's Progress* ? the *Rake's Progress* ?—to *Gin Lane* ? to *Morning, Noon, and Night* ? to the *March to Finchley* ? Shall we wipe out Gillray and his political jokes from our memory ? Bunbury and his caricatures, (*Pistol eating his leeks, &c.*) ? Shall we—but we *cannot* if we would, for he stares at us from every window—shall we discard from our recollection the inimitable George Cruikshank, who has so often and in so many ways moved our muscles into mirth ? We cannot be so base or so thankless to Nature—to roaring, ranting, laughing, riotous Nature—as to forget these things, or grow solemn or supercilious without strong occasion.

It must be now somewhat more than thirty years since we first went to Covent Garden, (old Covent Garden,) and had the starch taken out of our face by the irresistible genius of Munden. We were wise in the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, and deep in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, but such a metamorphosis as we then saw we had never contemplated. We scarcely knew that laughter was in us till then. But *then*—how rapidly it came out and showed itself ! Shaking sides, unheard of sounds, (rising from the chuckle to the giggle, from the giggle to the irrepressible roar,) sighs, sobs, (from over exertion,) twitches of the muscles, twinkling eyes, running over with tears—these were the symptoms by which the spirit of Momus first showed its presence within us ; and we have loved him too well, ever to discard or despise him since. Then, what infinite jest lay hid in the visage of old Grimaldi !

Within the hollow orb of a small eye
A world of laughter.

There he was—the second Joe—(Munden being the first)—with his painted cheeks, and restless dancing legs—the toes turned in, and showing the enormous scarlet clocks on his stockings—a picture for Sir Joshua ! Who ever stole fish—or kissed a chambermaid—or knocked his head against a butcher's tray—or drank small beer—or grew sea-sick—with half the gusto of Joe Grimaldi ? No one. He was without an equal ; nay, he was without a *like*—a phoenix of pantomime ; and his name was *Solus* ! There were others who looked like him, (jays in peacocks' feathers) ; there were and are many more active, more noisy than he ; but who so rich in fun—so bubbling over with humor ? Who ever looked a joke like him ?

Angulus ille ridet.

He gazed askant at you (or at some one else) and drew the laugh from you as certainly as the sun strips the cloak from the back of the roasted traveller. We laughed, and we laugh still, at his infinite grimace—his “most excellent fancy.” We honor him, and we honor old Joe Munden ; and, despite the gout of the one, and the chronic rheumatism of the other, we shall never cease to do so. The FACE of Liston, which closes this gay “eventful history,” is alone worthy to succeed these eminent persons. When that broad disk of comic light is clouded and closed forever, perhaps we may turn to gravity, but not before. Yet, no ; we shall rally even then. The playhouse is not the only place

for merriment. We have books and authors enough still to drive the devil Care away from us ; and, what is best, they will leave their works (our springs of laughter) behind them.

Mrs. Jones, the fair historian of *The Parish Revolution*, must also be reckoned as a sister of the same family. This last mentioned piece of humor is undoubtedly the brightest part of Hood's last *Comic Annual*. It is so good, indeed, that we shall take the liberty of transplanting a considerable portion of it into our Magazine, in order that it may flourish in eternal youth, in eternal beauty. We shall preserve it, in the amber of our pages, for the antiquarians and classics of 1990.

After a series of paragraphs, manufactured after the most approved models, and announcing—"alarming news"—"further particulars"—"further, further particulars;" "another account"—"from another quarter"—"a later account;"—after fresh intelligence which comes pouring in at every turn—at "11"—at "12"—at " $\frac{1}{4}$ past 12"—" $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12"—"one"—"two"—" $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3"—"4 o'clock;"—after private letters—and articles—and preliminaries, amongst the belligerent parties of Stoge Pogis,—BRIDGET JONES—the matchless and never-to-be-forgotten Bridget Jones, takes up the goose-quill and begins. The following account was obtained by Mr. Hood, as we understand, from the state paper office, just after Mr. — (we forget who) discovered the MS. of Milton. It is in every way worthy to be handed down to posterity in company with the well-known essay of our great poet.

"The Narrowtivr of a High Whitness who seed every Think proceed out of a Back-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs. Humphris.

"O Mrs. Humphris! Littel did I Dram, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole Parrish is throne into a pannikin! The Revelations has reeched Stock Poggis—and the people is riz agin the Kings rain, and all the Pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs. Griggs and Me as bean siting abscondingly at the tip-top of the Hows crying for lowness. We have lockd our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is like the French Plot—sum say sum thing moor arter the Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown Holland brum gals!

"Our Winder overlocks all the High Street, xcept jest ware Mister Higgins jutts out Behind. What a prospectus!—All riotism and hubbub—Their is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own long winders—Poor Man!—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shews!

"I hobserve Mr. Tuder's bauld Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mister Wagstaff the Constable, considering his rummatiz has onely left one Harm disaffected to show his loyalness with. He and his men air staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ringleders But as yet hav Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Naybers or Gyes, is dubbious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ants Shuters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trow-sirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like Axle trees, for our Hone nevvies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they sliped out. With sich Broils in the Street who nose what Scraps they may git into.

Mr. J. is gon off with his muskitry to militate agin the mobb; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Onely think, Mrs. H. of too Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifervescence, and as Hignorant as the unbogotted Babe of the state of our Husbandry! To had to our Convexity, the Botcher has not Bean. No moor as the Backer and We shold here Nothing if Mister Higgins hadn't hollowed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes! That wicked Wigsby as refused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Scollard! Is'nt that a bad Herring!

"O Mrs. Humphris! It is impossible to throe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Huzbinds—nothing is herd but childerin looking for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Undertacker as jist bean squibed and obligated for safeness to inter his own Hows. Mister Higgins blames the unflexible Stubbleness of the Mare and says a littel timely Concussion wood have been of Preventive Servis. Haven nose! For my Part I dont believe all the Concussion on Haerth wood hav prevented the Regolater bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—or that it could unshatter Pore Master Gollop, or squentch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flamming and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, but cold not Play for want of Pips which is too often the Case with Parrish inginuity. Wile affaies are in these friteful Posturs, thank Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his hone saving was onely thro leaving His retrenchments.

"Pore Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Severil Shells of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as bean Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says their is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongers has Cotchd and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothink can save the Dwellins ad-journing. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J and I to beee that our hone Premiss and property is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The Turrit of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry plainly only it stands!

"The noise is enuf to Drive one deleterious! Too Specious Cone-stables is persewing littel Tidmarsh down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I trembel for the Pelisse. Peple drops in with New News every momentum. Sum say All is Lost—and the Town Crier is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five littel Boys is throwd off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blast-ed by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may suppose how these flying rummers Upsetts a Mothers Sperrits.

"O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the raging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispo-

tic Govinment in such sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Padington. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in ! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removed in a Minuet—and the verry effigis of wat is venerablest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is emty. The Mare as gon off clandestiny with a pare of Hossis, and without his dinner. They say he complanes that his Corperation did no stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a case I dont wunder he lost his Stommich. Yisterdy he was at the summut of Pour. Them that hours ago ware enjoying parrish officiousness has been turned out of there Dignittis ! Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial Authoritis will be Wigs.

“ Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Minestir think of Stock Poggis’s constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most frendly and trully

“ BRIDGET JONES.”

At the conclusion of a rambling article like this, it would be neither fit nor agreeable to examine very gravely into the causes or uses of laughter. Those who are desirous of doing this, should buy a pleasant little book entitled, *Thoughts on Laughter*, by a Chancery Barrister ; in which the “ general and particular causes ” are inquired into and illustrated by a variety of humorous anecdotes, and in which the “ uses ” of laughter are not forgotten. In the mean time, if we may express our opinion, we think that the great use and object of laughing is that we may enjoy ourselves, and communicate enjoyment to others. Laughter is a healthy exercise. It shakes the system, disperses the morbid humors, extinguishes envy, annihilates the spleen, puts the blue devils to flight, and spreads summer and sunshine, and cordiality, wherever it appears. To “ laugh and grow wise,” to “ laugh and grow fat,” are little more than synonyms. To all, therefore, who do not wish to remain in ignorance,—to all who do not wish they were “ a little thinner,” we recommend a loud, a hearty, a continuous roar. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, was one of the wisest of men. He lived laughing for a hundred years, and then died unlamenting. What misanthrope or Megrim of modern times can do as much ? Are all the grim affectations of *Childe Harolde* worth an ounce of laughter ? Not a grain ! They do good to no one. They are “ entertainment ” neither “ for man nor beast.” They make us lean, stupid, ungrateful. Shakspeare was the merriest of men ; and he was the wisest. He laughed when he held the gallant’s horses at the playhouse door, and saw them so “ trimly dressed,” and “ perfumed like milliners.” He laughed with Falstaff, (“ old Jack Falstaff !”) with Mercutio, with Biron, with Beatrice, with Rosalind, with Benedict. He laughed at Pistol’s swaggering, at the red nose of Bardolph, at the gabble of Justice Shallow, at Slander, and Glendower, and Malvolio ; at Froth, and Francis, and Bottom, and Wart, and Mouldy, and a hundred others. Nay, doubtless, he laughed also when he had finished *Lear*,—(that mighty tragedy, to which alone there is no rival in letters,) and thought—and *knew* that he had achieved a thing, of which past ages could afford no parallel, and which future times must struggle in vain to excel.

Great men and wise men have loved laughter. The vain, the ignorant, and the uncivilized, alone have dreaded or despised it. Let us imitate the wise where we may. Let our Christmas laugh echo till

Valentine's day ; our laugh of Saint Valentine till the first of April ; our April humor till May-day, and our May merriment till Midsummer. And so let us go on, from holiday to holiday, philosophers in laughter at least, till, at the expiration of our century, we die the death of old Democritus, cheerful, hopeful, and contented : surrounded by many a friend, but without an enemy ; and remembered principally because we have never, either in life or death, given pain for a moment to any one that lived !

FATE OF HENRY HUDSON.

[IMPERIAL MAGAZINE.]—Among the numerous adventurers who have distinguished themselves in the dangerous field of maritime enterprise, Henry Hudson will always hold an exalted rank. The straits and bay which he discovered on the northern coast of America, having received his name, cannot fail to transmit it to the latest posterity. But while we admire his intrepidity, and pay a tribute of respect to the memory of an able, a successful, but an unfortunate navigator, it must always be accompanied with indignant feelings at the baseness of his crew, through whose inhumanity he was doomed to perish. Of this sorrowful narrative, we extract the following from the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

"The expanse thus discovered by Hudson was the great inland sea, called from him Hudson's Bay ; and it was a grand discovery, though not exactly what he imagined. The 3d of August was now arrived, a season at which the boldest of northern navigators had been accustomed to think of returning. Little inclined to such a course, he continued to sail along the coast on the left, which must have appeared to him the western boundary of America ; hoping probably before the close of autumn to reach some cultivated and temperate shore, where he might take up his winter-quarters. The shores along this bay, however, though not in a very high latitude, are subject to a climate the most rigorous and inclement. Entangled in the gulfs and capes of an unknown coast, struggling with mist and storm, and ill seconded by a discontented crew, he spent three months without reaching any comfortable haven. It was now the first of November, the ice was closing in on all sides, and nothing remained but to meet the cheerless winter, which had actually begun. The sailors were too late of attempting to erect a wooden house ; yet the cold, though severe, does not seem to have reached any perilous height. Their chief alarm respected provisions, of which they had brought only a six months' supply, and consequently had now only a small remnant left. Hudson took active measures to relieve this want. He carefully husbanded the original stock, and propounded a reward to whoever should kill beast, fish, or bird ; and 'Providence dealt mercifully, in sending such a supply of white partridges, that in three months they killed a hundred dozen.' In spring these birds disappeared, but were succeeded by flocks of geese, swans, ducks, and teal, not denizens of the spot, but on their flight from south to north. When these were passed, the air no longer yielded a supply, but the sea began to open, and having on the first day taken five hundred fishes of tolerable size, they conceived good hopes ; but this success did not continue. Being reduced to great extremity, they searched the woods for moss, which they compare, however, to pounded timber ; they ate even frogs. The commander undertook an excursion

sion with a view to open an intercourse with the natives, but they fled, setting fire even to the woods behind them. Parley was obtained with one, who was loaded with gifts, yet he never returned. Discontents arose as to the distribution of the small remaining portion of bread and cheese, to allay which the captain made a general and equal partition of the whole. This was a bad measure among such a crew, many of whom knew not how 'to govern their share,' but greedily devoured it as long as it lasted. One man even ate the whole in a day, and brought on a dangerous surfeit. Their distress becoming thus greater than ever, soon brought on a most fatal crisis.

"Hudson, as may be observed, had from the first to struggle with an unprincipled, ill-tempered crew, void of any concern for the ultimate success of the voyage. He had probably hoped, as the season should advance, to push southwards, and reach next summer the wealthy regions which he was commissioned to search. The sailors, on the contrary, had fixed their desires on 'the cape where fowls do breed,' the only place where they expected to obtain both present supply and the means of returning to England. Ringleaders were not wanting to head this growing party of malcontents. At the entrance of the bay the captain had displaced Ivet the mate, who had shown strong propensities towards returning, and appointed in his room Bylot, a man of merit, and who had always shown zeal in the general cause. He had also changed the boatswain. But the most deadly blow was struck by Green, a wretch whom, after he had been cast off by all his friends, Hudson, from humanity, had taken on board, and endeavored to reclaim and restore to society. He was possessed of talents which had made him useful, and even a favorite with his superior; and among other discontents, it was reckoned one, that a veil was thrown over several flagrant disorders of which he had been guilty. Yet some hot expressions of Hudson, caused, it is said, by a misunderstanding about the purchase of a grey coat, so acted on the fierce spirit of this ruffian, that, renouncing every tie of gratitude, and all that is sacred among mankind, he became the chief in a conspiracy to seize the vessel and expose the commander to perish.

"After some days' consultation, the time was fixed for the perpetration of this horrible atrocity. On the 21st June, 1611, Green, and Wilson the boatswain, came into Pricket the narrator's cabin, and announced their fatal resolution; adding, that they bore him so much good-will as to wish that he should remain on board. Pricket avers most solemnly, that he exhausted every argument which might induce them to desist from their horrid purpose, beseeching them not to do so foul a thing in the sight of God and man, and which would forever banish them from their native country, their wives and children. Green wildly answered, that they had made up their minds to go through with it or die, and that they would rather be hanged at home than starve here. An attempt was then made to negotiate a delay of three, two, or even one day, but all without effect. Ivet came next, of whom, as being a person of mature age, there seemed more hope; but he was worse than Green, declaring that he would justify in England the deed on which they had resolved. John Thomas and Michael Perse now came in, proving themselves 'birds of a feather,' and Moter and Bennet having followed, an oath was administered to the following tenor:—'You shall swear truth to God, your prince, and country; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God and the good of the action in hand,

and harm to no man.' Pricket complains of the reproach thrown upon him for having taken this oath, the bare terms of which are certainly unexceptionable ; but the dark context by which they were illustrated marks them as containing an implied obligation to remain at least passive on this dreadful occasion. All was now ready, but Pricket persuaded them to delay till daylight the accomplishment of their crime. They agreed, but kept strict watch through the night, and held themselves ready to act at the first appearance of dawn.

"Daybreak approaching, Hudson came out of his cabin, when he was instantly set upon by Thomas, Bennet, and Wilson, who seized him, and bound his hands behind his back ; and on his eagerly asking what they meant, told him he should know when he was in the shallop. Ivet then attacked King the carpenter, known as the commander's most devoted adherent. That brave fellow, having a sword, made a formidable resistance, and would have killed his assailant, had not the latter been speedily reinforced. The mutineers then offered to him the choice of continuing in the ship ; but he absolutely refused to be detained otherwise than by force, and immediately followed his master, whom the conspirators were already letting down the sides of the vessel into the shallop. Then, with a barbarity beyond all example, they called from their beds, and drove into it, not the firm adherents of Hudson, but the sick and infirm sailors who could afford no aid, and whose support would have been burdensome. They threw after them the carpenter's box, with some powder and shot. Scarcely was this transaction completed, when they cut off the boat from the stern, 'out with their topsail,' and set off, flying as from an enemy. Hudson, thus abandoned, was never heard of more ; and this great navigator undoubtedly perished on those remote and desolate shores, though the form or duration of the distress to which he fell a victim must be forever unknown.

"The sailors, as soon as the guilty deed was accomplished, fell upon the ship as on a captured vessel, breaking open every chest, and seizing on every remnant of food which could be discovered. Green, however, who now assumed the command, used some vigor in restoring order. He placed the cabin and provisions under the charge of Pricket, who was afterwards accused of a matter no less than treason,—that of secreting some cakes of bread. As soon as the mutineers had time to reflect, rueful musings began to arise. Even Green admitted that England at this time was no place for them, nor could he contrive any better scheme than to keep the high sea till, by some means or other, they might procure a pardon under his majesty's hand and seal. The vessel was now embayed, and detained for a fortnight amid fields of ice, which extended for miles around it ; and, but for some cocklegrass found on an island, the crew must have perished by famine. Considerable disputes with respect to the steerage arose between Ivet and Bylot, who alone had any pretensions to skill ; but the latter, being justly viewed with the greatest confidence, at length guided them to Cape Digges, the longed-for spot, the breeding-place of fowls, clouds of which accordingly continued still to darken the air. The party immediately landed, spread themselves among the rocks, and began to shoot. While the boat was on shore, they saw seven canoes rowing towards them, whereupon 'they prepared themselves for all assays.' However, the savages came forward, beating their breasts, dancing and leaping, with every familiar and friendly sign. The utmost inti-

macy commenced, the parties went back and forward, showed each other their mode of catching fowls, and made mutual presents and exchanges. In short, these appeared the most kind and simple people in the world, and 'God so blinded Henry Green,' that he viewed them with implicit confidence. One day, amid the height of this intimacy, Pricket, sitting in the boat, suddenly saw a man's leg close to him. Raising up his head, he perceived a savage with a knife uplifted and ready to strike. In attempting to arrest the blow, his hand was cut, and he could not escape three wounds, one in the breast, and one in the right thigh; by which time he got hold of the handle of the knife, and wrenched it from the assassin, whom he then pierced with his dagger in the left side. At the same time a general attack was made on the English crew, dispersed in different quarters. Green and Perse came tumbling down wounded into the boat, which pushed off, while Moter, 'seeing this medley,' leaped into the sea, swam out, and, getting hold of the stern, was pulled in by Perse. Green now cried *coragio*, and he and Perse brandished their weapons with such vigor, that the savages ceased attempting to enter the boat; but they poured in clouds of arrows, one of which struck Green with such force, that he died on the spot, and his body was thrown into the sea. At length the party reached the vessel; but Moter and Wilson died that day, and Perse two days after. Thus perished the chief perpetrators of the late dreadful tragedy, visited by Providence with a fate not less terrible than that which they had inflicted on their illustrious and unfortunate victim.

"The crew, thus deprived of their best hands, were in extreme perplexity, obliged to ply the ship to and fro across the straits, and unable, without the utmost fear and peril, to venture on shore; which yet was absolutely necessary for obtaining provisions to carry them to England. They contrived, during some anxious and unhappy excursions, to collect three hundred birds, which they salted and preserved as the only stock whereupon to attempt the voyage. They suffered, during the passage, the most dreadful extremities of famine, allowing only half a fowl a day to each man, and considering it a luxury to have them fried with candles, of which a weekly distribution was made for that purpose. Ivet, now the sole survivor of the ringleaders in the late dreadful transaction, sunk under these privations. The last fowl was in the steep-tub, and the men were become careless or desperate, when suddenly it pleased God to give them sight of land, which proved to be the north of Ireland. They complain that, on going ashore at Berehaven, they did not meet the sympathy and kindness which they so much needed; however, by mortgaging their vessel, they obtained the means of proceeding to Plymouth."

JOAN OF ARC.—BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

WHAT fairy creature meet I here,
 In history's fields of blood?
 What might, what miracles appear
 In gentle womanhood?
 I pore in grief from page to page;
 I track in wrath a savage age.

Brute strength, brute manners, ignorance rude ;
Base Superstition and her brood ;
Traitors in power—the poor in fear,
And one bright soul—I meet them here !

Can this—can this, in truth, be she
Whom men are wont to style
A thing of devilish gramauge,
Witch, dupe, impostor vile ?
I see a child—I hear her sing
Beside Domremy's forest spring.
Beneath Domremy's haunted tree
She sings her matins holily ;
And to the Virgin-mother bright
Lifts up a face all love and light.

I follow still that lovely child ;
To forest lawns she goes :
Her flocks she watches in the wild
Where pleasant water flows.
A lonely thing, but never sad ;
With fancies sweet her soul is glad.
A thing that loves, but little cares
For all that common childhood shares.
On the warm sward, for hours, she lies,
And looks to heaven with wishful eyes.

But years have vanish'd—and have borne
Away the simple child.
Fair doth she stand !—but why in scorn ?
Whence lit that eye so wild ?
Fierce foes have trod her country down ;
Her young king wears a wavering crown !
“ Help ; help ! or pleasant France must fall ! ”
She hears the great Archangel's call !
To her ! to her ! that cry is sent—
To her ?—so young ?—so impotent ?

Why laugh the grave to hear her plead ?
Why stares the gaping throng ?
If she be weak—and vast the need—
Saves God but by the strong ?
Why stand the wise ones all amazed ?
If that young brain, in truth, be crazed,
Give way !—and let her fight and fall !—
The deed were high—the loss were small :
But whilst she here, beseeching, stands,
Blood ! blood ! doth drench your ruin'd lands !

'Tis done !—in mail, with helm and lance—
With banner waving high,
She rushes on !—the hosts advance,
To save her—or to die !
Heavens ! are the conquerors overthrown ?

Fly they who, nine long years, have known
 But victory sure, and vengeance red ?
 Fight they like men, who, like deer, fled,
 With cowering limbs, and villain fears,
 To woods and dens for nine long years !

On speeds the wondrous maid !—right on !
 Pull down those walls of pride !
 She climbs—they follow—it is won !—
 The city gates fling wide !
 What think the wise who could not save ?
 What think the unavailing brave ?
 For nine long years their heart and hand
 Could rescue not their native land :
 Forth steps a maid—and, at a stroke,
 Their king is saved !—their chains are broke !

Back, gentle creature, to thy fields,
 Thy glorious task is o'er !
 Go, taste the heaven that duty yields :—
 Go, dwell with peace once more !
 Oh, never !—Ask the flower to be
 A bud again upon the tree !
 Ask of that tree to shrink and dwell
 Within the seed's unfolded cell !
 The soul that treads in glory's track,
 May bleed—may die—but goes not back !

Thou wilt not back, though now thy soul
 Sees gathering shadows fall ;
 And feels, as fearfully they roll,
 Truth menace in them all.
 I shrink, in horror and in shame,
 From thy last shrieks in torturing flame :
 Shame that proud knights and warriors bold
 A woman's wrongs could thus behold :
 Shame that fair England's sons could brand
 With deed so base their native land.

“Rouen ! Rouen !—and must I die !
 To-day die here, in thee !”
 That wild and melancholy cry
 Is heard perpetually.
 Forever shall that cry be heard,
 While souls by misery can be stirr'd :
 The horror of that sad appeal,
 Which made even iron bigots feel,
 Thrills yet, those young, and fair, and brave ;
 Thou saviour, whom none deign'd to save.

Let the faint heart thy mission name,
 Delusion deep and strong :
 It brought thee death, but deathless fame ;
 Redeem'd thy country's wrong.

Let them who will descry the mark
Of error vain, delusion dark !—
Sound counsel, sure success were known
To follow thee, and thee alone.
'Twas thine to promise, and fulfil,
Guide, warrior, saint, yet woman still.

Oh ! brightly woman's acts appear
In glory's record shown,
But thou, and thy sublime career,
Forever stand alone.
For trace Time's annals, line by line,
What single deed resembles thine ?
A mighty realm in ruin rent—
Wealth, wisdom, blood, and courage spent—
A simple maid on God did call,
Cheer'd friends—crush'd foes—reconquer'd all !

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK. A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME IN
LONDON.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Dining some time back with a friend, whose house is situated in one of those out-of-the-way courts in the City, where one would hardly think of searching for anything picturesque or beautiful, but which, nevertheless, abound with various rich memorials of the past ; while seated with him at his window, overlooking a small yard containing two mulberry-trees at least a century old, I observed, with no small sorrow, that an old stone wall, the rounded gable of which was pregnant with recollections of the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James, was being removed, in all probability to be succeeded by a piece of modern, uninteresting brick-work. By this removal, however, another morsel of antiquity, which had previously been concealed, was now exposed to view : this consisted of a hovel or shed, built against one of the interior sides of this stone wall, and apparently the remains of some more extensive and important building ; for though, in many places, the large, irregularly-shaped slates had been displaced, or perhaps had fallen away, and been re-placed by modern tiling, still several of the massy stone pillars, supporting strong oaken arches, were remaining, and appeared as though they were the vestiges of a colonnade or cloister, which at some former period had run round the whole interior of the wall. I mentioned this idea to my friend, who concurred with me that it was probably correct.

"By the way," observed he, "the spot which has attracted your observation, I believe even that very shed, was once the scene of a murder, the perpetration and discovery of which were attended by some very singular circumstances."

This information, of course, led to an inquiry on my part ; and that, in its turn, elicited the following Legend of London :—

Towards the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century, or, in plainer English, about the year of grace 1672, there lived in London a very rich, and therefore very respectable merchant, who, having come to the rare resolution that he had made money enough, and having, as he said, no kith or kin, tacked to this said resolution one of

more frequent occurrence, namely, that he would take a wife, to be the superintendent of his household affairs, the sharer of his fortune, the soother of his sorrows, if ever he should have any, and so forth. And to a man of so much importance as was Master Edward Edwards, there were very few obstacles in the way of his accomplishing such a purpose, as he might easily pick and choose among the maidens or widows of his ward, who would all be but too proud of an alliance with so honorable and substantial a citizen. He did not, however, deliberate so long on the matter as might perhaps have been expected, seeing how wide a field he had wherein to exercise his speculations; for at the same time that he informed those friends, whom he chose to consult on the occasion, of his before-named intention, he gave them to understand that his choice had already fallen on Dorothy Langton, the daughter of a poor Goldsmith, and reputed papist, but, nevertheless, a maiden of good fame, seemly bearing, and twenty-six years of age. She was tall, fair, and well made, but with nothing striking about her face that would call for particular description, unless one may advert to—what indeed was no part of her face—an unusual breadth at the back part of her head, behind her ears, which seemed to give her features an appearance of being too small. The lady was, truth to confess, not very much admired in the neighborhood; and, to continue the confession, she was as little liked. She was said by those who knew her best, or rather as it might seem worst, to be of a sullen temper, and yet, withal, violent; and the death of one young man was laid at her door, all the way from the East Indies, whither he had gone in despair, after having been for eleven months her accepted suitor, and then discharged in a fit of peevishness. How far this incident, which happened before she was twenty, might have formed her after character; or how far even her earlier character might have been moulded from the fact of her having been left motherless while yet an infant, and bred up afterwards under the sole care of her father, a harsh and severe man, it is not for me to determine; and much less so how or why Master Edward Edwards came to fix on her as his partner. Master Edwards himself, at the time we are speaking of, was in the very prime and vigor of life—that is, in his own opinion; it may be stated, however, that he was in his five-and-fiftieth year; rather corpulent and very grey: but the former fact he asserted, and not without truth, was a proof of his stoutness: some men, he observed, quite young men too, (that is, younger than himself,) had contracted a bad habit of stooping, which showed their walk through life had not been upright; then, as to his grey hairs, he boasted that they were once the veriest black, but that thought and honorable labor had blanched them; besides, his worst foes could not say he was bald. For the rest, Master Edwards was a man of tolerable parts, as times went, of an easy and good temper, and one who loved to crack his bottle and his joke as well as any man living, either now or then.

For some time, say thirteen months, after the marriage, they lived together in all seeming harmony. I say seeming, of course speaking only of what met the eyes of others; for far be it from me to intrude any unnecessary inquiry into the discomforts or discrepancies (if any such existed) of the domestic circle—a rather small one, to be sure, seeing it consisted of only two individuals, unless, as a third segment thereof, may be reckoned Master Edwards' clerk, a young man, an orphan, of the name of Simon, who had lived with him from his child-

hood. He was a youth of good favor, but did not seem to find it in his mistress's eyes ; or rather, *latterly*, he did not : for at her first coming she had behaved with great kindness to him, while he, on the other hand, always treated her with that distant respect, so becoming in an inferior, but so mortifying to a superior who may happen, for some purpose or other, to wish to be on more familiar terms. After a little time, Mistress Edwards evidently took a great dislike to poor Simon, and by the exercise of a little domestic despotism, she made his home sufficiently uncomfortable. Master Edwards seldom interfered in the matter ; and to do his wife justice, she concealed the alteration she had caused in the lad's comforts, as much as she could from his master ; and if ever he did happen to make any reference to the subject, she was pat with a complaint against Simon for being so often away from the house ; which was no more than truth, as she frequently made it too hot to hold him ; and also that during his absence, he was continually seen to be in very bad company—at which his master would sigh ; and which I am sorry to say was also no less than the truth, and probably the consequence of her harsh treatment. Various little trinkets and other nic-nacs were also said by Mistress Edwards to be from time to time missing—and her lamentations and anger on such subjects were always uttered in Simon's hearing, plentifully interlarded with expressions of wonder, "who the thief could be,"—and assertions, "that such things could not walk off without hands : " whereat her facetious husband never failed to remark, "Yes, deary, they might, if they had feet." And this as regularly put her in a passion, and made her vow that, "for her part, she could not see what use there was in keeping about the house such lazy, loitering, good-for-nothing vagabonds," with various other such ungentle epithets, all of which were quite plainly launched at the unfortunate Simon.

At the end of these thirteen months, Simon, together with several articles of plate, was found missing in real earnest—all mere suspicion on the subject being removed by the following note, which Master Edwards found on his breakfast table :—

"Even in the very commission of a deed of wrong and villany, can I not refrain from bidding you farewell—my kind, mine honored, my loved master!—even while I am doing wrong to you. But I am driven to it, and away from your house, by the cruel and unjust treatment of your wife : beware of her, master of mine, for she is evil. Whither I go, God knows—I care not—nor will He ; for I have abandoned his ways, and broken his commands—but I am forced to it—forced to rob, that I may not starve of hunger—to rob you, to whom I owe everything—but indeed, indeed, I would not so do, knew I not that what I take from you can be little missed, and that if I spoke to you, you would not let me quit your house : and sure I am, that if I did so without means of living, you would sorrow that the child of your fostering—the boy of your rearing—whom you have ever treated more as a son than a servant, should be * * * "

The words that immediately followed were quite illegible, being so blotted, as though the writer had written over drops of water : then followed a short thick dash of the pen—and then in a large and hurried hand, the following :—

"But this is foolish—and fallacy—farewell, Sir,—dear master, farewell :—forgive me—I cannot pray for you—I ask you not to pray for
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me—but do, if you think it will avail me aught—if not, forget me—and oh ! forgive me. I *am* going wrong—good bye.”

The signature was also much blotted, but it could be traced to be, “the thankful orphan, Simon.”

The effect produced by this event was very different, both on Master Edwards and his wife—as well as from what might have been expected : the former, to use a homely word, took on greatly about the matter, was evidently much hurt, became silent and abstracted, and went so far as to shed tears ; a thing which his oldest friends—those who had been his school-fellows—declared they had never known him do in all his life—not even when under the infliction of Doctor Everard's cane—the right-reverend high master of Saint Paul's School, where Master Edwards had learned Latin and peg-top. Mistress Edwards, on the other hand, showed a great share of rejoicing on the occasion, declaring she thought his room cheaply purchased at the loss of the trumpery he had taken with him. That same afternoon, during dinner, she hinted that she had already a young man in her eye, as the successor of Simon ; at which observation, her husband merely sighed, and made no inquiries—and yet he probably had no conception whom his wife had in her eye, though if some of their neighbors had been present, they might, if they had liked it, have helped him to an *inuendo* concerning a handsome young man, of whom no one knew anything, except that he was seen walking with Mistress Edwards of evenings under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields. There were some hints of a yet more-scandalous nature—but these shall be omitted.

The stranger however came after the situation, and a handsome young man he was—his name was Lambert Smithe—but as for his qualifications for the new place, which Mistress Edwards really seemed uncommonly anxious he should obtain, as little had best be said as may be ; and the less need be said as Master Edwards was decidedly of opinion that he was utterly unfitted for the office ; for the expression of which opinion he was downright scolded by his wife, and indeed fairly warned that she would have her own way after all.

A few nights after Simon's departure—a dark and stormy November night it was—Mistress Edwards was seen—no matter yet by whom—to cross the cloistered court-yard, at the back of her husband's house, bearing a lantern in her hand, which she partially covered over with the large cloak wherein she was muffled, probably with the intention of concealing its light—perhaps only to prevent its being extinguished by the gustful wind and rain. She approached a low postern-gate, which gave into a passage leading to Cripplegate Church—she unlocked it—opened it hesitatingly—looked out, as though for some one—came back again—re-locked the door—placed the lantern in one of the angles of the cloister, and began slowly pacing up and down under its shelter. In a few moments, she stopped, and listened—her body and head slightly bent rightward, towards the postern : a low whistle was heard without—she flew to the gate—opened it, and let in a man also muffled in a cloak : she addressed him, by exclaiming, “Late, Sir !”

The stranger began some excuse probably, but was at once stopped by a sharp “hush !” and they conversed in whispers.

At length they shifted their position, and advanced towards the house, Mistress Edwards having taken up her light, and leading her com-

panion forward with the other hand. Of a sudden the man stopped, and she also. He sighed, and said, though still in a whisper—"I cannot do it."

"God gi' me patience!" she cried, impatiently, and in a much louder tone; then in a lower, added—"Come, Lambert, dearest Lambert, take heart."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot—anything but that!"

"Anything *but* that! Why, what else is there to be done? Will you not be master of all?—of *me*? Nay, come, dear Lambert."

The man passed on. As he turned a second angle, close to the house door, a sharp-pointed weapon was driven into his breast, by some one standing behind one of the thick stone pillars, and with such force, that the point pierced one of the ribs, which prevented the wound from being mortal. The young man shrieked with agony; and grasping towards the spot whence the blow came, seized hold of part of the assassin's dress, who struggled, and extricated himself from the grasp, but left behind him part of a chain, with a watch hung to it; at the same time he wrenched the dagger from the lacerated bone, and, with a surer blow, drove it into his victim's heart.

All this was the work of little more than a moment; during which Mistress Edwards, who at first had been struck with a stupor of surprise and horror, rushed forward, screaming "Murder! murder!" and fell, swooning, within a few paces of the body.

When she recovered, she found several of her neighbors and of the watch standing round, and among them her alarmed husband. She looked round wildly for a moment, fixed her eyes on him for another, then shrieked wildly—"Ah! I see—I see—him—him! Seize him—the murderer," and again fell senseless.

Edwards was accordingly seized, though few could understand why or wherefore; but when he protested he knew nothing about the matter, people began to think him guilty, especially as some declared the murdered man was the same youth with whom his wife had been often seen walking under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields; and, upon her second recovery, Mistress Edwards confirmed this declaration by clinging round the young man's body, and calling for vengeance on the murderer of her Love.

Edwards was carried before a justice of the peace, and after a short examination, committed to Newgate to take his trial in the Court-house there at the next sessions, which were to take place within a week.

The day came, and the trial commenced. At the very outset an argument arose between the counsel for the prosecution and the defence, whether the exclamations used by the wife on the night of the murder, accusing her husband, could be given as evidence by those who had heard them. For the defence it was urged, that as a wife could not appear as a witness either against or for her husband, so neither could any expression of hers, tending to criminate him, be admissible. On the other hand, it was contended that as confessions were admissible in evidence against a party, so a husband and wife, being as one in the eye of the law, such expressions as these were in the nature of confessions by the party himself, and therefore should be admitted—and so the Recorder decided they should be. In addition to this, other—circumstantial—evidence was produced against the prisoner; the poniard, with which Lambert had been stabbed, and which in falling he had borne down out of his slayer's hand, was a jeweled Turkish one,

known by many to be the property of the prisoner, and to have been in his possession many years ; he having brought it home with him from one of his voyages to the Morea. The watch was also produced, which, with part of the chain, the deceased had held in his clenched hands ; it was a small silver one, shaped like a tulip, and chequered in alternate squares of dead and bright metal ; its dial-plate of dead silver, figured, with a bright circle, containing black Roman figures ; in the interior, on the works, it bore the inscription—"Thomas Hooke, in Pope's-head-alley," the brother to the celebrated Robert Hooke, who had recently invented the spring-pocket-watches. This watch was proved to have also been the property of the prisoner, to have been given by him to his wife, and lately to have been returned by her to him in order to be repaired. These circumstances, together with the natural imputation that was cast upon him by the consideration of who the murdered man was, were all that were adduced against Edwards ; and he was called on for his defence in person, being, by the mild mercy of the English law, denied the assistance of counsel for that purpose : it being wisely considered, that though a man in the nice intricacies of a civil cause may need technical aid, he cannot possibly do so in a case where the fact of his life being dependent on the success of his pleading, must necessarily induce and assist him to have all his wits about him. The prisoner's situation, however, in this instance, seemed, unaccountably, to have the contrary effect on him, and he appeared quite embarrassed and confused ; he averred he could not explain the cause of his wife's extraordinary error ; but that an error it certainly had been. For the poniard's being in the man's heart he was equally at a loss to account ; and as for the watch, he admitted all that had been proved, but declared that he had put it by about a week before the murder in a cabinet, which he had never since opened, and how it had been removed he was unable to tell. Of course this defence, if such it could be termed, availed him very little, in fact simply nothing. The jury found him guilty ; and the Recorder called on him to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner seemed suddenly to have recovered his old, or gained new powers ; he broke out into a strong and passionate appeal, calling on the judge to believe his word, as that of a dying man, that he was innocent, and concluded by solemnly calling upon God so to help him, as he spoke the truth.

He was condemned ; the prisoner hid his face in his hand, and sobbed aloud ; he was removed from the bar to his solitary cell.

About half-past ten that night, as the Recorder was sitting alone, dozing in his easy chair over the fire and a tankard of mulled claret, he was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door, followed up by the announcement of a stranger, who would brook no delay. He was admitted—a young man, whose features were fearfully haggard and drawn, as though with some intense inward struggle ; in fact, the good magistrate did not half like his looks, and intimated to his servant that as his clerk was gone home he had better stay in the room—which was on the whole a confused remark, as, in the first place, he knew his servant could not write ; and in the second, he did not know whether any writing was required. But the youth relieved the worthy Recorder from his dilemma, by peremptorily stating that the communication he had to make must be made to him alone. The servant therefore withdrew, the Recorder put on his spectacles, and the youth began.

"I come to tell you, Sir, that you have this day unjustly condemned an innocent man to death."

"Bah ! bah ! And pray how know you that he is innocent ?"

"By this token, Sir, that I know who did the deed for which you have condemned Master Edwards to suffer. Lambert's murderer stands before you."

The Recorder, horror-stricken at the notion of being so close to a murderer at large, gabbled out an inarticulate ejaculation, something of an equivocal nature betwixt an oath and a prayer, and stretched out his hand towards the silver hand-bell which stood before him on the table ; and still more horrified was he when the youth caught his hand, and said—"No ; with your leave, Sir."

"No ; with my leave, Sir ! What, mean ye to murder me, with my leave, Sir ?"

"I will do you no harm, Sir. But my confession shall be a willing and a free one."

He removed the hand-bell beyond the Recorder's reach, let go his arm, and retired again to a respectful distance. He then proceeded to relate that his name was Simon Johnson, that he was an orphan, and had been bred up with great kindness by Master Edwards. In detailing his story, he hinted at an unlawful passion which his mistress had endeavored to excite in his mind towards her ; and to his resistance or carelessness of her wiles he partly attributed her hatred and persecution of him : his home made wretched thereby, he had sought relief in society ; unfortunately for him, he had fallen in with some young men of bad character—among others with this very Lambert, who had been among his most strenuous advisers that he should from time to time purloin some of his master's superfluous wealth, for the purpose of supplying himself and his companions with the means of more luxurious living ; he had, however, for a long while rejected this advice, until at length goaded by the continual unjust accusations of his mistress, charging him with the very crime he was thus tempted to commit, he had, in truth, done so, and had absconded with several articles of value ; but his companions, instead of receiving him with praise, as he had expected, had loaded him with invectives for not bringing them a richer prize. Instigated by their reproaches, and, by a mingled sense of shame and anger, he had intended, by means of a secret key which he had kept, to rob Master Edwards's house on the very night when the murder was committed. Having gained access to the court-yard, he was just about to open the house door, when he heard footsteps ; he retired, and concealed himself. From his place of concealment he had seen and heard Mrs. Edwards encouraging Lambert, by many fond and endearing professions of love for him, and of hatred of his master, to the murder of her husband ; and as Lambert, conquered by her threats and entreaties, was passing him within arm's length, an irresistible impulse had urged him to save his master's life by sacrificing Lambert's ; and having done the deed of death, he had leaped the yard wall and fled. The poniard and watch were part of the property he had stolen when he left the house. He ended thus :—

"After I had left the spot, Sir, I fled, I know not whither ; for days and days I wandered about in the fields, sleeping in sheds, numbed with cold and half starved, never daring to approach the dwellings of men to relieve my wants, till dark, and then ever feeling as though every eye scowled upon me ; and when I left them again, and was

alone in the fields, I would suddenly start and run, with the feeling that I had been followed, and was about to be taken. In vain I strove to overcome these feelings—in vain I struggled to reconcile myself to the deed I had done—in vain I represented it to my heart as one of good, as one which had saved a life infinitely more valuable than his whom I had slain : it was all vain, a something within tortured me with unnatural and undefinable terror ; and even when I sometimes partially succeeded in allaying this feeling, and half convinced myself that I had done for the best, it seemed as if I heard a voice whisper in my own soul, ‘ What brought thee to thy master’s court-yard that night ? ’ and this set me raving again. Unable longer to bear this torture, I made up my mind to self-slaughter, for the thoughts of delivering myself into the hands of justice drove me almost mad ; my heart was hardened against making this even late atonement, and with a reckless daring I resolved on self-slaughter ; but how, how to do this, I knew not ; drowning was fearful to me, I should have time perhaps to repent ; and so with starving, even if nature would allow that trial. I returned to the suburbs—it was this very evening—a lantern hanging on the end of a barber’s pole caught my sight—I hastened into the shop, with the intention of destroying myself with the first razor I could lay my hands on ; but the shop was quite full. I sat down in a corner, doggedly waiting for my time, and paying no heed to the conversation that was going on, till my master’s name struck on my ear. I listened—his trial, condemnation, and coming execution, were the general talk. I started up, and with a feeling of thankfulness to God that there was something yet to live for—I think I cried out so—I rushed out of the shop, hurried hither—I am not too late—to supply my master’s place to-morrow.”

The young man sank exhausted in a chair, and dropped his head on the table. The astonished magistrate leant forward, cautiously extended his hand, seized his hand-bell, and rang loud and long, beginning at the same time to call over the names of all the servants he had ever had from the first time of his keeping house.

But at the first jingle of the bell Simon started up from the chair, and said, “ Aye, I am your prisoner now.”

“ Yes, Sir, yes,” said the Recorder. “ Geoffrey ! Williams ! very true, Sir—by your leave, Sir—Godwin ! Ralph ! there’s your prisoner, Sir,” he added to the one wondering servant, who answered this multitudinous call.

The sequel may be told in a few lines. A reprieve for Edwards was immediately sent to Newgate, which was followed up by a pardon ; for having been found guilty, of course he could not be declared innocent. The wretched wife of the merchant died by her own hand, on the morning of her husband’s reprieve. Simon was tried for Lambert’s murder, of course found guilty, and sentenced to death ; but in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending his case, this sentence was changed into transportation for life. My Lord Chief Justice Hale delivered a very voluminous judgment on the occasion ; the main ground on which he proceeded, seems to have been, that as Simon had not been legally discharged by Edwards, he might still be considered in the light of his servant, and that he was therefore, to a certain degree, justifiable in defending his master’s life.

Simon died on his passage. Edwards, from the time of his release, became a driveling idiot : he lived several years. It was not till the

death of the old man that a secret was discovered—it was ascertained that Simon was a natural son ; and that, in preventing the intended assassination of the Merchant, he had unconsciously saved the life of his Father.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.—BY WILLIAM BENNET.

[ATHENÆUM.]

WITH twilight comes the hour to rove,
When Spring hath clothed the earth in bloom,
And from each lawn and blossom'd grove
The balmy breezes waft perfume.
O then, beneath the deepening gloom
Of pendant boughs, how sweet to stray,
While doves their nightly 'plaints resume,
And sigh and muse the hours away !

Hail to that hour ! for, O, how blest
This care-worn bosom oft hath been,
When o'er it stole the halcyon rest
That broods and breathes in such a scene !
'Twas then with deepest power, I ween,
My purer thoughts renew'd their sway,
Till far from fancy's sky serene,
Each worldly cloud had pass'd away.

Hail to that hour ! for with it still
Return those dreams of youthful bliss,
That tuned my soul to rapture's thrill,
Ere aught in life was judged amiss :
Mild twilight hour ! how soft the kiss
Thy breath of balm vouchsafes my brow !
O, fleet not past—or leave me this,
The holy calm that soothes me now !

PUBLIC DEBT OF ENGLAND.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—The age of political prophecy has gone by, and every man now who pretends to a character for common-sense, disclaims all idea of what will happen beyond the week. On the Continent, a still shorter time may make the difference between peace and war—between living in quiet under one's own fig-tree, and flying half-naked over half the world, pursued by swarms of sharpshooters and clouds of dragoons. But the state of England is of more importance to us ; and it is impossible to deny that it deserves to excite the strongest anxiety. The ruin of empires in the days of antiquity was by the vices of their kings. An army revolted—or a military usurper, taking advantage of the national disgust—or some daring power, that had waited only until public spirit was dead, made a rush upon the empire, and broke it down.

But the chief cause of decay in modern kingdoms has been public waste. A wise finance is the secret of a permanent government ; and

a prodigal treasury the sure agent of undoing. What must be the feelings of a true lover of England, when he sees what the progress of her debt has been ? The world has had no other example of a burthen so rapidly increased, and so utterly beyond the strength of a people to bear, or their hope to shake off. What says the history ?—

“ George the Third reigned fifty-nine years, thirty-three of which were passed in war, and twenty-six in peace. The Debt at his accession, was £120,000,000 ; at his demise, £820,000,000 ! George the Third found the annual charge of taxation £6,000,000, and left it £60,000,000, including the expense of collection.”

From this tremendous debt, sixteen years of peace have literally taken nothing ; for the operation of the sinking fund, by some hocus-pocus, seems never to lighten a shilling of the burthen ; and, year by year, we have the old eight hundred millions staring us in the face ! The debt must be paid in some shape or other ; and yet, what political prophet will tell us from what source payment is to come ?

THE WARRIOR RETURNED.—By R. C. CAMPBELL.

[ATHENÆUM.]

SHE hid his sword in the myrtle boughs
That waved o'er the rustic porch :
And, long ere the summer's sunny close,
You might see, by the glow-worm's torch,
A rusted blade, once red with guilt,
With pure dew wet ; whilst in the hilt
A sparrow had built its tiny nest,
Where the warrior's hand had loved to rest !

She hung his spear 'mid the clustering vines
That clung round the window-sill ;
And red is its point, and it brightly shines,
As if bathed in life's current still.
For round it the ripest grapes twist thick,
But they hang so high that none may pick ;
They have burst in their pride, and their juice runs o'er
The spear that shall glisten with blood no more !

His shield rests now in the cottage room,
And his helmet nods on the wall ;
But oh ! she hath pilfer'd its painted plume
For the sports of the festival !
And his war-cloak is there,—o'er that basket flung
Where his first-born babe, the slumbering young,
Smiles out through his dreams, as free from guile
As his father's breast, or his mother's smile !

THE SECRET SPRING.

[MIRROR.]—There are with all great affairs smaller affairs connected, so that in the watchwork of society, the most skilful artist is sometimes puzzled to fix upon the very little wheel by which the greater wheels are worked.

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

EVENING DRESS.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A white satin dress *corsage à la Grecque*. Long sleeves of blond lace over short ones of satin, and round epaulettes of satin, richly embroidered, as is the upper part of the *corsage*, in a light running pattern of colored silk and gold. Superb bouquets, placed at regular distances, ornament the skirt above the hem, immediately under them; at the edge of the hem is a light, but rich trimming, in colored silk and gold. The head-dress is a *chapeau bérêt*, of the brightest shade of claret color; the point under the brim is trimmed with pearls, and the crown decorated with white ostrich feathers. White gauze scarf, striped at the ends with gold. Gold and ruby earrings.

FANCY BALL DRESS—COSTUME DE PERI.

A short white satin petticoat cut in points over pantaloons of white silk stocking rib; a white crape petticoat bordered with a satin rouleau, something shorter than the satin one, and also cut in points, is now worn over it. The petticoats are very wide at the bottom, but tight round the hips. The robe is of *vapeur* satin embroidered in black and white silk, and open in front; the *corsage* is plain and trimmed *en mantille* with white crape bordered with satin; the sleeves are very short. A star composed of satin ribbon ornaments each shoulder. The veil is of black *gaze satinée*, and the *coiffure* is ornamented with peacock's feathers.

WALKING DRESS.

[LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.]—A dress composed of lilac *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* made up to the throat, and to sit close to the shape. It fastens behind. The upper part of the sleeve has the usual fulness to the turn of the arm; from thence to the wrist it sits close, but is disposed in horizontal folds laid one upon another, each about an inch and half in breadth. A light fancy silk trimming, a shade or two darker than the dress, goes round the border at the knee. The mantle is of green velvet, lined with white *gros de Naples*, and made with long loose sleeves. The cape is something longer than usual, and rounded at the ends. The collar is composed of five points of black velvet: that in the centre of the back is the deepest, those at the sides are smaller. Black velvet bonnet, worn over a morning cap of English lace; the brim, of a moderate size, lined with rose-colored silk plush. The crown is decorated in a very novel manner with black velvet ornaments, edged with black blond lace, and intermixed with knots of black satin ribbon of the tulip form.

HATS AND BONNETS.

The most novel carriage bonnets are of changeable *gros de Naples*, white shot with rose-color; the crown is made like a groom's cap, the brim is of the usual size, finished by a curtain veil of white blond lace.

A plume of rose-colored feathers issuing from a *nœud* of cut ribbons, is placed on one side of the crown in front, and a knot of ribbons ornaments it behind.

Nothing new in velvet bonnets or hats, though they are still the most in favor, except for the morning, for which *gros des Indes* and satin are preferred: the latter are trimmed with small knots of ribbon to correspond, and are frequently lined with *peluche* of a different color. Those of *gros des Indes* are never lined with any other material, nor with any other color, but we see a good many trimmed with figured or embroidered ribbons.

BALL HEAD DRESSES.—Many ladies still adopt Chinese *coiffures*; they are not, however, so high as they were, but they still keep that name, because they have no curls in front. The *coiffure à la Donna Maria*, in which the hair is arranged in full curls in front, and moderately high bows, inclining a little to one side, and intermixed with braid, is infinitely more becoming. Ostrich and marabout feathers, and birds of Paradise, mixed either with jewels, or gauze, or crape lamma, is most in request. Marabout feathers are always in wreaths; so are flowers. Those most in favor are roses and lilacs; sprigs of gold and silver foliage are worn, either singly or mingled with feathers.

HEAD DRESSES FOR BALLS AND GRAND SOIREEs.—Chaperons, both of flowers and marabouts, are in much favor. Nets, formed by very small gold chains, beautifully wrought, are also much worn, and are at once elegant and novel. A bird of Paradise, with a gold or jeweled comb or bandeau, is likewise an elegant head dress. If the *coiffure* is of flowers, nothing is more *distingué* than a wreath *à la Taglioni*, either composed of Japanese roses, or of small flowers, of different kinds; or else a garland of oak leaves, with gold or silver acorns; *aigrettes* of flowers are also in request; the most elegant are those composed of the buds of Bengal roses and ears of ripe corn.

MAKE, MATERIALS, AND COLORS OF EVENING DRESS.—Satin, gauze, chaly, and above all *mousseline de soie*, of Turkish patterns, are in request. The colors most in favor are lilac bordering on marshmallow, pea-green, canary, *bleu-Adelaide*, amethyst, and rose-color.

EVENING DRESS TRIMMINGS.—Blond lace is the only kind of full trimming used in evening dress, the others are laid on flat, as embroidery, wreaths of cut ribbon, or fancy trimmings, composed of beads.

COIFFURE EN CHEVEUX.—The hair much parted on the forehead, forms a soft braid on the left side, which encircles a very full tuft of curls; it is disposed on the right side in curls only. The hind hair is arranged in three soft round bows, which incline rather to the right side. A single white rose is placed on the left, at the base of the bow. The comb is of tortoise-shell, with an open gallery of unusual height.

Among the most elegant evening dresses we may cite the following:—A dress of *crêpe-Adelaide*, trimmed with three rows of blond lace; they are placed at some distance from each other. The space between each row is filled by two small *rouleaux* of white and *Adelaide* satin, twisted in a *torsade*. The *corsage* is of crossed drapery, and the sleeves are *bouffantes*, attached from distance to distance by knots of white and *Adelaide* satin.

VARIETIES.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE PRINTERS.—In the year 1561, a work was printed, entitled the *Anatomy of the Mass*. It contained one hundred and seventy pages, accompanied with errata of fifteen pages ! The author, a monk, in an advertisement prefixed to the errata, states, that the devil, to ruin the fruit of his work, employed two very malicious frauds, by first drenching the manuscript in the kennel, reducing it to a most pitiable state, and rendering some parts altogether illegible, and then obliging the printers to commit such numerous blunders, never before equaled in so small a work. To combat this double machination of Satan, he was obliged carefully to reperuse the work, and to form this singular list of the blunders of printers working under the influence of the devil.

PANDORA'S BOX.—The Prince of Piedmont was not quite seven years old, when his preceptor, Cardinal (then Father) Glendel, explained to him the fable of Pandora's Box. He told him that all evils which afflict the human race were shut up in that fatal box ; which Pandora, tempted by Curiosity, opened, when they immediately flew out, and spread themselves over the surface of the earth.

"What, Father !" said the young prince, "were all the evils shut up in that box ?"

"Yes," answered the preceptor.

"That cannot be," replied the prince, "since Curiosity tempted Pandora ; and that evil, which could not have been in it, was not the least, since it was the origin of all."

EXPERIMENTS ON THE ACTION OF COLD ON ANIMALS.—The experiments of M. Flourens on the action of cold on animals establish that it is not only on organization and life taken collectively that cold acts, but that it has a principal and determinate action on the respiratory organ, which it affects in two ways ; the one, which produces an active inflammation, is promptly mortal ; the other, which causes a chronic inflammation, that is to say, pulmonary consumption ; and that a mild and constant warmth not only prevents the invasion of consumption, but often stays its progress.

NURSING.—Among the superstitious notions which still exist in Normandy, there is one, connected with the treatment of children, which will never, I hope, be put to flight by modern philosophy, unless it be able to replace it by common sense : it is believed that the Virgin Mary sweetens the food of infants,—a notion which saves sugar, and prevents the stomach of children from being overloaded with sweets. As the child grows up, however, the Virgin ceases to interfere with its victuals, which is remarkably judicious.—*St. John's Residence in Normandy.*

WEDDING RINGS.—It is notorious that a powerful superstition exists among married women with respect to their weddings. Nevertheless, a female society has been formed at the Polish town of Suwakki, having for its object to collect wedding rings, to assist in the maintenance of the Polish army. A great number have been already devoted to that purpose. We very much fear that some of the Polish ladies will lose their husbands as well.

KAMCHATKA HOSPITALITY.—When the Kamschatdale is in a peculiarly hospitable humor, or is anxious to conciliate a fellow-countryman, whose hostility he dreads, he heats his subterraneous dwelling until the temperature becomes almost past endurance; then, undressing his guest and himself, he sets a profuse supply of food before him, and, during the regale, takes special care that the heat be in nowise slackened. Succumbing under the double assault of roasting and gormandizing, the visitor at length avows that nature can no longer withstand either the one assailant or the other; "mine host" is admitted to have done all the most punctilious civility can exact; and he then proceeds to levy a contribution on his honorable guest, in retaliation for the hospitable greeting which he has enjoyed.—*Kotzebue's Last Voyage.*

YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHY.—The young Princess Esterhazy was a great favorite of George IV. At a ball given in honor of his Majesty's birth-day, the young ladies were each expected to kneel, and present him with a nosegay; but the princess declared, that as she was of royal blood, she would prefer death to such degradation. The King received her graciously, notwithstanding her obstinacy; but her governess sent the child to bed immediately after dinner. "*Bon pour la digestion,*" exclaimed the princess; which so enraged the governess, that she took her out of bed and whipped her soundly. "*Bon pour la circulation,*" said the princess; and the next day the governess resigned.

HISTORICAL FACT.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came to London, in search of a situation; but not succeeding, she applied to be allowed to carry out beer from a brewhouse. These females were then called "tub-women." The brewer observing her to be a very good-looking girl, took her out of this low situation into his house, and afterwards married her. He died, however, while she was yet a very young woman, and left her a large fortune. She was recommended, on giving up the brewery, to Mr. Hyde, a most able lawyer, to settle her husband's affairs; he, in process of time, married the widow, and was afterwards made Earl of Clarendon. Of this marriage there was a daughter, who was afterwards wife to James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

TO OUR PATRONS.

THE new Proprietors, being anxious to please the more fashionable part of their patrons, have been induced to alter the plan of publishing the Plates of the Fashions which was stated in the last number. They shall in future give eighteen elegant colored Plates of the Ladies', and six of the Gentlemen's Fashions,—the latter to be published every other month. The price will be reduced to six dollars with the twenty-four plates, and five dollars without them. They have made this change from the conviction that the Gentlemen's, issued monthly, would be received too frequently to make them as acceptable as they should wish them to be to all Gentlemen of Fashion; and the Ladies' admitting of a greater variety of changes, from the diversity of tastes, they trust this alteration will receive the general approval of their indulgent patrons.

** Agents will please advertise the above change in the public prints, and publishers who advertise for the Atheneum are also requested to notice it.





WEDDING DRESS.



DINNER DRESS.

For Kane & Cox Athenaeum

Pendleton's Luthy's Boston.



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THE STORY OF AZIMANTIUM.

We are weary of the present—Let us turn and rest our minds for awhile upon a tale of the past.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—There was a dreamy stillness in the air—there was a golden glory over the sky—there was a music in the far-off hum of distant nature sinking to repose—there was a fragrance in the soft breath of the valley, as it stole timidly through the multitude of drowsy flowers, as if afraid to wake them from their evening sleep; all told of one of those few days which last in loveliness from their dawning to their close—so full of every fine essence of joy, that we tremble to see them pass, lest we should never find anything so beautiful upon earth again. The whispering murmur of the small long waves, as they woo'd the quiet sands upon the sea-shore—the pale and timid lustre of the stars, as they shone out, one by one, through the still purple heaven—the slow changes of a rosy cloud, as it dallied with an unseen wind—spoke peace!—Peace, the first, last, great blessing—the mightiest of promises—the object of virtue, of wisdom, of knowledge—the only desire that experience leaves—the hope beyond our life—the glory of eternity—Peace!

High-eyried on the rocky eminence, where now the overthrown stones of a massy wall tell of cities and their dwellers, passed like shadows down the dim vista of the gone, stood the fair town of Azimantium, with its long-disused battlements, its temples, and its columns, marked in fine lines of shadowy purple, high upon the broad expanse of the rich evening sky. The mountain on which it stood, clothed in the splendid robe of the setting day's calm violet-color, hung over the valleys and the plains around, with an air of protecting majesty. On one side a gentle slope, covered with green pastures, and clumps of high trees, with ever and anon a temple or a villa in their shade, declined softly towards the fair land of Greece—the country of poetry and song—to which Azimantium had long belonged. Two other sides, that towards the Euxine,* and that which looked over Thrace, were rough and steep, broken with gigantic crags; and though many a piece of smooth short turf intervened between the masses of cold grey stone—though many a tree waved its leafy arms, as if in sport, above each rugged cliff, and many a green parasite trailed its fantastic garlanding of verdure over the harsh and stony limbs of the mountain—no footing was there for things of mortal mould. The goat, the sure-footed goat, looked down with sidelong glance, from the flat summit above, but tempted not the descent; the fox earthed himself at the foot; and but the eagle, of all living things, in his kingly loneliness, chose it for his dwelling, from its very solitude. The fourth side turned towards the barbarian enemies of the Grecian name, and frowned defiance in one savage, dark, unbroken precipice.

But now all was peace around. Splendor, and feasting, and music, reigned through the Grecian empire. The brow of every man was calm and joyful, the voice of every one was rich in poetry and song; and it would have seemed that nothing but a smile had ever curled the lip, or danced in the eye. Oh fatal softness! Oh hard lot of man!

* See Procopius *de Edificiis*, l. iv. cap. xi. Several reasons have induced me to place Azimantium on the very shores of the Euxine.

that peace can never rest without power ! that enjoyment can never continue without strength ! that the shield, and the glaive, and the javelin, should be the only safeguards of tranquillity !

All was peace. Many a century of decaying years had swept over the proud fabric of the Roman Empire, and what had been mighty, was now hastening towards a name. The men who had conquered a world, mouldered in the dust ; and their children were contented to enjoy. The arms which should have wielded the sword, or braced on the shield, now only raised the cup, or struck the lyre. Voices which, in former days, would have breathed the soul of freedom to the swelling hearts of a mighty people, or pleaded for the laws before that senate which should have been immortal, now sung the loose and ribald song, in the halls of luxury and the resorts of intemperance, or urged some vain and subtle theme, in schools that had become schools of folly. Honor was no longer to the brave, or to the good ; and, though peace spread over the whole eastern realm, it was peace bought by tributary gold, won by degradation, and spent in effeminacy, indulgence, and vice.

One small city alone of the whole empire, still held within its walls the nobler spirit of Rome's ancient days. One small city alone, like an altar to some sublime but nearly-forgotten deity, upheld the flame of virtuous courage—simple, grand, noble, independent—enjoyed the smile of peace, but feared not the frown of war ; reposed without softness, and rejoiced without debauchery. That city was Azimantium. Its youth, trained to the nobler amusements, only descended from the free mountain-air of their sky-surrounded dwelling, to war with the wild beasts of the forests around, or to chase the swift deer over the Thracian plains. Such were their sports of peace ; and if a lingering influence of the genius-breathing climate taught the Pentellican marble to start into life, woke the Achaian flute, or struck the Teian lyre, the godlike spirit of a purer age gave fire to the song, and vigor to the statue. The mighty and majestic scenes amidst which they beat, raised and dignified the hearts of Azimantium ; and though the passions of humanity were there in all their force, the better soul, the nobler purpose of the mind, linked those passions to all that is grand and dignified in nature. The aspirations of the spirit, and the desires of the body, were not waging the horrific struggle mutually to destroy each other ; but, joined together in thrilling fellowship, like the immortal twins of Laconia, they strove alone to guide and elevate each other. Love dwelt in Azimantium ; but it was that brighter love, wherein the radiant share of the deathless soul invests the earthly portion with a blaze of light.

I have said that it was the evening of a summer's day—a day such as is hardly known to more northern climates—a day on which the kingly charioteer of heaven seems to hold some high festival, and robe himself in more majestic lustre. The sunshine had passed, and it was evening—but an evening full of rays. It seemed as if some mysterious power had robbed the daylight of half its beams, to weave them into purple with the dark-blue woof of night, and then had studded it over with golden stars, to curtain the cradle of the sleeping earth.

Through the still calm valleys at the foot of the mountain of Azimantium—by the side of the living stream that sparkled onward on its brief gay course—amidst tall and scattered trees, where the nightingale raised his glorious anthem to the first star—wandered two of the child-

ren of that city, who had seen no other dwelling, and never desired to do so. They had risen from infancy in scenes which had every day grown dearer ; and as years had flown, mutual love, uncrossed, unopposed, untainted, had given those scenes a light, whose spring was in their own hearts, a charm wrought by that potent magician, Affection. They loved as fully as mortal things can love ; and from all external nature, from every song, from every sight, a sweet communion of thrilling enjoyments gathered itself round their mutual hearts. The memory of all their past was together ; the joy of the present was tasted together ; the future—misty and vague as that dim profound must ever be—they never dreamed could be otherwise than together. One month had yet to fly ere the dearest, because the most durable, tie was to bind Honoria to Menenius forever ; and now they wandered alone through those sweet valleys, and amidst those soft scenes, unwatched, undoubted, by those whose duty was to guard and to protect, because there was not one heart within the bounds of the city who dared to think that Honoria was unsafe with Menenius.

They talked of love and hope ; and those bright visions that, in the summer-morning of our youth, dance before our dazzled and untaught eyes, came thick upon them ; and they lent each other willing aid to raise fabric after fabric, out of thin air alone, till the unsubstantial architecture reached to the very sky. Oh how they dreamt ! and though a sultry and unnerving air grew up, one knew not whence, casting a sort of doubtful faintness on Honoria's frame ; and though vague rumors of dangers to the state, and new demands from the pensioned enemies of the Eastern Empire, had reached the ears of Menenius, an atmosphere of their own hope surrounded them, in which joy seemed to breathe secure.

They had wandered long, pouring their souls into each other's bosom, till at length they turned to mount the gentle ascent that led them to their home. And yet they lingered, and yet they paused to take another look over the twilight-world which spread out beneath, wider and wider at every step as they ascended ; and to say, " How fair ! " and still to speak one kind word more. As thus they paused beneath a group of tall trees, near which an ancient tower marked the burial-place of the great of other days, and stretched their eyes over the darkening landscape, a sudden feeling of terror shot through Honoria's breast—she knew not why. She heard nothing, she felt nothing, she saw nothing, which could awaken fear ; and yet with a sudden and instinctive impulse, she clung to Menenius, exclaiming, " What is coming ? " The horses that were feeding on the slope, with a shrill cry broke in madness down the hill ; an eagle started from the rock below and screaming, soared into the sky ; while the lover cast his strong arm round her he loved, and unconsciously laid his hand upon his sword. All felt the dreadful coming of some great change. It came—with a roar like the accumulated thunder of a thousand storms ! The lightning, bursting from no visible cloud, swept over the clear blue sky, and shone amongst the stars ; and in the livid blaze, the towers of Azimantium, with each line dark and clear on the broad glare, were seen to quiver, and rock, and fall ; while beneath the lovers' feet, the earth heaved and panted, as if the globe were rent with dying agonies. The air was one wild scream—the sky, from pole to pole, was all on fire—the ground refused its footing. Then came a moment of dead calm. All was silent ! all was still ! and Menenius felt Honoria's arms relax

the terrified clasp in which they held him. "It is over, beloved," whispered he, as if afraid to break the restored tranquillity even by his voice: "It is over; thank God, the earthquake has passed by!"

But before the words were well pronounced, a fitful gleam, a broader flash, another roar, swept through the air; the ground yawned and quivered; the tottering tower beside them was hurled in crashing ruins over the brink. Menenius caught at a tree for support; but it, too, shaking like a willow bough in a storm, swayed to and fro, and staggered as if plucked up by some gigantic force. Its boughs crashed; its centuried roots gave way, and rushing on those who had sought support in its strength, it overwhelmed them in its descent. What was the lover's only thought as he fell? To save her he loved; and by a sudden, scarcely conscious, effort of all his natural vigor, he kept her off, while the uprooted tree was dashed upon himself.

The earthquake had passed by, and become a thing of memory. Nineteen of the towers of Constantinople had fallen; the walls of Azimantium lay broken and destroyed; and on the day which was to have lighted the marriage torch for Honoria and Menenius, the lover lay, slowly recovering from the evening of the earthquake, and the beautiful girl watched him with glad, yet anxious eyes. The father of Menenius, too, stood beside him, and marked the reviving glow in his son's cheek with joy, although there was a deep and thoughtful shadow on his brow, which brightened into something of triumph and of hope, as his eye ran over the bold and swelling muscles of his frame, and thought that but a few days more would restore that frame to all its pristine vigor. The triumph and the hope were those of a true son of ancient Greece, for they were kindled and inspired by the proud thought that the energetic strength of mind and body which were no longer united in himself, would, in his son, prove the safeguard of his country. He had news to tell which might well have quelled the feeble spirits of that degenerate age, but Menenius was a child of Azimantium, and knew not fear, even though crushed, and sick, and wounded. He had borne the cautions of the leech, and the restraint of a sick-chamber, with somewhat of impatience and disdain; but when his father told him that the false Bishop of Margus had opened the gates of that city to the barbarian Attila, the destroyer of arts, the waster of empires, the scourge of God; that unnumbered myriads of the Huns were pouring over the frontier barriers of the Eastern Empire; that Sirnium and Sardica, Ratiaria and Naissus, had fallen, and that but a few days more would see the blood-gorged savages beneath the rocks of Azimantium, Menenius became docile as a lamb to all that might hasten his recovery. Honoria's cheek grew pale, and her lip forgot its smile, but not a word of fear was breathed upon the air, and her dark eye shot out rays of more intense and brilliant light, as she gazed on each piece of her lover's armor, and scanned them jealously for fault or flaw.

There was a cry through the whole of Greece, "They come! They come!" Over the fields, through the valleys, on the mountains; from voice to voice, and castle to castle, and city to city, the cry went forth, "Death to the nations! They come! They come! They come! Vultures, prepare to feast! They come! They come!"

All fell down before them or fled, and those who timidly spoke but the name of war, died by their own hearths. Fortress after fortress,

town after town, was attacked and taken, and plundered and destroyed ; not one stone was left upon another, and captivity and the sword shared the children of the land between them ; and still went on the cry, " They come ! They come ! Vultures, prepare ! They come ! They come ! "

The weak luxurious Romans of that degenerate day, knew not the very arms with which to oppose their barbarous enemies. What did the song avail them ? What the dance ? What the wine-cup and the feast ? Could the soft-tongued sophist cheat the dark Hun from his destined prey ? Or the skilful lawyer show Attila the code which forbade the strong to plunder and subject the weak ? No, no ! After three disgraceful scenes of defeat, all fled, or yielded, or died, or were made slaves, and the whole land was red with flaming cities, and with blood-stained fields.

At length, the watchers on the steep of Azimantium beheld a dim cloud sweeping over the distant prospect, so vast, so mighty, that the whole land seemed teeming with a fearful birth. " They come ! They come ! " was all the cry ; " They come ! They come ! The Myriads of the north ! Warriors, prepare your swords ! They come ! They come ! "

On they swept, like the wind of the desert. The ruined walls of Azimantium, rifted by the earthquake, offered nothing to oppose their progress. Three sides, indeed, were defended by Nature herself, but the fourth was free, and up the soft slope they rushed, tribe upon tribe, nation upon nation, flushed with conquest, hardened to massacre, eager for spoil, contemptuous of danger and death.

Across the narrowest part of the approach—where the steep natural rock on one side, and the chasm left by the overthrown tower on the other, impeded all passage but by the smooth ascent—in long bright line, with casque, and buckler, and blade, stood the youth of Azimantium, between their dear familiar homes and the dark enemy. On rushed the Huns, with glad eyes gleaming in the fierce thirst for blood. The horsemen came first, their harness loaded with the golden ornaments of plundered cities, and hanging at each knee the bleeding head of a fresh-slain Greek, while myriads of foot swarmed up behind them, so that, to the eyes above, the whole steep appeared alive with a dark mass of rushing enemies. An ocean of grim faces was raised to the devoted city, and glared upon the young band of Azimantines, as the first-prepared sacrifice to the god of victory.

Nearer and more near they came. Forth flew the Scythian javelins, and, repelled from a thousand shields, turned innocent away, and then, the gazers from the house-tops of Azimantium might see the closer fight engaged. The unbroken line of gallant champions still maintained the strife against the swelling multitude that rushed like a tremendous sea upon them. Barbarian after barbarian fell stricken from his horse, and still they saw the battle rage, and swarms of fresh enemies pour up to the assault. Still waved the swords, still advanced the spears, and still the bands of Azimantium held their narrow pass, while behind them stood the old men of the town, to encourage them by the presence of their fathers—to carry them fresh arms—to bear away the dead.

But oh what a sight it was, when first the gazers beheld four of the parents separate from the rest of the wavering crowd, and, bearing a heavy burden, come back towards the city ! Oh, with what terrified

speed did mothers, and sisters, and wives, and the beloved, rush forth to meet the ghastly spectacle, and learn the dreadful truth ! And oh, how they crowded round, when the old men laid down their load, and, the cloak cast back, showed the fair boy stricken in his spring of beauty, the red blood clotted in his golden hair, the energy of being passed from his young eyes, and the "pale flag of death advanced" where the joy of life had reigned.

His sister wrung her hands and tore her hair, and wept, but his mother gazed calmly, proudly, painfully, upon the clay. Then bending down to take one kiss of his cold cheek, "Weep not," she cried, "weep not, Eudocia, for your brother ! He, the first, died for his country ! My child is in heaven !"

"They come ! They come !" was shouted from below : "Fly to the altars ! Lo, they come ! they come !" and breaking through the line of brave defenders, on rushed a body of the Huns. On, up the steep they urged their horses, reeking with blood and battle—on, on, towards the city. The women fled to the churches and to the shrines, but there was none to defend the town ; the streets were vacant : the youths and the old men had alike gone forth to the battle ; the Huns were at the gate, and all seemed lost.

It was then that Menenius, red from the brow to the heel with the blood of his enemies, shouted to his brave companions to follow him, and hurling a gigantic Scythian down the steep, with one bound he passed the chasm, and lighted on a point of rock where the foot of man had never stood before—another brought him to a higher crag, whence a small green ridge ran round the steepest of the precipice under the city walls. One after another his bravest comrades followed. Some missed their footing and were dashed to atoms on the rocks below ; but still another and another succeeded, for Azimantium knew not fear. The Huns were on their threshold, and who dared hesitate ? A hundred of the most agile passed the depth, pursued the green path, cleared another and another spring, reached the city wall, climbed over its ruined stones, and in the narrow entrance street met the victorious Huns, who had paused to plunder the first shrine they found.

No words were spoken : nor javelins nor arrows were now used ; brow to brow, and sword to sword, the struggle was renewed. But who can conquer men who combat for their hearths ? The Huns fell, died, or were driven back, for that narrow way had no outlet but by the gate through which they had entered, and the close street where fought the youth of Azimantium. Not a Grecian glaive fell in vain, and at every step Menenius trod upon a slain barbarian. Like a reaper, each sweep of his unceasing arm made a hollow vacancy in the rank before him, and death grew so fearfully busy amongst the Huns, that vague imaginings of some supernatural power being armed to their encounter, took possession of their bosoms. The form of the young hero swelled to the eyes of their fancy. "It is a god !" they cried, "it is a god !" They shrank from his blows—they turned—they fled. Those who were behind knew not the cause of terror, but caught it as it came. Each saw his fellow flying, and, touched by the same dim unnerving influence, sought but to fly. "A god ! a god !" they cried, and rushed forth tumultuously on those who followed towards the city.

The broken line of Azimantium through which they had forced their way, now divided into two by the barbarian multitude, still waged terrific warfare on either side, while Menenius, pressing on with his com-

panions, drove the ferocious Huns from the gate. The contagious terror of the fugitives spread to those without, and all were hurrying down the descent, when one chief rushed through the struggling crowd. "A god?" cried he. "This hand shall try his immortality!" and on he urged his steed against Menenius. For an instant the Greeks paused in their pursuit, and the barbarians rallied from their flight, and all eyes turned upon the Hun and his opponent. The fate of Azimantium—the last relic of Grecian and of Roman glory—hung upon that brief moment. An instant decided all, for before fear could become hope in the hearts of the Huns, the charger of the barbarian chief was wild upon the plain, and he himself, cleft to the jaws, lay motionless before Menenius. A thousand souls seemed in the hero's bosom, and, plunging in the midst of the enemies, he drove them down the steep. All Azimantium followed, and their footsteps were upon the necks of the dying. The rout was complete, and terror and dismay hung upon the flank of the defeated Huns; but still Menenius urged the furious pursuit. On, on he cleft his way. He marked not, he saw not who was near; he heeded not, he felt not what opposed him. His eye was fixed upon a white and fluttering object which was borne along amidst the brown masses of the flying barbarians, and towards it he rent his way, while his unwearied arm smote down all things that impeded his progress, as if but to make a path to that.

As long as the rout and the pursuit were confined by the narrow sides of the ascent to Azimantium, he kept that one spot in view; but afterwards, when the path of the flyers opened out upon the plains, the horse which bore it, carried it away from his straining eyes, while the grey falling of the evening gave every distant thing a vague shadowy uncertain form, like the objects of the past seen through the twilight memory of many years—he followed it to the last—night fell, and it was lost.

With triumph and with song the children of Azimantium wound up towards the city. Joy! joy! joy! was in their hearts, and victory upon their brows. They had overcome the myriads, they had conquered the invincible! they had rolled back the barbarian torrent from the gates of their glad city, and every step that they took among the unburied dead of the enemy told they had won for themselves both victory and peace. With a quick step, but with a cast-down eye and a knitted brow, Menenius, the hero of the triumph, followed the path up the hill. Every voice was glad, every heart seemed joyful, but his; but there was a fear, a dread, a conviction in his bosom, that his was the home that had been plundered of its treasure, his was the hearth to be forever desolate. He strode on to the town, and joy and glory hailed him; and gratitude and admiration proclaimed his name to the skies. They called him the deliverer of his country, the saviour of his native place—they saluted him as victor—they acknowledged him as chief.

"Honor!?" he asked, "Honor!?" but no one answered. Honor! was gone. Since the entrance of the Huns into the city, Honor! had not been seen: and casting himself down upon a couch, he hid his eyes in his cloak, while gladness and rejoicing filled the midnight air, and all Azimantium was one high festival.

'Twas strange, 'twas wonderfully strange! that one small city of the greatest empire in the world—while an inundation of barbarians poured over the land—while fortress and town were cast down and leveled

with the earth—while legions fled dismayed, and nations bowed the head—and while the very suburbs of Constantinople, the imperial city, beheld the fearful faces of the Huns,—’twas strange, ’twas wonderfully strange, that one small city should stand in its solitary freedom, bold, fearless, and unconquered. ’Twas strange, ’twas wonderfully strange ! Yet the deeds of the children of Azimantium are recorded in an immortal page, wherein we read, that “they attacked, in frequent and successful sallies, the troops of the Huns, who gradually declined their dangerous neighborhood ; they rescued from their hands the spoil and the captives, and recruited their domestic force by the voluntary association of fugitives and deserters.”*

In every sally, in every irruption made by the Azimantines into the vast tract of country now covered with the Huns, Menenius was the leader ; and in the fierce incessant warfare thus carried on, he seemed to find his only consolation, his only enjoyment. At other times, he would sit sad and gloomy, his vacant eye fixed unobserving upon space, and his heart meditating sad dreams. In the visions of the night, too, when weariness dimmed the fire in his heart, and suffered his eyes to close, the white and fluttering object he had pursued in the fight of Azimantium would again be carried off, while imagination would fill up all that sight had not been able to ascertain, and the form of Honoria, torn away from him by the barbarian, would hold forth its phantom arms, and implore aid and succor in vain. Then his vigorous and manly limbs would writhe with the agony of his dreaming soul, till horror and despair would burst the bands of sleep, and he would start again upon his feet to wreak his great revenge upon the enemy. And yet there was a quality in his soul which—although while an adverse sword was drawn, or a threatening bow was bent, his step was through blood and carnage, his path was terror and death,—yet there was a quality in his soul which suspended the uplifted blow when the suppliant and the conquered clasped his knee ; and many was the train of captives which he sent home to the city ; the pledges of future security and respect to Azimantium.

At length when seventy cities had fallen before the Scythian hordes, and nought but ruins were left to say where they had been, and to point to after ages the sad moral of an empire’s decay, the weak Theodosius, unable to protect his subjects, or defend himself, agreed to treat with the mighty Barbarian, and to buy precarious peace with gold and concession, when he dared not purchase true security by the sword. Attila dictated the conditions, and Theodosius yielded to all his demands, but one, with which the emperor had no power to comply ; and that was, that the city of Azimantium should restore the captives taken from the Huns. Attila felt how little power a feeble and degenerate monarch could have over a fearless, noble, unconquerable race ; and he felt, too, that all his own power, great and battle-born as it was, could scarcely suffice to crush the hearts of Azimantium. The monarch of all the Eastern empire confessed his inability to compel the restoration of the captives ; and Attila, the terror of the world, the scourge of God, the conqueror of nations, treated on equal terms with the small city of Thrace.

Oh how the heart of Menenius beat, when the monarch of the Huns, by the mouth of his envoys, proposed that all prisoners taken between

* Gibbon.

his myriads and the city of Azimantium should be mutually restored ! And oh how his bosom heaved, when, surrounded by the Hunnish cavalry, the little knot of Azimantine captives were conducted up the hill ! But where was Honoria ? where was the beloved ?

The Huns declared they had delivered all, and Honoria was not there—Honoria, without whom all was nothing. Ten of the principal barbarian chiefs were detained as hostages for the safety of her who had not returned ; while the envoys of Attila were sent back to learn the savage monarch's will. The reply soon came, that if any of the chiefs of Azimantium dared to trust himself in the dominions of Attila, he should have free means and aid in making every search for the captive said to be detained. Maximin and Priscus, the messengers added, were then on their journey as ambassadors from the imperial court to the king of the Huns, and if the Azimantine chief would join them at Sardica, he would be conducted to the presence of Attila, who loved the brave, even when his enemies.

Menenius sprang upon his horse, and, followed by a scanty train, took the way to Sardica, his heart torn with the eternal struggle of those two indefatigable athletes, Hope and Fear. Still, as he went, his eye roamed over the landscape—for even the absorbing sorrow of his own breast had not obliterated his love for his country—and how painful was the sight upon which the eye rested ! Desolation—the vacant cottage, the extinguished hearth, the threshold stained with blood, the raven and the vulture gorged and gorging, the mangled and unburied slain, the overthrown cities, the deserted streets through which the speedy grass was already growing up, where multitudes had trod—the grass—the verdant and the speedy grass, which, like the fresh joys of this idle world, soon covers over the place that we have held when once we are passed away—ruin, destruction, death—such was the aspect of the land. And as he gazed and saw, the thought of all the broken ties and torn fellowships, the sweet associations and dear thrilling sympathies dissolved, the wreck of every noble art, the scattering of every finer feeling, which the blasting, withering, consuming lightning of war had there accomplished, found an answering voice deep in the recesses of his own wrung and agonized heart. At the ruins of Naissus—for one stone of the city scarcely remained upon the other—he joined the legates of the emperor, and with them pursued his way. His mind was not attuned to much commune with his fellows ; and though Priscus, with learned lore, tempted him to speak of science, and arts, and philosophy ; and Maximin, with courtly urbanity, which softened and ornamented the sterner firmness of his character, and Vigilius, the interpreter, with subtle and persuasive art, strove to win the Azimantine chief to unbend from his deep gloom, Menenius could neither forget nor forgive, and sadness was at once in his heart, and upon his brow. *

Over high mountains, through brown woods, across dark and turbulent rivers, the ambassadors were led on by that part of the barbarian army, which was destined to be both their protection and guide. They saw but few of the inhabitants of the country, and little cultivated ground. Drove of oxen and sheep seemed the riches of the land. Pasture appeared to be the employment of the people, and war their sport.

Their march was regulated by the Huns who accompanied them, and by them also was each day's journey limited. The spot for pitching

their tents was exactly pointed out, and the hour for departure was not only named, but enforced. Each day, long before that hour came, Menenius was on foot, and he would wander forth in the morning sunshine, and gaze through the deep vacuities in the woods, or let his eyes rest upon the misty and uncertain mountains, while the vast wild wilderness of the land would force upon his heart the madness of hoping that his search would prove successful. Thus had he gone forth one morning, when, in the glade of the forest where their tents were raised, he saw before him one of the barbarians whom he had never beheld before. The cold stern eye of Menenius rested on him for an instant, and then turned to the dim woods again. There was nothing pleasing in his form or in his countenance, and Menenius was passing on. He was short in stature, but broad as a giant, and with each muscular limb swelling with vigor and energy. His head was large and disproportioned, his face flat, his brow prominent, his color swarthy. A few long and straggling hairs upon his chin, and deep lines of powerful thought, told that he had long reached manhood, while his white and shining teeth, and his bright keen speckless eye, spoke vigor undecayed by one year too many.

"Whither stray'st thou, stranger?" said the barbarian; "can a Greek enjoy the aspect of solitary nature; can the dweller in cities—the pitiful imitator of the meanest of insects, the ant—can he look with pleasure on the wilds that were given man for his best, and original home?"

"Thou art ignorant, Hun!" replied Menenius, "and with the pride of ignorance, despisest that which thou dost not comprehend. Man, in raising cities and ornamenting them with art, only follows the dictates of nature herself. To the brutes she gave the wild world, but added no intellect to her gift, for the world, in its wildest state, was sufficient. To man she gave intellect, and the whole universe, full of materials, on which to employ it. He who is most elevated by nature herself, will use her gifts in the most diversified ways, and he who least uses them, approaches nearest to the brute. Nay, barbarian, roll not thy furious eyes on me; I sought thee not, and he who speaks to me must hear the truth."

For several minutes, however, the Hun did roll his eyes with an expression of fury that strangely contrasted with his perfect silence. Not a word did he speak—not a quiver of the lip betrayed the suppression of any angry tone, and it was not till the fierce glance of his wrath was completely subdued, that he replied, "Vain son of a feeble race, upon whose necks Attila, my lord and thine, has trod, boast not the use of arts which have reduced thy people to what they are, and made them alike unfit for war and peace. Look at their bones whitening in the fields; look at their cities leveled with the plains; look at their manifold and wicked laws, which protect the strong and oppress the weak; look at their silken and luxurious habits, which effeminate their bodies and degrade their minds. This is the product of the arts thou praisest. This is the degrading civilization that thou huggest to thy heart."

"Not so, Hun," replied Menenius; "the corruption which thou hast seen with too sure an eye, springs not from art, or knowledge, or civilization. It springs from the abuse of wealth and power. The Roman empire was as a man who, covered with impenetrable armor, had conquered all his enemies, and finding none other to struggle with,

had cast away his shield and breastplate, and lay down on a sunny bank to sleep. In his slumber, new adversaries came upon him, his armor was gone, and he was overthrown. The armor of the empire was courage, decision, and patriotism, the slumber was luxury, and thus it was that the myriads of thy Lord penetrated to Constantinople, and destroyed the cities. The arts thou despisest, because thou knowest them not, had no share in bringing on the slumber which has proved so destructive ; but let the Huns beware, for the giant may awake."

"Ha !" cried the barbarian, with a triumphant smile, "what is the city that could stand an hour, if Attila bade it fall ?"

"Azimantium !" replied Menenius.

The Hun threw back his broad shoulders, and glared upon the Thracian chief, with a glance more of surprise than anger—then gazed at him from head to foot, visited each particular feature with his eye, and marked every vigorous and well-turned limb with a look of scrutinizing inquiry. "Thou art Menenius !" he exclaimed abruptly, after he had satisfied himself, "Thou art Menenius ! 'Tis well ! 'Tis well !—I deemed thou hadst been Maximin."

"And had I been so," asked Menenius, "would that have made a difference in thy language ?"

"Son of a free and noble race," replied the Hun, "ask me no farther. That which may well become thee to speak, would ill besit the suppliant messenger of a conquered king ; and that which I would say to the vanquished and the crouching, could not be applied to the brave and the independent. Happy had it been for thy country had she possessed many like to thee, for then she would have fallen with honor : and happy, too, had it been for Attila my Lord, for then his triumphs would have been more glorious."

Menenius was silent. The tone of the Hun was changed. The rudeness of his manner was gone ; and though he spoke with the dignity of one whose nation was rich in conquests, there was no longer in his language the assumption of haughty superiority which he had at first displayed.

"And thou," said Menenius at last—"Who am I to fancy thee ?"

"I am Onagesius, the servant of Attila the King," replied the Hun ; "and mark me, chieftain of a brave people. Hold but little communion with the slaves of Theodosius as they pass through the dominions of the Huns. The lion may be stung by the viper, if he lie down where he be coiled. Now, farewell ;" and thus speaking, the Hun turned, and with a proud firm step, each fall of which seemed planted as for a combat, he took his path away from the Grecian tents.

* * * * *

The ambassadors pursued their way, and, after some days, encamped late at night upon the banks of the dark and rushing Tebiscus.

The heavens were obscured by heavy leaden clouds driven by the wind into large masses, through the breaks of which, a dull and sickly moon glared forth with a fitful and a watery light upon the misty earth. The dim shapes of shadowy mountains, too, were vaguely sketched upon the sky, covered with quick passing shades, while ever and anon the winds howled forth their melancholy song, a wild and sombre anthem to the grim genius of the scene around.

The tents were pitched, the plain meal was over, the mead had passed round, and sleep had relaxed every weary muscle of the travellers' limbs, when suddenly a hurricane rushed over the whole scene, the

river rose, the rain came down in torrents, and the temporary encampment was in a moment overthrown. Drenched and terrified, the legates of the Emperor disengaged themselves with difficulty from their falling pavilions, and called loudly for help. Noise and confusion spread around, and the roaring stream rising quickly over the meadow in which they had been sleeping, the howling of the overpowering wind, and the heavy pattering of the rain, added to the disturbance and fear of the scene.

A moment after, a blazing light upon the nearest hill rose like a beacon to direct their steps, and thither the ambassadors were led by the Huns.

Menenius, after he had provided for the safety of his horses and attendants, followed the rest. As he approached the light, he saw, by the figures of several Huns supplying a large fire of dry reeds with fresh fuel, that it had been raised on purpose to guide any travellers overtaken by the storm, to a place of shelter and repose. Attention and kindness awaited him, and he was instantly led into a large wooden house, where Priscus and Maximin were already seated by a cheerful hearth, at which a young widow, the wife of Attila's dead brother Bleda, was busy in the gentle cares of hospitality. Along the extreme side of the apartment was drawn a line of Scythian slaves, armed as became those who waited on the widow of a king; and as Menenius entered, their rank was just closing, after having given exit to a form which made the Thracian chief start forward, as his eye caught the last flutter of her retiring robes. "Who passed?"—he exclaimed abruptly, forgetting, in the anxious haste of the moment, all idle ceremony. "Who passed but now?"—"Ella, the daughter of the King, and her maidens," was the reply. The heart of Menenius sunk, and his eye lost its eager fire. In a few brief words he excused his abruptness; but the widow of Bleda was one of those whose kind hearts find excuses better than we can urge them. "The maiden is fair," she said, "and well merits a stranger's glance. In truth, she knew not that there was another guest of such a mien about to be added to our hearth, or she would have staid to pour the *camus* and the mead. Much would she grieve were she not here to show that part of hospitality." And Bleda's widow sent a maiden to tell her niece that Menenius, the Azimantine chief, sat by the fire untended.

She came,—a dark-haired girl, with a splendid brow, and eyes as pure and bright as if a thousand diamonds had been melted to furnish forth their deep and flashing light. A rose as glorious as that upon the brow of morning warmed her cheek, and a quick untaught grace moved in her full and easy limbs, like those of a wild deer. But she was not Honoria; and the eye of Menenius rested on her, as on a fair statue, which, in its cold difference of being, however lovely, however it may call upon admiration, wakens no sympathy within our warmer bosoms. She, however, gazed on him, as on something new and strange, and bright; and there was in her glance both the untutored fire of artless nature, and the fearless pride of kingly race, and early acquaintance with power. For a moment she stood and contemplated the Thracian chief, with her sandaled foot advanced, and her head thrown back, and her lustrous eye full of wild pleasure; but then suddenly a red flush rose in her cheek, and spread over her brow, and, with a trembling hand, she filled a cup of mead, touched it with her lips, gave it to Menenius, and again retired.

Menenius lay down to rest, but his dreams were not of her. Gay visions of the former time rose up and visited his brain. From out the dreary tomb of the past, long-perished moments of joy and hope were called, as by an angel's voice, to bless his slumber—Honoria—Azimantium—happiness.

Pass we over the onward journey. After a long and tedious march, the ambassadors arrived at the royal village of the Huns, which was then surrounded by uncultured woods, though at present the rich vineyards of Tokay spread round the land in which it stood. Houses of wood were the only structures which were boasted by the chief city of the monarch of one half the earth; and to the eye of the Greeks, everything seemed poor and barbarous in the simplicity of the Huns. Yet, even lowly as were their cottage palaces, they had contrived to bestow much art on their construction. Fantastic trellis-work, and rich carved screens, and wreathed columns, cut of polished and variegated woods, were scattered in every direction; and while the first faint efforts of an approach to taste were to be found in the taller buildings and more correct proportions of the royal dwellings, the idea of war—the national sport and habitual passion of the people—was to be seen in the imitative towers and castles with which they had decorated their dwellings of peace.

Attila himself had not yet returned from his last excursion; but a day did not elapse before his coming was announced by warrior after warrior who arrived, their horses covered with gold, and their followers loaded with spoil. All his subjects went forth to gratulate their conquering monarch; and the Greeks, standing on a little eminence, beheld his approach. First came innumerable soldiers, in dark irregular masses, and then appeared, chieftain after chieftain, all the various nations that he ruled. Then was seen a long train of maidens, in white robes, walking in two lines, each bearing aloft in her hand one end of a fine white veil, which, stretching across to the other side, canopied a row of younger girls, who scattered flowers upon the path. Behind these, mounted on a strong black horse, clothed in one uniform dark robe, without jewel, or gold, or ornament whatever, came the monarch whose sway stretched over all the northern world. As he advanced, he paused a moment, while his attendants raised a small silver table, on which the wife of one of his favorite chiefs offered him refreshments on his return. He was still at some distance, but the Greeks could behold him bend courteously to the giver, and raise the cup to his lips. The table was then removed, and onward came the king—nearer—more near—till Menenius might distinguish the features of the dark Hun he had met in the forest.

Menenius sat in the lonely hut which had been appointed for his dwelling, and while the shadows of night fell like the darkening hues of time, as they come deeper and deeper upon the brightness of our youth, hope waxed faint in his heart, and dim despondency spread like twilight over his mind. Alone, in the midst of a wild and barbarous land, the depths of whose obscure forest were probably unknown even to the fierce monarch whose sway they owned, how could he, unfriended, unaided, dream that he would ever discover that lost jewel, which had been torn from the coronet of his happiness? Never! never! never! to behold her again! To journey through a weary life, and fall into the chill, solitary tomb, without the blessed light of those dear eyes which had been the starlike lamps of his existence—to dwell forever in igno-

rance of her fate, while his fancy, like the damned in Hades, could find nothing but the bitter food of horror and despair—Such was his destiny.

"Attila the king!" exclaimed a loud voice, as he pondered, and Menenius stood face to face with the Monarch of the North, while the light of the pinewood torch glared red upon the dark features of the Scythian, and gave to those grim and powerful lines a sterner character and fiercer shade. His voice was gentle, however; and, seating himself on the couch, he spoke with words which had in them the tone of unshared, undisputed, unlimited authority, but elevated by the consciousness of mental greatness, and tempered by admiration and esteem.

"Chief of Azimantium," said the Hun, "while the slaves of a vain and treacherous king wait long ere they are permitted to breathe the same air with Attila, the king of nations disdains not to visit the leader of the brave. Mark me, thou chief of the last free sons of Greece! The sword of thy country is broken—the sceptre of thine emperors passed away. The seed is gathered which shall sow grass in the palaces of kings—the clouds are collected which shall water the harvest of desolation. Greek, I boast not of my victories—it sufficeth Attila to conquer. But calmly, reasonably measure thy people against mine, and think whether the small band of Azimantians, were they all inspired by the God of battles with courage like thine own, could save the whole of degenerate Greece from the innumerable and warrior people of the north. What—what can Azimantium do, all unsupported, against a world?"

"Each son of Azimantium," replied Menenius, "can offer up a hecatomb of Scythian strangers, and give his soul to heaven upon the wings of victory. This will Azimantium—and then—perish Greece!"

A shadow passed across the monarch's brow.

"Be not too proud," he said, "be not too proud! A better fate may yet befall thy city and thy land. So well does Attila love Azimantium, that he claims her as his own from the Greek emperor; and to win her citizens to willingness, he offers his daughter—his loved—his lovely daughter to her chief. Pause!" he added, seeing the quivering of Menenius' lip; "pause and think! Reply not! but remember that thus may Greece be saved—that the safety or destruction of thy land is upon thy tongue. Pause, and let the sun rise twice upon the meditation of thine answer."

Thus spoke the monarch, and in a moment after, the Azimantine chief was once more left to solitude. Deep and bitter was the smile of contempt that curled the lip of Menenius; for in the proud glory of his own heart, he forgot how low Greece had fallen amongst the people of the earth, and in the imperishable memory of his love, the mention of another bride was but as the raving of insanity. "I!—I!—Menenius of Azimantium—I wed the daughter of the barbarian! I become a subject of the Hun!—I forget Honoria!"

Another day went down, and Menenius, with the Grecian ambassador, was seated in the halls of Attila, at the banquet which the proud monarch gave at once to the envoys of the Eastern and Western empire. On a raised platform in the midst of the hall was the couch and table of Attila, covered with fine linen and precious stuffs, while fifty small tables on either side were spread out for the guests invited to the royal feast. An open space was before the board of the monarch, and behind him the hall was filled with a dark fantastic crowd of guards,

and attendants, and barbarian slaves. On the same couch with Attila sat his daughter Iárnè,—that beautiful daughter whom Menenius had beheld at the dwelling of Bleda's widow ; and as the Azimantine chief passed by, and poured the required libation to "Attila the Brave," the maiden's eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and the blood rose fast into her cheek, like the red morning sun rising up into the pale twilight sky. Menenius passed on unchanged and cold, and took his place with Maximin, the ambassador of Theodosius.

The fare of Attila was plain and rude, but the tables of his guests were spread with all that the fearful luxury of Rome itself could have culled from earth and sea. Ere long the cupbearer filled the golden goblet, and the monarch, rising from his couch, drank to Berek, the bravest of the Huns. Again, after a pause, he rose, but the cup was given him by his daughter, and Attila drank to Menenius, the bravest of the Greeks ! Quick and sparkling flowed the mead, and then an old grey man poured to the wild chords of a barbaric lyre, a song of triumph and of battles, while at every close he proclaimed Attila's bridal day. At length a bright troop of young and happy maidens led in, surrounded by their linked arms, three brighter than themselves, from whom the Monarch of the North was about to choose a new partner for his mighty throne. Their faces were veiled ; but through the long white robes that clothed them shone out that radiant light of grace and beauty which nothing can conceal. Slowly, and as if reluctant, they were brought into the monarch's presence. * *

Why quivered the lip of Menenius ? Why strained his eye upon that first veiled figure ? The veil is gone !—To him ! To him she stretches forth her hands !—The table and banquet is dashed to atoms at his feet, and Honoria is in Menenius' arms.

A thousand swords sprang from their sheaths—a thousand javelins quivered round the hall. Traitor ! Madman ! Sacrilegious slave ! was shouted in a thousand fierce voices, and a thousand barbarous tongues. But unquailing in the midst stood the Azimantine chief—his left arm round the beating heart of his young bride—his right, armed with that sword which had bowed many a hero to the dust, raised appealing to the Scythian king. "Monarch of the Huns," he cried, "this is the captive I have come to seek. As you are a man—as you are a warrior—as you are a king ! By your oath—by your honor—by your justice ! yield her to me, her promised husband, and put us safely off your land. Then if of all these brave and mighty men," he added with a frown, "who draw the sword against a single Greek, there be but ten who will meet me brow to brow in the battle plain, I will write it in their blood that I am neither slave nor traitor, but a bold man, who dares to claim and to defend his own !"

Fierce wrath, stern revenge, majestic admiration, had swept over the countenance of Attila, like the broken masses of a rent thunder-cloud hurled over the sky by the succeeding blast. "Hold !" he cried ; "Warriors ! put up your swords. Chief of Azimantium ! you rob me of a bride ; but if this be the captive you have come to seek, Attila's word is given, and safely, surely, she shall be returned to her home, were she as lovely as the moon. But with you, Greek, with your companions, Maximin, Priscus, and Vigilius, the king has still to deal, and, after what has befallen this day, expect nothing more than justice." As he spoke, he rolled his dark eyes fearfully around, then suddenly raised his hand, exclaiming, "Now, warriors ! now !" and

before he could strike a blow, Menenius, unprepared, was seized on all sides, and bound tight in every limb, together with the envoys from Theodosius.

All, for an instant, was wild confusion. Honoria, with the other women, were hurried from the hall; and Menenius found himself ranged with Priscus and Maximin before the throne of Attila; while, in the deathlike, ashy, quivering countenance of Vigilus, the interpreter, who stood beside him, he read detected guilt and certain death.

"Hired murderers, sent by an imperial slave to slay his conqueror and master," exclaimed Attila, after he had gazed for some minutes upon the Greeks, "do ye not tremble to find your baseness exposed in the eyes of all the universe? Stand forth, Edecon, and tell the warriors of Attila, how these men came here, under the garb of ambassadors, to slay by treachery, in peace, the king that, by battle, they could not vanquish in war. And you, warriors, lay not your hands upon your swords—Attila will do justice to Attila."

At the command of the king, Edecon, who had been ambassador for Attila at Constantinople, stood forth, and declared, that in an interview with the Eunuch Chrysaphius, that favorite of the weak Monarch of the East had proposed to him the assassination of his master, and offered him an immense reward. He had affected to consent, and had that very day received a purse of gold and jewels from Vigilus, the interpreter, who was privy to the whole. The plot he had instantly communicated to Attila, and the purse he now produced. Maximin and Priscus, he doubted not, were cunning men, sent to accomplish the scheme with art; and Menenius, beyond question, was the daring murderer to strike the final blow.

Maximin spoke loudly in his own defence, and Priscus learnedly on the improbability of the tale, while the mouth of Vigilus opened, and his lips quivered, but no sound found utterance. Menenius was silent, but he fixed his bold eye upon Attila, who glared upon them all like a tiger crouching for the spring.

"Maximin and Priscus," said the King at length, "ye are innocent! Let them be freed. As for yon trembling traitor, guilt is in his eye and on his cheek: but the sword that should smite Vigilus would be disgraced forever, and find no blood in his coward heart. Let him buy his life, and pay two hundred pounds weight of gold to him he sought to bribe.—As for thee, Chief of Azimantium"—

"Thou knowest I am guiltless, Hun!" replied Menenius, "and bonds such as these have pressed upon my arms too long."

"Of thy guilt or innocence I know nought," replied the King; "but this I know, that I will guard thee safely till thine Emperor send me the head of Chrysaphius, the murdering slave who first sought to tempt my subjects into treachery. Away with Vigilus, till he pay the purchase of his base life; and away with this Azimantine, till Orestes and Eslaw, my envoys, bring me the head of the eunuch from my slave the Emperor."

* * * * *

In the solitude of a dark unenlightened hut, stretched upon a bear's hide, which had been cast down for his bed, lay the young Chief of Azimantium, pondering his hard fate, while the sounds of many a gay and happy voice without, struck with painful discord upon his unattuned ear. Dark and melancholy, the fancies flitted across his brain like the visions of dead friends seen in the dim atmosphere of troubled sleep,

and he revolved in his mind that bold cowardice of his ancestors, which taught them to fly from the sorrows and dangers of their fate, by the sure but gloomy passage of the tomb. Was it virtue, he asked himself, or vice? wisdom, or insanity, that allied the last despair to the last hope, and made self-murder the cure of other ills? And, as he thought, sorrow took arms against his better mind, and whispered like a fiend, "Die! Die, Menenius! Peace is in the grave!" A new and painful struggle was added to the evils of his state, and still he thought of death as hours and days went by. Nor was this all; for, as the Dacians tame the lions for the imperial shows, the Huns strove to break his spirit, and subdue his high heart, by reiterated anxieties and cares. Now, he was told of wars with the Empire, and the fall of Greece: now, strange whispers were poured into his ear, of some direful fate reserved for himself: now, he heard of the great annual sacrifice offered at the altar of Mars, where a hundred captive maidens washed the platform with their blood. But still, like the great hero of the mighty founder of the Epic song, he rose above the waves that were poured upon his head, and still answered, "Never! Never!" when the name of Azimantium was connected with the dominion of the Huns.

It was one night when a darker melancholy than ever oppressed his mind, and despondency sat most heavy on his soul, that the door was cast open, and a blaze of light burst upon his sight. His eyes, familiar with the darkness, refused at first to scan the broad glare; but when at length they did their office, he beheld, in the midst of her slaves, that fair girl Iërnë, whose offered hand he had refused. Her cheek, which had been as warm as the last cloud of a summer evening, was now as pale as the same cloud when, spirit-like, it flits across the risen moon. But her eye had lost none of its lustre; and it seemed, in truth, as if her whole soul had concentrated there to give fuller effulgence to its living light.

"Chief of Azimantium," said the maiden, "it is my father's will that you be freed, and I—that the generosity of Attila should know no penury—I have prayed, that though Menenius slighted Iërnë, he should wed the woman of his love even in Iërnë's father's halls. My prayer has been granted—the banquet is prepared—the maiden is warned, and the blushes are on her cheek—a priest of thine own God is ready.—Rise, then, Chief of Azimantium, and change a prison for thy bridal bed. Rise, and follow the slighted Iërnë."

"Oh, lady!" answered Menenius, "call not thyself by so unkind a name. Write on your memory, that, long ere my eyes rested on your loveliness, Honoria was bound to my heart by ties of old affection; and, as your soul is generous and noble, fancy all the gratitude that your blessed words waken in my bosom. Oh! let the thought of having raised me from despair—of having freed me from bonds—of having crowned me with happiness, find responsive joy in your bosom, and let the blessing that you give, return and bless you also.

Iërnë pressed her hand firm upon her forehead, and gazed upon Menenius while he spoke, with eyes whose bright but unsteady beams seemed borrowed from the shifting meteors of the night. The graceful arch of her full coral lip quivered; but she spoke not; and, waving with her hand, the attendants loosened the chains from the hands of the Azimantine, and, starting on his feet, Menenius was free.

In the brightness and the blaze of a thousand torches, the Chief of Azimantium stood in the halls of Attila, with the hand of Honoria clasped in his own. Sorrow and anxiety had touched, but not stolen, her beauty—had changed, but not withered, a charm. Every glance was softened—every feature had a deeper interest—and joy shone the brighter for the sorrow that was gone, like the mighty glory of the sun when the clouds and the tempests roll away.

The dark Monarch of the barbarians gazed on the work he had wrought, and the joy that he had given; and a triumphant splendor, more glorious than the beams of battle, radiated from his brow. "Chief of Azimantium," he said, "thou art gold tried in the fire, and Attila admires thee though a Greek—Not for the beauty of thy form at all—let girls and pitiful limners think of that!—not for thy strength and daring alone—such qualities are for soldiers and gladiators; but for thy dauntless, unshrinking, unalterable resolution—the virtue of kings, the attribute of gods—Were Attila not Attila, he would be Menenius. Thou hast robbed me of a bride! Thou hast taken a husband from my daughter; but Attila can conquer—even himself. Sound the hymeneal! Advance to the altar! Yon priest has long been a captive among us, but his blessing on Honoria and Menenius shall bring down freedom on his own head."

The solemnity was over—the barbarian guests were gone, and through the flower-strewed passages of the palace, Honoria and Menenius were led to their bridal chamber; while a thousand thrilling feelings of joy, and hope, and thankfulness, blended into one tide of delight, poured from their mutual hearts through all their frames, like the dazzling sunshine of the glorious noon streaming down some fair valley amidst the mountains, and investing every object round in misty splendor, and dream-like light. The fruition of long delayed hope, the gratification of early and passionate love, was not all; but it seemed as if the dark cloudy veil between the present and the future had been rent for them by some divine hand, and that a long vista of happy years lay before their eyes in bright perspective to the very horizon of being. Such were the feelings of both their bosoms, as, with linked hands and beating hearts, they approached the chamber assigned to them; but their lips were silent, and it was only the love-lighted eye of Menenius, as it rested on the form of his bride, and the timid, downcast, but not unhappy glance of Honoria, that spoke the world of thoughts that crowded in their breasts.

A band of young girls, with the pale Iërnë at their head, met them singing at the door of their chamber. The maidens strewed their couch with flowers, and Iërnë gave the marriage cup to the hand of Honoria; but as she did so, there was a wild uncertain light in her eye, and a quivering eagerness on her lip, that made Menenius hold Honoria's arm as she was about to raise the chalice to her mouth. "Ha! I had forgot," said the Princess, taking back the goblet with a placid smile, "I must drink first, and then, before the moon be eleven times renewed, I too shall be a bride.—Menenius the brave! Honoria the fair! Happy lovers, I drink to your good rest! May your sleep be sound! May your repose be unbroken!" and with calm and graceful dignity, she drank a third part of the mead. Honoria drank also, according to the custom; Menenius drained the cup, and the maidens withdrawing, left the lovers to their couch. Honoria hid her eyes upon the bosom of Menenius, and the warrior, pressing her to his bosom, spoke gentle

words of kind assurance, but in a moment her hand grew deathly cold. "Menenius, I am faint," she cried: "What is it that I feel? My heart seems as it were suddenly frozen, and my blood changed into snow. Oh, Menenius! Oh, my beloved! we are poisoned; I am dying! That cup of mead—that frantic girl—she has doomed us and herself to death."

As she spoke, through his own frame the same chill and icy feelings spread. A weight was upon his heart, his warm and fiery blood grew cold, the strong sinews lost their power, the courageous soul was quelled, and he gazed in speechless, unnerved horror on Honoria, while shade by shade, the living rose left her cheek, and the "pale standard" of life's great enemy marked his fresh conquest on her brow. Her eyes which, in the hour of joy and expectation, had been bent to the earth, now fixed on his with a long, deep, earnest, imploring gaze of last affection. Her arms, no longer timid, circled his form, and the last beatings of her heart throbbed against his bosom. "Thou too art dying!" she said, as she saw the potent hemlock spread death over his countenance, "thou too art dying! Menenius will not leave Honoria even in this last long journey.—We go—we go together;" and faintly she raised her hand, and pointed to the sky, where, through the casement, the bright autumn moon poured her melancholy splendor over the Hungarian hills.—A film came over her eyes—a dark unspeakable grey shadow! and oh, it was horrible to see the bright angel part from its clay tabernacle!

In the athletic frame of the lover, the poison did not its cruel office so rapidly. He saw her fade away before his eyes—he saw her pass like a flower that had lived its summer day, in perfume and beauty, and faded with the falling of the night. He could not—he would not so lose her.—He would call for aid—some precious antidote should give her back to life. He unclasped the faint arms that still clung upon his neck. He rose upon his feet, with limbs reduced to infant weakness. His brain reeled. His heart seemed crushed beneath a mountain: but still he staggered forth. He heard voices before him. "Help! Help!" he cried, "Help, ere Honoria die!" With the last effort of existence, he rushed forward, tore open the curtain before him, reeled forward to the throne on which Attila held his midnight council—stretched forth his arms—but power—voice—sense—being—passed away, and Menenius fell dead at the Monarch's feet. "Who has done this?" exclaimed the King, in a voice of thunder. "Who has done this? By the god of battles, if it be my own children, they shall die! Is this the fate of Menenius? Is this the death that the hero of Azimantium should have known?—No! No! No! red on the battle-field—gilded with the blood of enemies—the last of a slain, but not a conquered host—so should the chief have died.—Menenius! Kinsman in glory! Attila weeps for the fate of his enemy!"

"Lord of the world! Lord of the world!" exclaimed a voice that hurried forward from the chambers beyond, "thy daughter is dead in the arms of her maidens; and dying, she sent thee word, that sooner than forbear to slay her enemies, she had drunk of the cup which she had mingled for them."

* * * * *

Attila smote his breast. "She was my daughter," he exclaimed, "she was, indeed, my daughter! But let her die, for she has brought a stain upon the hospitality of her father; and the world will say that Attila, though bold, was faithless."

There was woe in Azimantium, while, with a slow and solemn pomp, the ashes of Honoria and Menenius were borne into the city. In the face of the assembled people, the deputies of Attila, by oath and imprecation, purified their lord from the fate of the lovers. The tale was simple, and soon told, and the children of Azimantium believed.

Days, and years, and centuries, rolled by, and a race of weak and effeminate monarchs, living alone by the feebleness and barbarism of their enemies, took care that Azimantium should not long remain as a monument of reproach to their degenerate baseness. Nation followed nation; dynasty succeeded dynasty; a change came over the earth and its inhabitants, and Azimantium was no more. Still, however, the rock on which it stood bears its bold front towards the stormy sky, with the same aspect of courageous daring with which its children encountered the tempest of the Huns.

A few ruins, too—rifted walls, and dark fragments of fallen fanes—the pavement of some sweet domestic hearth long cold—a graceful capital, or a broken statue, still tell that a city has been there; and through the country round about, the wild and scattered peasantry, still in the song, and the tale, and the vague tradition, preserve in various shapes The Story of Azimantium!

"MARRIED AT LAST!"

[ATHENÆUM.]

A Song written by a late sister débutante, and dedicated to "Out at last!"

How many a long and weary night
 Last year I whiled away,
 Quadrilling e'en till morning's light
 Flash'd forth its wanning ray.
 And then I sigh'd, as home I went,
 That, spite of beauty's pride,
 No anxious lover o'er me bent,
 Or wooed me for his bride.

And still I trod the festal hall,
 Still sung, and spread my snare;
 Yet not a word of love, though all
 Declared me wondrous fair.
 With sweetest smile and softest sigh,
 'Twas mine along to glide
 With fairy foot and form, for I
 Was then no blushing bride.

But things are changed from what they were,
 And last year's budding flower,
 Full-blown 'neath Cupid's fostering care,
 Now graces Hymen's bower.
 For, though I still am young and gay,
 And still in beauty's pride,
 I never dance at dawn of day,
 For I am now a bride.

But though I've left false flattery's vow
To fairer forms, no doubt,—
(For oh ! however fair 's the brow
Of her that's "just come out,")—
Still, lady, I would have *thee* cast
The glittering chain aside ;
Then may the lovely "out at last"
Become a blushing bride !

MY LADY'S ALBUM.

[LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.]—"Lady Annaly," said Cornwall Grey, "I have brought you a present—a new album."

"Thank you," replied the young lady, as she carelessly took the splendid volume from his hands, and without a glance threw it on her ivory inlaid work-table.

Cornwall Grey was half offended when he saw his present treated so cavalierly ; but he knew it could answer no purpose to exhibit his chagrin, so he concealed it.

Lady Annaly was a fashionable beauty, consequently a coquet. Lady Annaly was an heiress, consequently a most adorable creature. Lady Annaly was vain, but that could not be wondered at, for she heard her praises sung by every one, from her father the Earl, and her mother the Countess, down to her own French waiting woman ; from the moustached gentlemen of White's and Boodle's, down to the half-pay ensign. Lady Annaly had hundreds of admirers, and each one was in turn flattered, and each one in turn rejected. Lady Annaly had one real lover, and she had good sense enough to be able to distinguish the real from the pretended, and yet had folly enough to tease and plague that one far more than all the rest. That one was Cornwall Grey, and none knew what pangs Cornwall Grey had experienced in his wooing but himself.

"Lady Annaly," said Cornwall Grey, "I have a favor to ask."

"Heavens ! Cornwall ! Are you about to turn merchant ?"

"Wherefore that question ?"

"That you thus expect a return for your merchandise," pointing to the volume newly given.

Cornwall smiled—a lady's jest must be smiled at, good or bad.

"Well, well, what is your request ?"

"You go to Almack's to-night, I presume ? That you will not dance with Lord Huntley."

Lord Huntley was one of those gentlemen whose wit consists in wearing a gold eye-glass without needing it, and whose whole stock of intellectual ideas is made up of common places from daily journals.

"*Mon Dieu !* I hope you are not jealous ! I hate jealousy, and have ever done so since I saw dear Pasta play *Otello*. Are you jealous, Cornwall ?"

"No, no, not jealous, but I hate that coxcomb !"

"Shall I, or shall I not, promise ?" considered Lady Annaly. The genius of woman—sweet contradiction—prevailed.

"I cannot promise," she said.

"Cannot ! Lady Annaly ? And wherefore ? I entreat to know why not ?"

"Do not question *me*, Mr. Grey : I said just now, I cannot promise ; I now say, I *will* not."

Cornwall bowed lowly and coldly, ejaculated in a very gentle tone, "Heartless girl !" and left the apartment. In the evening Lady Annaly and Lord Huntley excited universal admiration at Almack's, in the galopade.

"Where is Mr. Grey ?" carelessly asked Lady Annaly of Lord Huntley, about a week after.

"Gone," replied his Lordship, "like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque. He has left England."

"Indeed," said Lady Annaly, still more carelessly ; but her thoughts were different. "Gone ! Gone ! without a word or a line to *me* ? Cruel !"

Lord Huntley, in spite of his coxcombry and his gold eye-glass, had some knowledge of the world, especially of the female part of it. He saw that she was piqued, and hesitated not to pursue the advantage thus offered. Lady Annaly was somewhat hurried—a little confused—a vague idea of revenge crossed her bosom—she became still more confused—said "yes," when she should have said "no ;" and so, three days afterwards, the Morning Post had the following paragraph:—

"It is hinted in fashionable circles, that Lord H. is about to lead to the hymenial altar the elegant and accomplished daughter of the Earl of A."

In the course of a few succeeding weeks the paragraph was repeated, with the additional information, that the bridal day was fixed, and solving the mysteries of initials and asterisks, by giving the names, as portrait-painters sometimes do the likenesses—at "full length."

Cornwall Grey wandered to Rome ; he criticised St. Peter's, disliked the Apollo, and perfectly disregarded the Venus.

What a frightful disease love must be, when it makes one criticise St. Peter's, dislike the Apollo, and disregard the Venus ! I hope I shall never be in love !

One day Cornwall Grey yawned over an English newspaper ; suddenly he started up, threw it away, ordered post horses, and hurried towards England at a pace which his Satanic Majesty might vainly hope to rival. He passed the Campagna like a flash of lightning—the inhabitants felt thunderstruck. They knew not how to account for it : well might they wonder—they had never seen Lady Annaly. Some said he had run away with a nun ; but that was a great scandal—the nuns about Rome are all very ugly.

Cornwall Grey was at the park gates of the Earl of A., ere he had considered why he traveled so fast, or what was the purport of his mission.

"I will see her once more," he said, "ere she become the bride of another—ere she become Lady Huntley." What a frightful name Huntley is ! At least so thought Mr. Cornwall Grey.

He dismissed his carriage to the nearest village, leaped the park palings, and roamed about and among the shady groves in true lover-like style. The game-keeper was very nigh shooting him for a poacher, but luckily his gun flashed in the pan.

Cornwall Grey ascended a flight of marble steps, unclosed a pair of glass folding-doors, and entered a magnificent saloon ; and as he gazed round the elegant apartment he sighed audibly. Cornwall Grey was not a radical ; radicals never sigh over anything but the national debt.

Cornwall Grey walked up to the table—on it lay the identical album which he had presented to Lady Annaly. He opened it—the first page presented some lines in Lady Annaly's own Italian hand. Cornwall Grey never told any one what those lines expressed; he knew better how to keep a lady's secret, and so do I; but as he read them his countenance brightened, and his eyes sparkled, and the color flew to his cheek.

"By Heaven, she loves me, in spite of coquetry! Ay, loves me still!"

A light step disturbed his rhapsodies, and Lady Annaly entered.

Cornwall Grey drew back, and she advanced without seeing him. She looked paler and thinner, and Cornwall thought more lovely—but he was a lover. However, I agree with him, for I do not like stout women.

"Lady Annaly!" said Cornwall Grey.

Lady Annaly shrieked, and turned white, and then red, and then white again. Lady Annaly had not then begun to paint.

"Mr. Grey! you surprised me. I must request you will leave me. I am the intended bride of Lord Huntley."

"Lady Annaly, one question—only one—and if you say yes, I will never trouble you with my presence more. Do you *love* Lord Huntley?"

Lady Annaly sat down on a rose-colored ottoman, and covered her face with her hands; but Cornwall Grey saw the tears which all her pride could not restrain.

He rushed forward, threw himself on his knees before her, and encircled her slender waist with his arm.

"Pardon, dearest, pardon me. I have seen, ay, and read the volume on yonder table."

Lady Annaly took away her hands—her cheeks were glowing—there was a little anger in that glow, but the anger passed away, and the love remained.

Exactly five days afterwards Colonel O'Shaughnessy, of the Guards, cut Lord Huntley, because he did not challenge Mr. Cornwall Grey.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—This man was born and bred a despot of the most arbitrary and unbending school. His notions of subordination and blind submission to military authority are the most exaggerated that any man has entertained in Europe for centuries past, his father perhaps alone excepted. His horror of political rights and constitutions is as extreme as the incapacity of his intellect to comprehend them. The man who never could understand how it was possible for a people *en fracs* to presume to resist the ordinances of a bigoted and besotted old King, and to oppose a successful resistance to the military means employed to enforce them, surely never dreamt that the Poles under him should be governed on any principles in the least at variance with his own arbitrary will. A series of violations of the Constitution were the necessary and probably intended effects of the selection of such a man to preside over the Government of Poland. Arbitrary acts, of a nature almost incredible, were daily exercised, as if no limits had ever been prescribed to the official character with which he was

invested ; and, as in Russia, his capacity of Grand Duke alone always appeared to him to comprise the attributes of absolute power. Constantine had sense enough to relinquish a throne from which he foresaw that the natural ferocity of his disposition must soon cause his expulsion ; but with an inconsistency of intellect which is hardly accountable, he was unable to perceive that the burthen of his presence was likely to prove still heavier over a people who were not taught to look upon it either as the consequence of a legitimate order of succession, or of a free choice. Among the innumerable specimens of Constantine's mode of ruling Poland with which we have been supplied, we have selected two cases, the particulars of which are likely to appear interesting to our readers, at the same time that they will serve to show that despot's character ; we shall give them as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words, merely premising that he holds a rank and character which induce us to place the most implicit reliance on his authority.

"During one of those fine evenings of the month of June, which in some of the northern parts of Europe indemnify the inhabitants for the excessive length of the winter nights, I was returning from the villa of the Princess Sapiega, situated at a few leagues distance from Warsaw, where I had spent the day. I was so absorbed with the thoughts of some interesting occurrences to which I had been a witness, that I left my horse to guide himself entirely by his own instinct, and I did not awaken from my reverie until I found myself suddenly before the portal of the great burial-ground of Warsaw, situated a good deal beyond the gate by which it was my intention to enter. A bright moonlight enabled me to perceive at some distance a private carriage, drawn up close to the wall of the enclosure, and apparently waiting for some one within. I could not help being struck with the circumstance at such an hour, and suffering curiosity to get the better of the desire to retrace my steps, I tied the reins of my horse to the branch of a neighboring tree, and proceeded in search of this midnight visitor of the dead. After wading some time through the labyrinth of monuments of departed grandeur, I came to a kind of tumulus, before which a woman, in a kneeling posture, was apparently performing some earnest act of devotion. She hastily rose on my sudden appearance, but, before she had time to conceal her face under the ample folds of a long black veil, which had been thrown over her shoulders, I recognised the beautiful Countess K——, whom I had frequently met at the house of one of her relations. It then occurred to my recollection, that when about to be introduced to the Countess, my introducer cautioned me against ever mentioning, in her presence, the name of Colonel S——, with whom I had been formerly acquainted, and who, I well knew, had been an intimate friend of her late husband. I had forgotten to inquire into the motive of this caution, but not doubting now that it bore a connexion with the object of this nocturnal excursion of the fair Countess, I could not repress the feeling of sympathy and curiosity which so romantic a rencontre awakened. After apologizing to the Countess for interrupting her in the exercise of duties apparently of the most pious kind, I observed that her grief must be deep-rooted indeed to conduct her hither alone and at such an hour. We walked slowly together for some minutes, and the lady, seemingly touched with the sympathizing tone in which I spoke to her, related to me the following particulars :—

" 'You were acquainted with Colonel S——, and you know that he

was my husband's bosom friend. They traveled together in Spain, where my husband was taken ill and died. When he found that his dissolution would be the inevitable issue of his illness, he addressed a letter to me, in which he spoke of the affectionate attentions paid him by the Colonel during his sickness, and expressed a strong wish that I should look upon him as my future protector and friend; and, in fact, consent to become his wife. The Colonel returned to Warsaw some months after I had become a widow. Deeply as I felt the loss of my husband, I could not help thinking of his last wishes respecting his friend. You know how many of those qualities the Colonel possessed which make a favorable impression on our sex; compliance was, therefore, prompted by inclination as well as duty. An attachment soon took place between us; but the Colonel, from a feeling of delicacy which my repeated entreaties could not overcome, deferred becoming my husband until he had attained the rank of a general officer in the army, which my late husband had long held. He was entitled to speedy promotion, and he had reason every day to expect that it should take place. The Grand Duke Constantine had always appeared his friend, and under such patronage, the road to military honors seemed to be opened to him. But his fine figure, his well-known military merit, and the renown which his cavalry regiment had acquired for the accuracy of its manœuvres, had latterly disposed the Grand Duke in a very different manner towards him. Envy and hatred replaced every impulse in his favor, for Constantine can never retain a kindly feeling for those whom he suspects of being looked upon as in any respect better than himself. A change in his manner towards the Colonel soon became apparent. Frequently he would reprove him for entertaining political sentiments which he denounced as incompatible with military subordination; and, in a short time, sought every possible opportunity to humiliate him. One day, when the Grand Duke was on parade, surrounded by a numerous retinue of general and other officers, he espied the Colonel at a distance, and perceiving that his uniform coat (owing to the heat) was unbuttoned, he called him up, and in that rough tone which is peculiar to him when in anger, Constantine asked the Colonel how he had dared to appear in his presence in *dishabille*.* The Colonel observed, that not being strictly on duty, and feeling much oppressed by the heat, he did not think there would have been any risk that he should be called to account because his coat was not entirely buttoned up to his neck. This answer raised the Grand Duke's anger to its highest pitch. He applied a violent blow to the Colonel's face, and ordered him to prison. To submit to such a degrading outrage was more than any man of the Colonel's fine feelings and high station in society could endure. On the following day I received this note from

* Constantine's rigorous exactions about a conformity with his whimsical regulations on the mode of wearing regimentals, are among the peculiarities of his overbearing temper. He has frequently sent officers in arrest for the offence of leaving a single button out of its hole. At the theatre of St. Petersburg, his principal occupation was to spy the officers of his own regiment of *Hulans*; and if, through the means of his glass, he thought he perceived in some remote corner any one of them who was not bound up at all points in the strictest conformity with his latest regulations, an aide-de-camp was instantly despatched to the offender, with orders to place him immediately under arrest. The extreme littleness of mind implied by this petty mode of harassing and tormenting those around him, Constantine evidently inherited from his father. Paul's ridiculous regulations about the dress and deportment of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg are not perhaps forgotten.

him,' taking a slip of paper from her bosom, 'which I always carry about me. Hear its contents: "I have been dishonored in the eyes of the whole army, and, therefore, am no longer worthy to be yours. When you receive this I shall have ceased to exist. My own hand shall give me death, that it may not one day become that of a regicide."'

"In that mound before you his remains now rest; I frequently come to give vent to my grief, and I am obliged to choose an hour at which it is least likely that I should meet with interruption, and with that annoyance by which its tyrannical author would pretend to dry up my tears.'

"I walked slowly with the Countess to her carriage, into which I handed her, after giving her my word that I should say nothing of my rencontre with her during my stay in Warsaw.

"Not many days after, I went to spend a week at the seat of my friend the Count Stanislaus Pototzky. One morning, as I was sitting with him on a rustic seat formed round a magnificent cluster of poplars, which had often shaded the late King of France, Louis XVIII., when in exile, we were conversing on the prospects of Poland, under the existing mode in which its government was conducted. 'If,' said the Count, 'the Emperor Alexander had not imposed his brother Constantine upon us as his representative, I dare say his intentions would have been acted upon in a very different spirit. But, under the fallacious promise of a liberal system, he has saddled us with an intolerable burden. Corruption and venality have become the principles of his government—extortion, the abuse of his power—*espionage*, the instigator of his tyrannical disposition—and violence, his mode of enforcing obedience and a substitute for national laws. In that Pavilion, at the extremity of the park, which you see from hence,' pointing at the same time with his finger, 'there is at this moment a victim of the *espionage* through which things are now managed among us.' On my expressing curiosity to learn the particulars of the case to which he alluded, he continued. 'It is a romantic episode,' he said, 'but the consequences of it threaten to be of a tragic nature. About three months ago, the Grand Duke Constantine, whilst making, as is usual with him, the very superfluous diurnal inspection of the military posts of Warsaw, (for he seems to act as if we were still exposed to the sudden irruptions of the Zaporog Cossacks,) came to the northern gate, where the Sub-Lieutenant, Count Weliopolsky, commanded the piquet on duty. The young Count had quitted the *corps de garde* for a few moments for the purpose of buying a stamped sheet of paper, on which all petitions to the Grand Duke were, according to his express command, always to be written. On finding him absent from his post, Constantine was seized with one of those fits of rage to which he is subject, and in that most unpropitious temper did the poor sub-lieutenant find him, when, after an absence of only a few minutes, he returned with the stamped sheet in his hand. Not content with venting his anger in mere abuse, he struck him several blows; and, on the poor fellow attempting to excuse himself by an explanation of what had called him away only for a short time, the Grand Duke, who exacts and expects the most passive obedience, and will never tolerate the least reply to his reproof, instantly ordered him to receive three hundred lashes in his presence. Poor Weliopolsky lingered some days from the effects of this brutal chastisement, and died.

"Count —, who was Colonel of the regiment to which Weliopolsky

belonged, and who was also related to him, felt so indignant at the outrageous proceeding of the Grand Duke, that he waited on him to remonstrate against it, and ask him in what manner he intended to atone for the injury inflicted on the family of the murdered youth, through the violation of all military laws and the national rights of the Poles. Constantine replied in his usual arrogant manner, and a discussion arose in which the Count attempted to vindicate his country's rights by pointing at its laws. To talk of national rights to Constantine is to appear to him guilty of high treason. The Count was sent to prison, and that he might remain in safer custody, he was given in charge to the military governor of Warsaw, an old thorough-bred Muscovite general, who was as unbending in the execution of his master's commands as ever paddle was to the irresistible power of a hundred horse steam-engine. There was a stone warehouse in a remote part of the Court adjoining the house of the governor, in which he locked up his prisoner; its windows, though only two feet from the ground, were secured by strong iron bars, and the old general was sure that everything was safe when, previously to withdrawing to rest, he visited his prisoner, and then locked the door himself. The keys he took with him and placed them under his pillow for the night. It happened that in the very house of the governor there was a young French lady, living as a sort of companion and instructress to his daughters, and whose superior attractions had very often received the homage of the handsome Colonel, now a prisoner under the same roof which sheltered her. His actual situation very naturally inspired her with a great interest in his behalf, and, as they could occasionally see and speak to each other, an attachment was soon formed which became strong on each side. A regular correspondence was established between them, and it was ultimately understood, that if the Colonel should be able to come out for a short time only, he would lead her to the altar. In order to hasten so wished-for an event, the young lady admitted one of the general's daughters into the secrets of her amours, and prevailed on her to grant her assistance. The general was in the habit of going to bed at an early hour, and all his children came to his bed-side to wish him a good night. It was arranged that, on one of these occasions, the governess's confidante should so contrive as to take the key from under the pillow. The prisoner was thus released on his parole of returning again in an hour, a priest was sent for at the house of a friend, the marriage was actually solemnized, the parties returned to their abode, and the key of the prison was deposited by the trusty confidante under her father's pillow before he awoke.

"You would hardly believe that the very next day the Grand Duke was minutely informed of ail that had taken place. His rage knew no bounds; when, according to daily practice, the Governor waited on him to receive his commands, he did receive something, but, on this occasion, it was a severe caning administered by the Grand Duke's imperial hands! The Colonel was, under a strong escort, sent to the fortress of Zamosk, and his unfortunate bride was turned adrift by the irritated governor. My wife, who had often seen her and had conceived a great regard for her, induced her to come and stay with us, and offered her the use of the pavilion you see for any length of time she might feel disposed to be our neighbor. Some days ago she received the news of her father's death. He was the French ex-director Neufchateau, living in exile from France since the second restoration

of the Bourbons. He left some property, to which his daughter was sole heir ; but, in order to obtain the enjoyment of it, her husband's signature to a power of attorney was required. We advised her to petition the Grand Duke for permission to visit him, and, indeed, I drew up for her the draft of the petition, in which the grounds of the prayer were clearly stated. She proceeded to the Grand Duke, to whom she was allowed to present it. After being made to wait some time in an antechamber, the Grand Duke brought her himself a sealed letter, addressed to the governor of the fortress of Zamosk, which the poor woman supposed to contain the order petitioned for. Three days after she had proceeded on the journey she came back to us in a frame of mind bordering on distraction. It was with the utmost difficulty we could obtain from her some account of what had happened. The Grand Duke's letter, of which she had been made the bearer, contained an order to put her husband in irons !

“ Such, Sir, are the effects of unlimited power in tyrannical hands. The reigns of Tiberius and Nero never exceeded in oppression that which now affects our country. When ungovernable passion has usurped the place of justice and defined authority, its influence must soon be felt. But the Poles never intended to become anybody's slaves ; and, as no appeal against the oppressive system by which our rights have been superseded has any chance of being listened to, recourse must at last be had to means whereby we may forever be delivered from our oppressors. ”

THE PORTRAIT.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

Yes, it is lovely—those eyes are bright
 With the vivid blaze of Nature's light ;
 Surely those lips will sever ere long
 For the winning speech, or the warbling song :
 Artist, I give thee unmingled praise,
 Yet I do not grieve to withdraw my gaze,
 For I boast a source of more soul-felt bliss,
 And I know a portrait more just than this.

Affection's true and unerring art
 Has fix'd that form in my faithful heart ;
 There, like a pearl in the ocean cells,
 Sacred from glance and from touch it dwells.
 With tedious skill thou hast wrought a shade
 Which chance may injure, and time must fade ;
 But mine, which was traced without endeavor,
 Shall bloom in its guarded shrine forever !

A PERUVIAN DINNER PARTY.

[TEMPLE'S TRAVELS IN PERU.]—I availed myself this day of a general invitation to dinner, given with unfeigned cordiality by Donna Juliana Indalesias, the rich widow of a man who, before the revolution, was

one of the first among the many wealthy merchants then residing in Potosi. Donna Juliana never omits daily attendance at mass, nor absents herself from any procession or particular ceremony of her church, and would consider it a crime to conceal her veneration for the images and paintings of saints which hallow and adorn her apartments. She also highly respects, and distinguishes from all her other friends, those whose peculiar calling it is to instruct mankind in the sacred doctrines of religion, seldom sitting down to dinner unaccompanied by a priest or friar, who have free admission to her plentiful table. That, however, which may excite surprise, because so seldom in accordance with ostentatious acts of devotion, is the fact, that she possesses the kindest heart in the world, and dispenses charity with true benevolence. She is known by the appellation of "*La buena Cristiana*," and never was distinction more deservedly bestowed.

Donna Juliana, Cura Costas, (the respectable head of the church at Potosi,) Padre Francisco, (a Dominican friar, whose portly corporation excited in my mind a malicious suspicion of his being more accustomed to feasting than fasting,) were the party with whom, at two o'clock, I sat down to dinner. Three Indian girls, the children of old domestics, clean and tidy; an Indian boy, as may be sometimes seen in another "land of potatoes," shirtless, shoeless, and stockingless; a very fine negress slave, and an elderly woman, evidently the confidential servant, were the attendants. For nearly an hour, immense silver dishes were carried in and carried out, with the various compositions of our repast. The first course consisted, as is usual in the country, of cheese and fruit, such as melons, apples, figs, chirimoyes, tunas, membrillos, &c. Then came two or three kinds of soup or porridge, with rice prepared in different ways. After these were removed, there was no regularity observed in the courses; for, whilst some of the attendants carried off the dishes that had been helped from, or, if not yet touched by us, that had remained long enough upon the table to gratify our view, others were at hand instantly to replace them: there was no opportunity given to remark, that

There was the place where the party was not.

Each dish contained sufficient for a party of twice our number; and from every one I observed Donna Juliana take a large plateful, sometimes two platefuls, and, saying something in Quichua, hand them to one of her Indians, who placed them in a distant corner of the room. When the more substantial subjects of the feast were discussed, then followed custards, compotes, and sweetmeats, from which small portions were also taken, to be husbanded, as I imagined, for to-morrow's fare. A dish of very good potatoes, accompanied with very bad butter, concluded the dinner. When the cloth was removed, all the attendants, without any word of command, ranged themselves in a rank in the middle of the room, and, suddenly dropping on their knees, sung, or said aloud, a grace that lasted full four minutes, in which the deep-toned voices of Padre Costas and Friar Francisco, nothing mellowed by their hearty meal, and ample goblet of Cinty wine from the estate of our hostess, chimed in like bass-viol, whilst Donna Juliana, pressing her cross and beads to her bosom, her eyes devoutly fixed upon a beautiful painting of the Virgin and Child, which hung opposite to her, in a large massive silver frame, accompanied the others in all the fervency of thanksgiving. A deep "Amen!" with the sign of the cross, as a

benediction upon the company, by Padre Costas, ended this appropriate ceremony, in the solemnity of which the most obdurate heretic could not have refrained from joining.

The servants now took away the plates which had been placed upon the sideboard, whilst Donna Juliana, in Quinchua, seemed to give particular directions about each of them. I was curious to learn their destination, and, being on a footing of the most friendly intimacy with Donna Juliana and her father-confessor, my inquiry was answered, "to be given to the poor." Every day in the year, at two o'clock, several poor persons attended at the house of *La Buena Cristiana*, and took their seats upon the staircase; some of them, aware, no doubt, of the lenient disposition of their benefactress, encroached even to the door of the dining-room, where a scene rather unusual to a European, certainly to an Englishman, and one of interesting curiosity too, was daily to be seen,—that of a tribe of beggars assembled *en société*, in a respectable mansion, eating with silver spoons, out of silver plates and dishes, without any watch over the property, or even a suspicion of its liability to be missing. In mentioning this daily charitable distribution—happy contrast to "the crumbs from the rich man's table!"—I must not forget to remark, that the reserved portions of sweetmeats were for the children who accompanied their parents; a trifling observation, perhaps, but it has its weight in describing the character of the venerable Lady Bountiful, of Potosi.

COUNT DIEBITSCH.

[LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.]—Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of *Zabalcansky* (or the Trans-Balkanian), the additional one of the *Semavar* (or the tea-kettle). It is said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face; the sequel will show how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was on the staff of Frederic. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a command in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visiter. The emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him, that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company; for, adds he, "l'empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'extérieur terrible." This "delicate hint" that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balcan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country. The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimate

of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line. He has subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service, where beauty was not indispensable, that the late emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command. He is a Protestant.

STANZAS.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

“Flowers.—Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!”—*Miss Bowles.*

Oh, wherefore, when the glory of our early bloom is past,
And the tabret of our hope hath murmur'd out its last,
The embers are growing dim, upon our father's hearth—
Wherefore, like the glad young flowers, should we return to earth !

The flowers may come again, and sweet may be their waking ;
They think not of the leaves, the autumn-wind is shaking :
The merry bird may bathe its wings in the summer sky,
The vision of a broken wing will never cloud its eye !

When my mother's voice is gone—that dear familiar tone,
So musical to every wish, so linked to my own :
The hand is cold which I have press'd in sadness and in mirth,
And my sister's voice is silent too—would I return to earth !

And Thou, O our Saviour, whose eye of peace hath smiled
The dark-thought from the mourner's face, the sorrow from her child,
The Olive Mount shall be once more thy bright and glorious fane,
And Israel's heart shall sing with joy, if Thou wilt come again !

Spirit of my early days ; the lovely and the fair,
The glow, the beauty of my thoughts, the music of my prayer,
Oh—take the fairest flowers of boyhood in its play,
If thou wilt but renew my heart as “easily as they.”

FRAGMENTS OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.*

[LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.]—The following is an extract from the above work, and to us is irresistible.

“During the long winters of our slothful discontent at Bermuda, caused by the peace of Amiens, the grand resource, both of the idle and the busy, amongst all classes of the *Leander's* officers, was shooting—that never-ending, still-beginning amusement, which Englishmen carry to the remotest corners of the habitable globe—popping away in

* *Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of a Naval Life ; chiefly for the Use of Young Persons.* By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. F.R.S. 3 vols. 12 mo. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell ; London, Whittaker and Co.

all countries, thinking only of the game, and often but too reckless of the prejudices or fears of the natives. This propensity is indulged even in those uninhabited regions of the earth which are visited only once in an age ; and if Captain Parry had reached the Pole, he would unquestionably have had a shot at the axis of the earth ! In the mean time, the officers and the young gentlemen of the flag-ship at Bermuda, in the beginning of 1803, I suppose to keep their hands in for the war which they saw brewing, and hourly prayed for, were constantly blazing away amongst the cedar groves and orange plantations of those fairy islands, which appeared more and more beautiful after every such excursion. The midshipmen were generally obliged to content themselves with knocking down the blue and the red birds with the ship's pistols, charged with his majesty's gunpowder, and, for want of small shot, with slugs formed by cutting up his majesty's musket-bullets. The officers aimed at higher game, and were, of course, better provided with guns and ammunition. Several of these gentlemen had brought from England some fine dogs—high-bred pointers ; while the middies, also, not to be outdone, must needs have a dog of their own : they recked very little of what breed ; but some sort of animal they said they must have. I forget how we procured the strange-looking beast whose services we contrived to engage ; but, having once obtained him, we were not slow in giving him our best affections. It is true, he was as ugly as anything could possibly be. His color was a dirty, reddish yellow ; and while a part of his hair twisted itself up in curls, a part hung down, quite straight, almost to the ground. He was utterly useless for all the purposes of real sport, but quite good enough to furnish the mids with plenty of fun when they went on shore—in chasing pigs, barking at old, white-headed negresses, and other amusements, suited to the exalted taste and habits of the rising generation of officers. People will differ as to the merits of dogs ; but we had no doubts as to the great superiority of ours over all the others on board, though the name we gave him certainly implied no such confidence on our part. After a full deliberation, it was decided to call him Shakings. Now, it must be explained that shakings is the name given to small fragments of rope yarns, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards,—in short, to any kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of the ropes. This odd name was perhaps bestowed on our beautiful favorite in consequence of his color not being very dissimilar to that of well-tarred Russia hemp ; while the resemblance was increased by many a dab of pitch, which his rough coat imbibed from the seams between the planks of the deck, in the hot weather. If old Shakings was no great beauty, he was, at least, the most companionable of dogs ; and though he dearly loved the midshipmen, and was dearly beloved by them in return, he had enough of the animal in his composition to take a still higher pleasure in the society of his own kind. So that, when the high-bred, showy pointers belonging to the officers came on board, after a shooting excursion, Mr. Shakings lost no time in applying to them for the news. The pointers, who liked this sort of familiarity very well, gave poor Shakings all sorts of encouragement. Not so their masters ;—they could not bear to see such an abominable cur, as they called our favorite, at once so cursedly dirty and so utterly useless, mixing with their sleek and well-kept animals. At first their dislike was confined to such insulting expressions as these ; then it came to an occasional kick, or a knock on the

nose with the butt-end of a fowling-piece ; and lastly, to a sound cut with the hunting-whip. Shakings, who instinctively knew his place, took all this, like a sensible fellow, in good part ; while the mids, when out of hearing of the higher powers, uttered curses both loud and deep against the tyranny and oppression exercised against an animal which, in their fond fancy, was declared to be worth all the dogs in the ward-room put together. They were little prepared, however, for the stroke which soon fell upon them, perhaps in consequence of these very murmurs. To their great horror and indignation, one of the lieutenants, provoked at some liberty which Master Shakings had taken with his newly-polished boot, called out, one morning—‘ Man the jolly-boat, and land that infernal, dirty, ugly beast of a dog belonging to the young gentlemen ! ’ ‘ Where shall I take him to, sir ? ’ asked the strokesman of the boot. ‘ Oh, anywhere ; pull to the nearest part of the shore, and pitch him out on the rocks. He’ll shift for himself, I have no doubt.’ So off went poor dear Shakings ! If a stranger had come into the midshipmen’s birth at that moment, he might have thought his majesty’s naval service was about to be broken up. All allegiance, discipline, or subordination, seemed utterly canceled by this horrible act. Many were the execrations hurled upwards at the offending ‘ knobs,’ who, we thought, were combining to make our lives miserable. Some of our party voted for writing a letter of remonstrance to the admiral against this unheard-of outrage ; and one youth swore deeply that he would leave the service, unless justice were obtained. But as he had been known to swear the same thing half-a-dozen times every day since he joined the ship, no great notice was taken of this pledge. Another declared upon his word and honor, that such an act was enough to make a man turn Turk, and fly his country ! At last, by general agreement, it was decided that we should not do a bit of duty, or even stir from our seats, till we obtained redress for our grievances. However, while we were in the very act of vowing mutiny and disobedience, the hands were turned up to ‘ furl sails ! ’ upon which the whole party, totally forgetting their magnanimous resolution, scudded up the ladders, and jumped into their stations with more than usual alacrity, wisely thinking that the moment for actual revolt had not yet arrived. A better scheme than throwing up the service, or writing to the admiral, or turning Mussulmen, was afterwards concocted. The midshipman who went on shore in the next boat easily got hold of poor Shakings, who was howling on the steps of the watering place. In order to conceal him, he was stuffed, neck and crop, into the captain’s cloak-bag, brought safely on board, and restored once more to the bosom of his friends. In spite of all we could do, however, to keep Master Shakings below, he presently found his way to the quarter-deck, to receive the congratulations of the other dogs. There he was soon detected by the higher powers, and very shortly afterwards trundled over the gangway, and again tossed on the beach. Upon this occasion he was honored by the presence of one of his own masters, a middy, sent upon this express duty, who was specially desired to land the brute, and not to bring him on board again. Of course, this particular youngster did not bring the dog off ; but, before night, somehow or other, old Shakings was snoring away, in grand chorus with his more fashionable friends the pointers, and dreaming no evil, before the door of the very officer’s cabin whose beautifully-polished boots he had brushed by so rudely in the morning,—an offence that had led to his

banishment. This second return of our dog was too much. The whole posse of us were sent for on the quarter-deck, and in very distinct terms positively ordered not to bring Shakings on board again. These injunctions having been given, this wretched victim, as we termed him, of oppression, was once more landed amongst the cedar groves. This time he remained a full week on shore ; but how or when he found his way off again, no one ever knew—at least no one chose to divulge. Never was there anything like the mutual joy felt by Shakings and his two dozen masters. He careered about the ship, barked and yelled with delight, and, in his raptures, actually leaped, with his dirty feet, on the milk-white duck trousers of the disgusted officers, who heartily wished him at the bottom of the anchorage ! Thus the poor beast unwittingly contributed to accelerate his hapless fate, by this ill-timed show of confidence in those who were then plotting his ruin. If he had kept his paws to himself, and staid quietly in the dark recesses of the cock-pit, wings, cable-tiers, and other wild regions, the secrets of which were known only to the inhabitants of our sub-marine world, all might yet have been well. We had a grand jollification on the night of Shakings' restoration ; and his health was in the very act of being drunk, with three times three, when the officer of the watch, hearing an uproar below, the sounds of which were conveyed distinctly up the windsail, sent down to put our lights out ! and we were forced to march off, growling, to our hammocks. Next day, to our surprise and horror, old Shakings was not to be seen or heard of. We searched every where, interrogated the cockswains of all the boats, and cross-questioned the marines who had been sentries during the night on the fore-castle, gangways, and poop ; but all in vain !—no trace of Shakings could be found. At length the idea began to gain ground amongst us, that the poor beast had been put an end to by some diabolical means ; and our ire mounted accordingly. This suspicion seemed the more natural, as the officers said not a word about the matter, nor even asked us what we had done with our dog. While we were in this state of excitement and distraction for our loss, one of the midshipmen, who had some drollery in his composition, gave a new turn to the expression of our thoughts. This gentleman, who was more than twice as old as most of us, say about thirty, had won the affections of the whole of our class, by the gentleness of his manners, and the generous part he always took on our side. He bore amongst us the pet name of Daddy ; and certainly he was like a father to those amongst us who, like myself, were quite adrift in the ship, without any one to look after them. He was a man of talents and classical education, but he had entered the navy far too late in life ever to take to it cordially. His habits, indeed, had become so rigid, that they could never be made to bend to the mortifying kind of discipline which it appears essential every officer should run through, but which only the young and light-hearted can brook. Our worthy friend, accordingly, with all his abilities, taste, and acquirements, never seemed at home on board ship ; and unless a man can reach this point of liking for the sea, he is better on shore. At all events, old Daddy cared more about his books than about the blocks, and delighted much more in giving us assistance in our literary pursuits, and trying to teach us to be useful, than in rendering himself a proficient in those professional mysteries, which he never hoped to practise in earnest himself. What this very interesting person's early history was, we never could find out ; nor why he entered the navy ;

nor how it came, that a man of his powers and accomplishments should have been kept back so long. Indeed, the youngsters never inquired too closely into these matters, being quite contented to have the advantage of his protection against the oppression of some of the other oldsters, who occasionally bullied them. Upon all occasions of difficulty, we were in the habit of clustering round him, to tell our grievances, great and small, with the certainty of always finding in him that great desideratum in calamity—a patient and friendly listener. It will easily be supposed, that our kind Daddy took more than usual interest in this affair of Shakings, and that he was applied to by us at every stage of the transaction. He was sadly perplexed, of course, when the dog was finally missing; and, for some days, he could give us no comfort, nor suggest any mode of revenge which was not too dangerous for his young friends to put in practice. He prudently observed, that as we had no certainty to go upon, it would be foolish to get ourselves into a serious scrape for nothing at all. ‘There can be no harm, however,’ he continued, in his dry and slightly-sarcastic way, which all who knew him will recollect as well as if they saw him now, drawing his hand slowly across his mouth and chin, ‘There can be no harm, my boys, in putting the other dogs in mourning for their dear departed Shakings; for, whatever is come of him, he is lost to them as well as to us, and his memory ought to be duly respected.’ This hint was no sooner given than a cry was raised for crape, and every chest and bag ransacked to procure badges of mourning. The pointers were speedily rigged up with a large bunch of crape, tied in a handsome bow, upon the left leg of each, just above the knee. The joke took immediately. The officers could not help laughing; for, though we considered them little better than fiends at that moment of excitement, they were, in fact, except in this instance, the best-natured and most indulgent men I remember to have sailed with. They, of course, ordered the crape to be instantly cut off from the dogs’ legs; and one of the officers remarked to us, seriously, that as we had now had our piece of fun out, there were to be no more such tricks. Off we scampered, to consult old Daddy what was to be done next, as we had been positively ordered not to meddle any more with the dogs. ‘Put the pigs in mourning,’ said he. All our crape was expended by this time; but this want was soon supplied by men whose trade it is to discover resources in difficulty. With a generous devotion to the cause of public spirit, one of these juvenile mutineers pulled off his black handkerchief, and, tearing it in pieces, gave a portion to each of the circle, and away we all started to put into practice this new suggestion of our director-general of mischief. The row which ensued in the pig-sty was prodigious—for in those days, hogs were allowed a place on board a man-of-war,—a custom most wisely abolished of late years, since nothing can be more out of character with any ship than such nuisances. As these matters of taste and cleanliness were nothing to us, we did not intermit our noisy labor till every one of the grunTERS had his armlet of such crape as we had been able to muster. We then watched our opportunity, and opened the door so as to let out the whole herd of swine on the main-deck, just at a moment when a group of the officers were standing on the fore part of the quarter-deck. Of course, the liberated pigs, delighted with their freedom, passed in review under the very nose of our superiors, each with his mourning knot displayed, grunting or squealing along, as if it was their express object to attract attention to their

domestic sorrow for the loss of Shakings. The officers were excessively provoked, as they could not help seeing that all this was affording entertainment, at their expense, to the whole crew ; for, although the men took no part in this touch of insubordination, they were ready enough, in those idle times of the weary, weary peace, to catch at any species of distraction or devilry, no matter what, to compensate for the loss of their wonted occupation of pommeling their enemies. The matter, therefore, necessarily became rather serious ; and the whole gang of us being sent for on the quarter deck, we were ranged in a line, each with his toes at the edge of a plank, according to the orthodox fashion of these gregarious scoldings, technically called 'toe-the-line matches.' We were then given to understand that our proceedings were impertinent, and, after the orders we had received, highly offensive. It was with much difficulty that either party could keep their countenances during this official lecture, for, while it was going on, the sailors were endeavoring, by the direction of the officers, to remove the bits of silk from the legs of the pigs. If, however, it be difficult—as most difficult we found it—to put a hog into mourning, it is a job ten times more troublesome to take him out again. Such at least is the fair inference from these two experiments ; the only ones perhaps on record,—for it cost half the morning to undo what we had effected in less than an hour—to say nothing of the unceasing and outrageous uproar which took place along the decks, especially under the guns, and even under the coppers, forward in the galley, where two or three of the youngest pigs had wedged themselves, apparently resolved to die rather than submit to the degradation of being deprived of their mourning. All this was very creditable to the memory of poor Shakings ; but, in the course of the day, the real secret of this extraordinary difficulty of taking a pig out of mourning was discovered. Two of the mids were detected in the very fact of tying on a bit of black buntin to the leg of a sow, from which the seamen declared they had already cut off crape enough to have made her a complete suit of black. As soon as these fresh offences were reported, the whole party of us were ordered to the mast-head as a punishment. Some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-trees, some on the top-gallant yard-arms, and one small gentleman being perched at the jib-boom end, was very properly balanced abaft by another little culprit at the extremity of the gaff. In this predicament we were hung out to dry for six or eight hours, as old Daddy remarked to us with a grin, when we were called down as the night fell. Our persevering friend, being rather provoked at the punishment of his young flock, now set to work to discover the real fate of Shakings. It soon occurred to him, that if the dog had really been made way with, as he shrewdly suspected, the butcher, in all probability, must have had a hand in his murder ; accordingly he sent for the man in the evening, when the following dialogue took place :—' Well, butcher, will you have a glass of grog to-night ? ' ' Thank you, sir, thank you. Here's your honor's health ! ' said the other, after smoothing down his hair, and pulling an immense quid of tobacco out of his mouth. Old Daddy observed the peculiar relish with which the butcher took his glass ; and mixing another, a good deal more potent, placed it before the fellow, and continued the conversation in these words : ' I tell you what it is, Mr. Butcher—you are as humane a man as any in the ship, I dare say ; but, if required, you know well, that you must do your duty, whether it is upon sheep or hogs ? ' ' Surely, sir.' ' Or

upon dogs, either?' suddenly asked the inquisitor. 'I don't know about that,' stammered the butcher, quite taken by surprise, and thrown all aback. 'Well—well,' said Daddy, 'here's another glass for you—a stiff north-wester. Come! tell us all about it now. How did you get rid of the dog?—of Shakings, I mean?' 'Why, sir,' said the peaching rogue, 'I put him in a bag—a bread bag, sir.' 'Well!—what then?' 'I tied up the mouth, and put him overboard—out of the midship lower-deck port, sir.' 'Yes—but he would not sink?' said Daddy. 'Oh, sir,' cried the butcher, now entering fully into the merciless spirit of his trade, 'I put a four-and-twenty-pound shot into the bag along with Shakings.' 'Did you?—Then, Master Butcher, all I can say is, you are as precious a rascal as ever went about unchanged. There—drink your grog, and be off with you!' Next morning, when the officers were assembled at breakfast in the ward-room, the door of the captain of marines' cabin was suddenly opened, and that officer, half shaved, and laughing through a collar of soap-suds, stalked out, with a paper in his hand. 'Here,' he exclaimed, 'is a copy of verses, which I found just now in my basin. I can't tell how they got there, nor what they are about;—but you shall judge.' So he read the two following stanzas of doggerel:—

When the Northern Confed'racy threaten'd our shores,
And roused Albion's lion, reclining to sleep,
Preservation was taken of all the king's stores,
Nor so much as a *rope yarn* was launch'd in the deep.

But now it is peace, other hopes are in view,
And all active service as light as a feather,
The stores may be d—d, and humanity too,
For SHAKINGS and shot are thrown o'erboard together!'

I need hardly say in what quarter of the ship this biting morsel of cock-pit satire was concocted, nor indeed who wrote it, for there was no one but our good Daddy who was equal to such a flight. About midnight, an urchin—who shall be nameless—was thrust out of one of the after-ports of the lower deck, from which he clambered up to the marine officer's port, and the sash happening to have been lowered down on the gun, the epigram, copied by another of the youngsters, was pitched into the soldier's basin. The wisest thing would have been for the officers to have said nothing about the matter, and let it blow by. But angry people are seldom judicious—so they made a formal complaint to the captain, who, to do him justice, was not a little puzzled how to settle the affair. The reputed author, however, was called up, and the captain said to him—'Pray, sir, are you the writer of these lines?' 'I am, sir,' he replied, after a little consideration. 'Then—all that I can say is,' remarked the captain, 'they are clever enough, in their way—but take my advice, and write no more such verses.' So the affair ended. The satirist took the captain's hint in good part, and confined his pen to topics below the surface of the water."

SLANDER.

AGAINST bad tongues goodness cannot defend her,
Those be most free from faults they least will spare,
But prate of them whom they have scantily known,
Judging their humors to be like their own.—*Old Poet.*

MEN AND CHILDREN.—TRANSLATION FROM KÖRNER.

[ATHENÆUM.]

This Song is addressed by the Volunteer Yagers who left Germany to fight their French foes, to one who had remained at home. It is almost needless to say, that the national feeling of those days is not the least exaggerated in the refrain. Often when this song has been triumphantly raised by the survivors of those memorable campaigns, men, whom their friends or illness detained forcibly at home, have been detected by their rushing out in tears, wholly unable to restrain their feelings.

THE people have risen : the war-storm bursts wild—
 Who sits with his hand in his breast like a child ?
 A shame on thee, dastard !—from men to retire,
 And hide thyself crouching with maids o'er the fire !
 Mean, pitiful craven, pale with fright !
 No German girl can bear thy sight,
 No German song thy soul delight,
 No German wine for thee flows bright :
 Here's a health with you,
 Ye comrades true,
 Who your gleaming sabres drew !

Whilst we the cold night in watching pass'd,
 Benumb'd by the rain and the whistling blast,
 To the softest pillows of down thou crept,
 And, dreaming of pleasure, in luxury slept :
 Mean, pitiful craven, pale with fright, &c.

When, searching our hearts, the loud trumpet's clang,
 Like God's own thunder-voice, suddenly rang,
 Thou satt'st in the theatre trifling, the while—
 And look'st on the singers and dance with a smile :
 Mean, pitiful craven, pale with fright, &c.

Whilst faint from the sun's blazing noon-beam we sank—
 Or a drop of cold water with eagerness drank :
 The sparkling champagne in thy goblet o'erflow'd,
 As thou revel'd at tables that groan'd with their load :
 Mean, pitiful craven, pale with fright, &c.

In the pent rage of combat, as hotly we fought,
 On the girls far at home, and love's parting we thought,
 Whilst thou with some mistress from danger secure
 Enjoy'd all the smiles that thy gold could procure :
 Mean, pitiful craven, pale with fright, &c.

Round us sang the bullet and whistled the spear,
 Whilst Death, in a million of shapes, hover'd near ;
 Thou wast sitting at hazard, with fear in thy face
 For the turn of a king or the fall of an ace :
 Mean, pitiful craven, pale with fright, &c.

And the red sod of victory shall yawn for our grave,
 With joy will we welcome thee, Death of the brave !

Whilst thou, vainly cowering, with terror wilt try
To hide in thy bed-clothes, and tremble to die !

Thus thou diest a mean dastard, pale with fear,

No German girl will shed a tear,

No German wine flow o'er thy bier,

No German bard thy name endear !

Here's a health with you,

Ye comrades true,

Who your gleaming sabres drew !

THE LETTER BELL.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Complaints are frequently made of the vanity and shortness of human life, when, if we examine its smallest details, they present a world by themselves. The most trifling objects, re-traced with the eye of memory, assume the vividness, the delicacy, and importance of insects seen through a magnifying glass. There is no end of the brilliancy or the variety. The habitual feeling of the love of life may be compared to "one entire and perfect chrysolite," which, if analyzed, breaks into a thousand shining fragments. Ask the sum-total of the value of human life, and we are puzzled with the length of the account, and the multiplicity of items in it : take any one of them apart, and it is wonderful what matter for reflection will be found in it ! As I write this, the *Letter-Bell* passes : it has a lively, pleasant sound with it, and not only fills the street with its importunate clamor, but rings clear through the length of many half-forgotten years. It strikes upon the ear, it vibrates to the brain, it wakes me from the dream of time, it flings me back upon my first entrance into life, the period of my first coming up to town, when all around was strange, uncertain, adverse—a hubbub of confused noises, a chaos of shifting objects—and when this sound alone, startling me with the recollection of a letter I had to send to the friends I had lately left, brought me as it were to myself, made me feel that I had links still connecting me with the universe, and gave me hope and patience to persevere. At that loud-tinkling, interrupted sound (now and then), the long line of blue hills near the place where I was brought up waves in the horizon, a golden sunset hovers over them, the dwarf-oaks rustle their red leaves in the evening-breeze, and the road from — to —, by which I first set out on my journey through life, stares me in the face as plain, but from time and change not less visionary and mysterious, than the pictures in the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Or if the Letter Bell does not lead me a dance into the country, it fixes me in the thick of my town recollections, I know not how long ago. It was a kind of alarm to break off from my work when there happened to be company to dinner or when I was going to the play. That was going to the play, indeed, when I went twice a year, and had not been more than half a dozen times in my life. Even the idea that any one else in the house was going, was a sort of reflected enjoyment, and conjured up a lively anticipation of the scene. I remember a Miss D—, a maiden lady from Wales (who in her youth was to have been married to an earl), tantalized me greatly in this way, by talking all day of going to see Mrs. Siddons' "airs and graces" at night in

some favorite part ; and when the Letter Bell announced that the time was approaching, and its last receding sound lingered on the ear, or was lost in silence, how anxious and uneasy I became, lest she and her companion should not be in time to get good places—lest the curtain should draw up before they arrived—and lest I should lose one line or look in the intelligent report which I should hear the next morning ! The punctuating of time at that early period—everything that gives it an articulate voice—seems of the utmost consequence ; for we do not know what scenes in the *ideal* world may run out of them : a world of interest may hang upon every instant, and we can hardly sustain the weight of future years which are contained in embryo in the most minute and inconsiderable passing events. How often have I put off writing a letter till it was too late ! How often had to run after the postman with it—now missing, now recovering, the sound of his bell—breathless, angry with myself—then hearing the welcome sound come full round a corner—and seeing the scarlet costume which set all my fears and self-reproaches at rest ! I do not recollect having ever repented giving a letter to the postman, or wishing to retrieve it after he had once deposited it in his bag. What I have once set my hand to, I take the consequences of, and have been always pretty much of the same humor in this respect. I am not like the person who, having sent off a letter to his mistress, who resided a hundred and twenty miles in the country, and disapproving, on second thoughts, of some expressions contained in it, took a post-chaise and four to follow and intercept it the next morning. At other times, I have sat and watched the decaying embers in a little *back* painting-room (just as the wintry day declined), and brooded over the half-finished copy of a Rembrandt, or a landscape by Vangoyen, placing it where it might catch a dim gleam of light from the fire ; while the Letter Bell was the only sound that drew my thoughts to the world without, and reminded me that I had a task to perform in it. As to that landscape, methinks I see it now—

The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.

There was a windmill, too, with a poor low clay-built cottage beside it ;—how delighted I was when I had made the tremulous, undulating reflection in the water, and saw the dull canvass become a lucid mirror of the commonest features of nature ! Certainly, painting gives one a strong interest in nature and humanity (it is not the *dandy-school* of morals or sentiment)—

While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

Perhaps there is no part of a painter's life (if we must tell "the secrets of the prison-house") in which he has more enjoyment of himself and his art, than that in which after his work is over, and with furtive side-long glances at what he has done, he is employed in washing his brushes and cleaning his pallet for the day. Afterwards, when he gets a servant in livery to do this for him, he may have other and more ostensible sources of satisfaction—greater splendor, wealth, or fame ; but he will not be so wholly in his art, nor will his art have such a hold on him as when he was too poor to transfer its meanest drudgery to others—too humble to despise aught that had to do with the object of his glory and his pride, with that on which all his projects of ambition

or pleasure were founded. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." When the professor is above this mechanical part of his business, it may have become a *stalking-horse* to other worldly schemes, but is no longer his *hobby-horse* and the delight of his inmost thoughts—

His shame in crowds, his solitary pride !

I used sometimes to hurry through this part of my occupation, while the Letter Bell (which was my dinner bell) summoned me to the fraternal board, where youth and hope

Make good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both—

or oftener I put it off till after dinner, that I might loiter longer and with more luxurious indolence over it, and connect it with the thoughts of my next day's labors.

The dustman's bell, with its heavy, monotonous noise, and the brisk, lively tinkle of the muffin bell, have something in them, but not much. They will bear dilating upon with the utmost license of inventive prose. All things are not alike *conductors* to the imagination. A learned Scotch professor found fault with an ingenious friend and arch-critic for cultivating a rookery on his grounds : the professor declared "he would as soon think of encouraging a *frogger*." This was barbarous as it was senseless. Strange, that a country that has produced the Scotch Novels and Gertrude of Wyoming should want sentiment !

The postman's double-knock at the door the next morning is "more germane to the matter." How that knock often goes to the heart ! We distinguish to a nicety the arrival of the Two-penny or the General Post. The summons of the latter is louder and heavier, as bringing news from a greater distance, and as, the longer it has been delayed, fraught with a deeper interest. We catch the sound of what is to be paid—eight-pence, nine-pence, a shilling—and our hopes generally rise with the postage. How we are provoked at the delay in getting change—at the servant who does not hear the door ! Then if the postman passes, and we do not hear the expected knock, what a pang is there ! It is like the silence of death—of hope ! We think he does it on purpose, and enjoys all the misery of our suspense. I have sometimes walked out to see the Mail-Coach pass, by which I had sent a letter, or to meet it when I expected one. I never see a Mail Coach, for this reason, but I look at it as the bearer of glad tidings—the messenger of fate. I have reason to say so.—The finest sight in the metropolis is that of the Mail Coaches setting off from Piccadilly. The horses paw the ground, and are impatient to be gone, as if conscious of the precious burden they convey. There is a peculiar secrecy and despatch, significant and full of meaning, in all the proceedings concerning them. Even the outside passengers have an erect and supercilious air, as if proof against the accidents of the journey. In fact, it seems indifferent whether they are to encounter the summer's heat or winter's cold, since they are borne through the air in a winged chariot. The Mail Carts drive up ; the transfer of packages is made ; and, at a signal given, they start off, bearing the irrevocable scrolls that give wings to thought, and that bind or sever hearts forever. How we hate the Putney and Brentford stages that draw up in a line after they are gone ! Some persons think the sublimest object in nature is a ship launched on the bosom of the ocean :

but give me, for my private satisfaction, the Mail Coaches that pour down Piccadilly of an evening, tear up the pavement, and devour the way before them to the Land's-End !

In Cowper's time, Mail Coaches were hardly set up ; but he has beautifully described the coming in of the Post Boy :—

Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright :—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks ;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn ;
And having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch !
Cold and yet cheerful ; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

And yet, notwithstanding this, and so many other passages that seem like the very marrow of our being, Lord Byron denies that Cowper was a poet !—The Mail Coach is an improvement on the Post Boy ; but I fear it will hardly bear so poetical a description. The picturesque and dramatic do not keep pace with the useful and mechanical. The telegraphs that lately communicated the intelligence of the new revolution to all France within a few hours, are a wonderful contrivance ; but they are less striking and appalling than the beacon-fires (mentioned by Æschylus), which, lighted from hill-top to hill-top, announced the taking of Troy and the return of Agamemnon.

SONG.—By HENRY BRADRETH, JUN., Esq.

[LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.]

THEY tell me she's another's,
Has she then forgot her vow ?
Yet sits there not her mother's
Soul of truth upon her brow ?
And wears she not the heather,
Though all faded, in her hair,
Love's gift when we together,
Light of heart, stray'd everywhere ?
Yet if within our bosoms
Love's fond hopes must sleep entomb'd,
I'll think but of the blossoms
That with springtide promise bloom'd.
And I'll forget her beauty—
Would I could her voice and lyre !
I know too well the duty
Of a daughter to her sire.

And when the western billow
Bears my bark athwart the sea,
And she on pleasure's pillow
Sleeps in sweet tranquillity—
My fervent prayer shall ever
Be for her I loved in vain ;
But oh ! this bosom never
More with love shall throb again.

CHARACTER OF MR. CANNING.

[QUARTERLY REVIEW.]—There have been some who equaled him in acquirements—many who have possessed sounder judgment and sounder principles ; but never was there, in any legislative assembly, a person whose talents were more peculiarly adapted to the effect which he intended to produce. With all the advantages of voice and person—with all the graces of delivery—with all the charms which affability and good-nature impart to genius, he had wit at will, as well as eloquence at command. Being frank and sincere in all his political opinions, he had all that strength in his oratory which arises from sincerity, although in his political conduct the love of intrigue was one of his besetting sins. By an unhappy perversion of mind it seemed as if he would always rather have obtained his end by a crooked path than by a straight one ; but his speeches had nothing of this tortuosity ; there was nothing covert in them, nothing insidious—no double-dealing, no disguise. His argument went always directly to the point, and with so well-judged an aim that he was never (like Burke) above his mark—rarely, if ever, below it, or beside it. When, in the exultant consciousness of personal superiority, as well as the strength of his cause, he trampled upon his opponents, there was nothing coarse, nothing virulent, nothing contumelious, nothing ungenerous in his triumph. Whether he addressed the Liverpool electors, or the House of Commons, it was with the same ease, the same adaptation to his auditory, the same unrivaled dexterity, the same command of his subject and his hearers, and the same success. His only faults as a speaker were committed when, under the inebriating influence of popular applause, he was led away by the heat and passion of the moment. A warm friend, a placable adversary, a scholar, a man of letters, kind in his nature, affable in his manners, easy of access, playful in conversation, delightful in society—rarely have the brilliant promises of boyhood been so richly fulfilled as in Mr. Canning.

A PROBE.

[FAMILY LIBRARY.]—The man who is readier with a sermon than a sixpence to the mendicant at his gate—who is so pious himself that he is afraid of encouraging profligacy by giving alms to beggars of suspicious morality—who stints his table, lest excess of creature comforts should beget pride and lasciviousness in his household, and is austere and harsh to his dependants, lest by mildness he might make them forget they are servants—may be a very respectable sort of person, and of good repute with the world, yet he is but an indifferent Christian, let his attendance at church or at meeting-house be as punctual as it may.

THE POLISH PATRIOT'S APPEAL.

[MIRROR.]

Rise, fellow men ! our country yet remains.
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear with her to live—for her to die.—*Campbell.*

HAVE we not proved our country's worth—the country of the free ?
Have we not raised the tyrant's foot—and struck for liberty—
The giant foot that on us fell, in war's tremendous fall—
The mighty weight that bore us down and held our arms in thrall ?

Have we not risk'd our homes, our all, at Freedom's glorious shrine,
And dared the vengeance of the Russ, whose sway is call'd divine ?
And have we not appeal'd to arms—our last and dearest right !
And is not ours a sacred cause, a just and holy fight ?

Yes, on Sarmatia's bleeding form Oppression's fetters rang,
And Liberty's last dying dirge the Northern trumpet sang :
Our hopes were buried in the grave where Koosciusko lies ;
There came not friendship then from earth—nor mercy from the skies !

But Heaven has roused the Polish slave and bid him rend his chains,
And now we rank among the free—"Our country yet remains !"
Again we seek our native rights by God and Nature given—
A people's right unto their soil from us unjustly riven.

We call upon the honor'd brave—the free of every land—
For succor from the powerful—for aid from every strand :
We ask for every good man's prayer—we call for help on high ;
Ye shades of Poland's slaughter'd sons, look on propitiously.

We fight the fight of nations—bear witness field and storm
To our desert hereafter ? Now we are but braggarts warm—
But by our honest cause, we swear, ere they our land retake,
Each town shall be a charnel tomb—each field a gory lake !

WONDROUS EFFECTS OF CHEMISTRY.

[MIRROR.]—Not to mention the impulse which its progress has given to a host of other sciences, what strange and unexpected results has it not brought to light in its application to some of the most common objects ! Who, for instance, would have conceived that linen rags were capable of producing *more than their own weight* of sugar, by the simple agency of one of the cheapest and most abundant acids ?—that dry bones could be a magazine of nutriment, capable of preservation for years, and ready to yield up their sustenance in the form best adapted to the support of life, on the application of that powerful agent, steam, which enters so largely into all our processes, or of an acid at once cheap and durable ?—that sawdust itself is susceptible of conversion into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread ; and though certainly less palatable than that of flour, yet no way disagreeable, and both wholesome and digestible as well as highly nutritive ?

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

WEDDING DRESS.

[LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.]—A dress of *blonde de Chantilly*, over white satin ; the *corsage* of the lace dress, cut low and square round the bosom, is ornamented with a lappel which forms points upon the shoulders ; the points falling over a single row of superb blond lace, which covers the short *béret* sleeve of the white satin under-dress. Two very deep flounces, so arranged that one falls a little over the other, reach from the bottom of the skirt considerably above the knee, and are surmounted by a very rich embroidery. The wedding veil, also of *blonde de Chantilly*, is arranged in the drapery style at the back of the head, and the corners, brought round the base of the bows of hair on the summit of the head, are attached by a nuptial garland of orange flowers. A *bandeau* of emeralds set in gold goes round the forehead ; earrings, necklace, and bracelets, to correspond.

DINNER DRESS.

A gown of lavender-colored satin, *corsage drapé*, and cut very low. White satin short sleeves, over which are long ones of white grenadine gauze. The epaulettes are of velvet to correspond with the dress. They are very small, and are open on the shoulder. Velvet cuffs, very deep, and cut round the upper edge in points. The skirt is trimmed in the style of a drapery down one side of the front, and round the border at the knee, with a fancy velvet trimming to correspond with the dress. The head-dress is a white crape *toque*, ornamented with the plumage of birds of paradise, and gold beads. The jewellery worn with this dress should be gold and pearls.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—*Fig. 1.*—A dress cap of blond lace ; full-blown roses are mingled among the trimming, which is not quite so voluminous as usual, in the most graceful and novel style.

Fig. 2.—A half-dress cap, composed of embroidered *tulle* ; it is of the *demi cornette* shape ; and is trimmed with blue flowers and ribbons. A band of the latter is arranged *en marmotte* on the caul.

MORNING DRESS.—A dress of *terre d'Egypt chaly*, the *corsage* in crossed drapery ; sleeve *à la Medici*. A double row of embroidery in green and *ponçeau* silk, adorns the border of the dress, and is divided by green rouleaus. The hat is white watered silk ; it is trimmed under the brim, *en étoile*, with rose-color and white gauze ribbons. White ostrich feathers, tipped with rose-color, intermixed with knots of ribbon, adorn the crown.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of rose-colored *mouselline de soie*, over satin to correspond. The *corsage drapé à la Grecque*, but higher than usual ; long sleeves, surmounted by small printed epaulettes. The mantle is printed *gros de Naples* ; the ground a light green. It is lined with white satin. The *pelerine* is of the usual form and size, but the collar, which is cut in points, and stands up round the throat,

is very novel. The head-dress is a turban composed of white gaze de soie. Parure of colored gems.

ON DITS OF FASHIONS.

A most elegant ball dress is composed of white crape, and trimmed above the hem with two *chefs d'or*. *Corsage à la Sévigné*, the fullness confined by long gold *agraffes*. Short full sleeve, arranged in a double *bouffant* by a *chef d'or*.

Another very rich dress is of silver gauze *aréophane* : the *corsage* is of crossed drapery, over a low square one of white satin, lightly embroidered round the bust in satin. *Beret* sleeve, ornamented in the centre with a full knot of silver gauze ribbon. The trimming of the skirt consists of silver gauze ribbon, disposed in zig-zag, and ornamented at each point with a knot of ribbon to correspond.

The trimming of a white crape dress is very rich and original : it is a gold embroidery in relief, representing large rings enchainé one within the other.

A striped gauze dress may be pronounced, both in form and trimming, among the most novel of the month : it is of rose-color, with broad white satin stripes. The *corsage* is bordered with a fold in the shawl style, on which three rows of plain *tulle*, rose-color, but of a fuller shade than the dress, are disposed in round full plaits, each row falling over the upper part of the one below it. A similar trimming, but much deeper, adorns the skirt.

The hems of ball dresses are not near so deep as they were last year ; the trimming is consequently placed below the knees, which has a better and more tasteful effect.

Head-dresses of hair have diminished in height. We still see a few, but very few, ladies who wear the front hair combed up from the face in the Chinese style : nothing can be more generally unbecoming, except to extreme youth, and even then the features must be not only pretty, but have a mild and childish expression to look well in this *coiffure*.

When the hair is curled, it is less divided than usual on the forehead ; the curls are lighter, and do not fall so low upon the cheeks. The hind hair is arranged in bows, mingled with plaited braids ; or else in the latter only, which are placed one above another, and form a small crown. A knot of gauze, or an ornament of cut ribbon, issues from the centre of the crown, if the head dress is for a social party. If for full dress, jeweled ornaments are placed in front of it, or else a wreath of *marabouts*, mingled with flowers, or with gold, silver, or diamond *épis*, surrounds it. This last is a *coiffure* particularly appropriate for ball dress. Another that is in the full odor of fashionable popularity, consists of the hair arranged in bows, among which are placed two birds of paradise on the summit of the head, drooping in opposite directions, and a *bandeau* either of diamonds or pearls brought low upon the forehead.

Fashionable colors are ruby, various shades of green, lavender, and rose-color, violet, amethyst, celestial blue, and marshmallow.

Among the revived fashions are pantaloons of very fine cambrics. They are made in the form of Turkish trousers, very wide and long ; they are differently trimmed at the bottom ; some are bordered with narrow Valenciennes lace, others embroidered, but the greater number are finished by very small tucks laid close together.

VARIETIES.

ANTIQUARIAN SCRAPS.—I went the other day over the ruins of St. Dunstan's, and whilst gaping about, saw over one of the portals (inside) an old harp, with an inscription, which, as far as I could make it out, ran thus :—

St. Dunstan's harp against a wall,
Upon a pin did hang'a,
The harp itself, with ly' and all,
Untouch'd by hand did twang'a.

The harp was supposed to play by itself on St. Dunstan's day : ly' means lyre.

There is at the back of Old London Bridge, on this side, a street called " Labor in Vain Hill : " not from the height, but from a stone on which are engraved two figures washing a blackamoor.

KINGS OF FRANCE.—It is worthy of remark, that none of the Kings of France have been succeeded by their sons for nearly two centuries. Phillippe, the present King of the French, succeeded to the regal sway in consequence of the dethronement of Charles the Tenth ; who succeeded his brother, Louis the Sixteenth ; who succeeded his grandfather, Louis the Fifteenth ; who likewise succeeded his grandfather, Louis the Fourteenth, when only five years of age.

ONE SENSE !!!—Our philosophical readers, who have hitherto valued themselves on the possession of *five senses*, and our less instructed friends who have talked in common parlance of being frightened out of their *seven senses*, will, to use the phraseology of parliamentary petitionising, be filled with consternation and dismay at learning that it has just been settled *there is but one sense !!!* Man, the head of created beings, enjoys only one sense, and that sense is TOUCH. His eye touches spectral objects, his ear touches sounds, his nose touches smells, his palate touches flavors—in short, his whole life is but Touch and Go.

MECHANICAL POWER OF COALS.—The Menai Bridge, one of the most stupendous works of art that has been raised by man in modern ages, consists of a mass of iron, not less than four millions of pounds in weight, suspended at a medium height of about 120 feet above the sea. The consumption of seven hanhels of coal would suffice to raise it to the place where it hangs.

The great pyramid of Egypt is composed of granite. It is 700 feet in the side of its base, and 500 in perpendicular height, and stands on eleven acres of ground. Its weight is, therefore, 12,760 millions of pounds, at a medium height of 125 feet ; consequently it would be raised by the effort of about 630 chaldrons of coal, a quantity consumed in some founderies in a week.

The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at 1,500,000 chaldrons. The efforts of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, 2,200 feet in the side, through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain upon another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzuoli, (which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire,) might have been raised by such an effort from a depth of 40,000 feet, or about eight miles.

INDIAN INK.—This is a very curious substance, and totally unlike any of the cakes made up in Europe for water-color painting. Many persons have given recipes for making Indian ink by mixing lamp-black with gum-water, or glue, but such compounds bear no resemblance to that made in China. If a piece of good Indian ink be steeped in hot or cold water for weeks, or even months, it will not dissolve—but the mass will still retain the consistency of a hard gristly substance; and this insolubility of glutinous matter gives the ink the property of adhering to the paper more firmly than any other pigment. There is reason to believe that the coloring matter is lamp-black, but we have no gum or glue in Europe that will not readily dissolve in water, except, indeed, the resinous gums, which are obviously unfit for the purpose.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.—It is estimated that there are above fifteen hundred learned and scientific societies in the world; above half of which are occupied in the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

AN AGED TREE.—A yew tree, at Peronne, in Picardy, which flourished in the year 634, was in existence in 1790—it is known, therefore, to have existed for 1156 years.

MELANCHOLY.

Melancholy from the spleen begun,
By passion moved into the veins doth run;
Which when this humor as a swelling flood,
By vigor is infused in the blood,
The vital spirits doth mightily appal,
And weakeneth so the parts organical,
And when the senses are disturb'd and tired
With what the heart incessantly desired,
Like travellers with labor long oppress'd
Finding relief, softens thy fall to rest.—*Drayton.*

LOVE.

Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised
Where fancies are in equal balance poised.—*Marlowe.*

O learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.—*Shakspeare.*

BEAUTY.

Such color had her face as when the sun
Shines in a watery cloud in pleasant spring;
And even as when the summer is begun
The nightingales in boughs do sit and sing,
So the blind god, whose force can no man shun
Sits in her eyes, and thence his darts doth fling;
Bathing his wings in her bright crystal streams,
And sunning them in her rare beauties beams.
In these he heads his golden-headed dart,
In those he cooleth it, and tempereth so,
He levels thence at good Oberto's heart,
And to the head he draws it in his bow.—*Sir J. Harrington.*

THE FATE OF THE DUKE DE BIRON.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—Francis Count of St. Maurice, was born at Poitiers, in the year 1580. His father perished in battle before his eyes opened to the day, and his mother scarcely survived his birth a week. His patrimonial property had been wasted in the wars of the league, and his only inheritance was his father's sword, and a few trembling lines written by his dying mother to the famous Baron de Biron, with whom she was distantly connected by the ties of blood. A trinket or two, the remnant of all the jewels that had decked her on her bridal day, paid the expense of arraying the dead wife of the fallen soldier for the grave, and furnished a few masses for the repose of both their souls; and an old servant, who had seen her mistress blossom into woman's loveliness, and then so soon fade into the tomb, after beholding the last dread dear offices bestowed upon the cold clay, took up the unhappy fruit of departed love, and bore it in her arms, on foot, to the only one on whom it seemed to have a claim. Biron, though stern, rude, and selfish, did not resist the demand. Ambition had not yet hardened his heart wholly, nor poisoned the purer stream of his affections; and gazing on the infant for a moment, he declared it was a lovely child, and wondrous like his cousin. He would make a soldier of the brat, he said, and he gave liberal orders for its care and tending. The child grew up, and the slight unmeaning features of the infant were moulded by time's hand—as ready to perfect as to destroy—into the face of as fair a boy as ever the eye beheld. Biron often saw and sported with the child, and its bold, sweet, and fearless mood, tempered by all the graces of youth and innocence, won upon the soldier's heart. He took a pride in his education, made him his page and his companion, led him early to the battle field, and inured him almost from infancy to danger and to arms.

Although occasionally fond of softer occupations—of music—of reading, and the dance, the young Count of St. Maurice loved the profession in which he was trained. Quick-sighted and talented, brave as a lion, and firm as a rock, he rose in his profession, and obtained several of those posts which, together with the liberality of his benefactor, enabled him, in some degree, to maintain the rank which had come down to him without the fortune to support it. Attaching himself more and more to Biron every year, he followed him in all his campaigns and expeditions, and paid him back, by many a service and many a care, the kindness he had shown him in his infancy. So that twice had he saved the Marshal's life, and twice, by his active vigilance, had he enabled his leader to defeat the enemy, before he himself had reached the age of eighteen.

Gradually, however, a change came over the mind of Marshal Biron. Henry IV., his too good master, became firmly seated on the throne of France, and Biron, attributing all the king's success to his own support, thought no recompense sufficient for his services, no honors high enough for his merit and his deeds. Henry was anything but ungrateful, and though, in fact, he owed his throne to his birth, and to his own right hand, more than to any man on earth, he, nevertheless, loaded Marshal Biron with all the honors in his power to bestow. He was created a Duke and Peer of France, High Admiral, and Lieutenant-General of the king's armies; and many a post of distinction and emo-

lument, raised his revenues and his dignity together. But still he was not satisfied ; pride, ambition, and discontent, took possession of his heart ; and he meditated schemes of elevating himself, till the insanity of ambition led him to thoughts of treason. His manners, too, grew morose and haughty : he was reserved and distant to those he had formerly favored, and his household became cold and stately.

At the same time, a change, but a very different change, had taken place in the bosom of the young St. Maurice ; and to explain what that change was, a fact must be mentioned, which is in itself a key to all the new feelings, and the new thoughts, the new speculations, and the new hopes, which entered into the bosom of the young, but fortuneless Count, about the end of the year 1600. About eight years before that period, there had been added to the family of the Duke de Biron a young niece, of about nine years old, a lively gentle girl, with bright fair hair and soft blue eyes, and pretty childish features, that had no look but that of innocence, when they were in repose, but which occasionally took a glance of bright, happy eagerness, with which we might suppose an angel gazing on the completion of some bright and mighty work. In her childhood, she played with the young St. Maurice, till they loved each other as children love ; and just at that age when such things become dangerous to a young girl's heart, fluttering between infancy and womanhood, the Duke de Biron was ordered to Brussels on the arrangement of the peace, and taking St. Maurice with him, he sent Mademoiselle de la Roche sur Marne to a convent, which she thought very hard, for her father and mother were both dead, and all that she loved on earth the Duke carried away with him.

St. Maurice was left behind at Brussels to terminate some business which Marshal Biron had not concluded, and when, after some lapse of time, he returned to France, and joined the Duke at the Citadel of Bourg, where that nobleman commanded for the King, he found Marie de la Roche no longer the same being he had left her. The bud had at once burst forth into a flower, and a flower of most transcendent loveliness. The form which his arm had encircled a thousand times, in boyish sport, had changed in the whole tone of its beauty. Every line, every movement, breathed a different spirit, and woke a different feeling. The features, too, though soft as infancy, had lost the roundness of infancy, and in the still innocent imploring eyes, which yet called up all the memory of the past, there was an eloquent glance beaming from a woman's heart, in which childhood was outshone. The young Count felt no alteration in himself, but was dazzled and surprised with the change in her, and felt a sudden diffidence take possession of him, which the first warm unchanged welcome could hardly dispel. She seemed scarce to dream that there was a difference, for the time that she had spent in the convent was an unfilled blank, which afforded scarce a circumstance to mark the passage of a brief two years. The Duke de Biron received his young follower with rough kindness, but there were always various causes which kept him more from the society of St. Maurice than formerly. There were many strangers about him, some of whom were Italians, and St. Maurice saw that much private business was transacted, from a knowledge of which he was purposely excluded. The Duke would take long, and almost solitary rides, or go upon distant expeditions, to visit the different posts under his government, and then, instead of commanding at once the young soldier's company, he left him to escort Mademoiselle de la

Roche to this fair sight, or that beautiful view. In the pride and selfishness of his heart, he never dreamed it possible that the poor and friendless Count of St. Maurice would dare to love the niece of the great Duke de Biron, or that Marie de la Roche would ever feel towards him in any other way than as the dependent follower of her uncle. But he knew not human nature. Mademoiselle de la Roche leaned upon the arm of St. Maurice as they strayed through the beautiful scenery near Bourg, or yielded her light form to his grasp, as he lifted her on horseback, or listened to him while he told of battles and dangers when he had followed her uncle to the field, or gazed upon his flashing features and speaking eye while he spoke of great deeds, till her heart beat almost to pain whenever his step sounded along the corridors, and her veins thrilled at the slightest touch of his hand. St. Maurice, too, for months plunged blindly into the vortex before him. He thought not—he hesitated not at the consequences. But one feeling, one emotion, one passion filled his bosom,—annihilated foresight, prudence, reflection altogether,—took possession of heart and brain, and left the only object for his mind's conception—love!

It went on silently in the bosom of each; they spoke not what was in their hearts; they hardly dared to look in each other's eyes for fear the secret should find too eloquent a voice; and yet they each felt and knew, that loving, they were beloved. They could not but know it, for, constantly together, there were a thousand voiceless unconscious modes of expression, which told again and again a tale that was but too dear to the heart of each. And yet there is something in the strong confirmation of language which each required for the full satisfaction of their mutual hopes, and there are moments when passion will have voice. Such a moment came to them. They were alone; the sun had just sunk, and the few grey minutes of the twilight were speeding on irrevocable wings. There was no eye to see, no ear to hear, and their love was at length spoken.

They had felt it—they had known it long; but the moment it was uttered—its hopelessness—its perfect hopelessness—seemed suddenly to flash upon their minds, and they stood gazing on each other in awe and fear, like the First Two, when they had tasted the fatal fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. But the never-to-be-recalled words had been breathed, and there was a dread and a hope and a tenderness, mingled with every glance that they turned upon one another.

Still the Duke de Biron did not see, for his mind was so deeply engrossed with the schemes of his mad ambition, and the selfishness of his pride, that nothing else rested in his thoughts for a moment. Messengers were coming and going between him and the Duke of Savoy, a known enemy to France, and whenever he spoke with St. Maurice, it was in terms of anger towards the good king Henry IV., and of praise and pleasure towards the cold-hearted monarch of Spain. Often, too, he would apparently strive to sound the disposition of his young follower, and would throw him into company with men of more art and cunning than himself, who would speak of the destruction of the Bourbon line as necessary for the good of France and the tranquillity of Europe, and insinuate that a time might be at hand when such a sacrifice would be completed. St. Maurice frowned, and was silent when the design was covered, as often happened, with much art, and boldly spoke his mind against traitors when the treason was apparent.

At length one day he was called to the presence of the Duke, whom he found alone. "Come hither, St. Maurice," said his friend; "I have brought you up, young Count, from your infancy to your manhood—I have been your friend in fair days and foul—I taught you the duty of a soldier, and the duty of an officer—I have raised you higher than any other man in France could do, or would do—and now tell me—whether do you love best Henry of Bearn or me?"

"Your words, my lord," replied St. Maurice, "taught me in early years to love the King, and your actions taught me to love yourself; but the honor of a French noble teaches me to love my duty, and that joins ever with my love towards my King."

"Ha!" exclaimed Biron, his dark brow burning, "must you teach me what is duty?—Begone, ungrateful boy!—leave me—thus, like the man in the fable, we nourish serpents in our bosom, that will one day sting us—begone, I say!"—St. Maurice turned to quit the cabinet, with feelings of sorrow and indignation in his heart. But grief to see his benefactor thus standing on the brink of dishonor and destruction, overcame all personal feeling, and he paused, exclaiming, "Oh! my lord, my lord! Beware how you bring certain ruin on your own head — ——" But remonstrance only called up wrath. Biron lost all command over himself. He stamped with his heavy boot till the chamber rang; he bade St. Maurice quit his presence and his dwelling! he stripped him, with a word, of all the posts and employments which he had conferred upon him, and bade him, ere two days were over, leave the castle of Bourg, and go forth from his family a beggar as he had entered it. Nor alone, in his rash passion, did he content himself with venting his wrath upon his young follower, but he dropped words against the monarch and the state, which left his treasonable practices beyond a doubt.

The young Count heard as little as possible, but hurried from the presence of a man whom pride and anger had frenzied, and hastening to his chamber, he paused but to ponder over all the painful circumstances of his own situation. Nothing was before him but despair, and his brain whirled round and round with that vague wild confusion of painful ideas, which no corporeal agony can equal. The predominant thought, however, the idea that rose up with more and more frightful prominence every moment, was the necessity of parting from her he loved—and of parting forever without one hope, without one expectation to soothe the long cold blank of absence. He could have borne the unjust and cutting unkindness of the Duke—he could have borne the loss of fortune, and the prospect of that hard fierce struggle which the world requires of men who would rise above their original lot—he could have borne the reverse of state and station, comfort and fortune, without a murmur or a sigh; but to lose the object in which all the ardent feelings of an ardent heart had been concentrated, was more, far more than he could bear. Thus he pondered for near an hour, letting the bitter stream of thought flow on, while every moment added some new drop of sorrow, as reflection showed him more and more the utter hopelessness of all his prospects.

The setting out of a large train from before his window, first roused him from his painful dream, and, though he knew not why, he felt relieved when he beheld the Duke de Biron himself lead the way, caparisoned as for a journey. The next moment found him beside Mademoiselle de la Roche. Her eyes were full of tears, and he

instantly concluded she had heard his fate, but it was not so. She was weeping, she said, because her uncle had come to her apartments angry on some account, and had harshly commanded her back to her convent the next day ; and as she told her lover, she wept more and more. But when he in turn related the Duke's anger with him, and his commands to quit the citadel—when he told her all the destitution of his situation—and his hopelessness of winning her when all his fortune on earth was his sword and a thousand crowns, Marie de la Roche wept no more, but drying her bright eyes, she put her hand in his, saying, “ St. Maurice, we will go together ! We love each other, and nobody in the world cares aught about us—my uncle casts us both off—but my inheritance must sooner or later be mine, and we will take our lot together ! ”

Such words, spoken by such lips, were far more than a lover's heart could resist. Had he been absent when that scheme was proposed—had he not seen her—had he not held her hand in his—had her eyes not looked upon him, he might have thought of difficulties, and prudence, and danger, and discomfort to her. But now her very look lighted up hope in his heart, and he would not let fear or doubt for a single instant shadow the rekindled beams. He exacted but one thing—she should bring him no fortune. The Duke de Biron should never say that he had wedded his niece for her wealth—if she would sacrifice all and share his fate, he feared not that with his name and with his sword, and her love to inspire him, he should find fortune in some distant land. Marie doubted not either, and willingly agreed to risk herself with him upon the wide unknown ocean of events. It seemed as if all circumstances combined to enable them more easily to make the trial. The Duke de Biron had gone to Fontainebleau, boldly to meet the generous master he had determined to betray, and the old chaplain of the citadel, whose life St. Maurice had saved at the battle of Vitry, after many an entreaty, consented to unite him that very night to his young sweet bride. Their horses were to be prepared in the gray of the morning, before the sun had risen, and they doubted not that a few hours would take them over the frontier beyond the danger of pursuit.

The castle was suffered to sink into repose, and all was still, but at midnight a solitary taper lighted the altar of the chapel, and St. Maurice soon pressed Marie to his heart as his wife. In silence he led her forth, while the priest followed with trembling steps, fearful lest the lightest footfall should awaken notice and suspicion ; but all remained tranquil—the lights in the chapel were extinguished, and the chaplain retreated in peace to his apartment.

There was scarcely a beam in the eastern sky when St. Maurice glided forth to see if the horses were prepared. He paused and listened—there was a noise below, and he thought he heard coming steps along some of the more distant corridors. A long passage separated him from his own chamber, and he feared to be seen returning to that of Marie, for he might be obliged at once to proclaim his marriage, lest her fair fame should be injured, and he therefore determined to hasten forward, and strive to gain his own part of the building. He strode onward like light, but at the top of the staircase a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a loud voice demanded “ Who are you ? ” St. Maurice paused, undetermined whether to resist and still try to shake off the person who stopped him, or to declare himself at once ; but the dim outline of several other figures against a window beyond,

showed him that opposition was vain, and he replied, "I am the Count of St. Maurice; why do you stop me, sir?"

"In the King's name, I arrest you, Count of St. Maurice," replied the voice; "give me your sword."

"In the King's name, or in the Marshal de Biron's, gentlemen?" demanded St. Maurice, somewhat bitterly. "You jest with me, gentlemen; my lord the Duke I may have offended, but the King never."

"I said in the King's name, young gentleman," replied the other gravely, taking the sword, which St. Maurice yielded. "You, sirs," he continued, turning to those who stood near, "guard this prisoner closely, while I seek for the Baron de Lux."

St. Maurice was detained for a few minutes in the corridor, and then bade to prepare to journey to Fontainebleau. The whole castle was now in confusion, and all the principal officers of Marshal Biron, the Count found, were, like himself, under arrest. At his earnest entreaty, the Count de Belin, who commanded the party of royal troops, permitted him to take leave of her he had so lately wedded, though only in his presence. Marie de la Roche sur Marne was drowned in tears, but alarm for her uncle's safety easily accounted for that, and the few low words of comfort and assurance which St. Maurice spoke, betrayed not at all the secret of their union. She suffered him to speak uninterrupted but by her sobs; but when he bent over her hand to raise it to his lips, with the formal courtesy of the day, all was forgotten but her love and her despair, and casting herself into his arms, she hid her eyes upon his shoulder, and wept with the bitter agonizing tears of unavailing love.

The old Count de Belin gently unclasped her arms, and removed St. Maurice, who turned, and grasping his hand, said, with a meaning look, "Sir, you are a soldier and a gentleman—our confidence, I am sure, is safe?"

"Upon my honor," replied the officer, laying his hand upon his heart, and St. Maurice was satisfied. He was soon after put on horseback, and conducted with several others to Fontainebleau, from whence he was immediately carried to Paris, and lodged in the Bastille. But it may be now time to turn to him whose weak ambition had brought ruin on his own head.

As is well known, the Duke de Biron, summoned by the King to his presence on clear information of his treason, proceeded at once to Fontainebleau, depending fully on the fidelity of the very man who had betrayed him, and entered the gardens in which Henry was walking, at the very moment when the monarch was declaring, *that beyond all doubt he would not come*. He advanced at once towards the King, and Henry, whose frank and generous heart would fain have believed him less guilty than he really was, embraced him according to his custom, saying, "You did well to come, Lord Duke, otherwise I should have gone to seek you;" and, taking him by the hand, he led him into another garden, where he could speak with him unobserved. There Henry at once, with the noble candor of a noble heart, told him that good information had been received, of his having carried on a long correspondence with the enemies of the state. "Speak the truth, my lord," he added; "tell me all, and, good faith, no one shall know it; the matter shall go no further, and all it shall cost you shall be a sincere repentance."

The Marshal replied, proudly, that he had nothing to confess, and

that his purpose in coming was to meet his accusers. There was a rudeness in his answer, which was not the boldness of innocence ; and Henry, turning away, rejoined the court. Still Henry tried more than once during the day to win from the traitor one repentant word. He again and again solicited him to speak. He sent his friends to him, and his relations ; and though urged by his council—before which full proofs of the Marshal's guilt had long been laid, and which had taken prompt measures, as we have seen, for securing his followers and dependents—still Henry's heart rebelled against his better judgment, and would not suffer him to order his arrest. "If this matter be tried, and proved against him," said the King, "justice must have its way, for the sake of public example ; but I would fain avert the necessity." At length, even at midnight, Henry once more called his treacherous servant to his presence ; and again begged him, for his own sake, to confess his fault. "Let me hear from your own mouth," said the monarch, "that which, with great sorrow, I have heard from too good authority ; and on a frank acknowledgment, I promise to grant you pardon and kindness. Whatever crime you may have committed or meditated against my person, if you will but confess it, I will cover it over with the mantle of my protection, and forget it myself forever."*

"Sire !" replied the Marshal boldly, "I have nothing to say but what I have said. I did not come to your majesty to justify myself, but to beg you only to tell me my enemies, that I may seek justice against them, or render it to myself."

Henry turned away disgusted, and the Duke advanced through the door of the saloon into the antechambers beyond. At the door of that, however, which led out upon the staircase, he was met by the Count de Vitry, who, seizing his right hand in his own left, caught the hilt of Biron's sword with the other hand, exclaiming, "The King commands me to give an account of your person, sir. Yield me your sword."

Biron started, and a mortal paleness came over his face ; for it would seem that he never dreamed for a moment, either that the monarch had accurate information of his treason, or would proceed to do justice against him. He suffered himself to be disarmed, however, and led to a secure apartment, where, after he had recovered from his first surprise, he passed the night in violent and intemperate language, injurious to his own cause, and indecent in itself. From thence he was conveyed to the Bastile, and his trial proceeded in with great rapidity. A thousand efforts were made to save him, by his friends and relations ; and Henry was besieged, wherever he appeared, with tears and petitions. But the day of mercy had gone by ; and the same monarch who had almost supplicated his rebellious subject to say one word that might save himself, now sternly declared that justice must take its course ; and that whatever the law awarded, without fail should be put in execution.

In the meanwhile, St. Maurice passed his time in bitter meditations, confined in a dull cell of the Bastile, which, though not absolutely a dungeon, contained nothing but one of those small narrow beds, whose very look was like that of the grave, a crucifix, and a missal. The hours and the days wore on, and he saw no one but the people who brought him his daily food, and a few persons passing occasionally

* These two remarkable speeches are upon record.

across the inner court of the Bastille ; so that solitude and sad thoughts traced every day deeper and deeper lines upon his heart, and upon his brow. He thought of her whom he loved—of what her situation was, and what it might be ; and when that was too painful, he turned his mind to his own fate, and tried to look it calmly in the face, but still the image of Marie rose up in every scene, and reduced all the native resolution of his heart to woman's weakness.

He was thus one day cast heedlessly on his bed, when the door of his cell opened, and the jailer desired him to follow. St. Maurice rose and obeyed, and a few minutes brought him to a larger chamber, which he was bade to enter. At the other side of the room there stood a middle-sized man, habited in a plain suit of rusty black velvet, with strong-marked aquiline features, and gray hair and beard. His eye was keen and quick, his forehead broad and high, and there was something peculiar in the firm rooted attitude with which he stood, bending his eyes upon the open door. Even had St. Maurice never seen him before, he could never have doubted that he was a King.

"Come hither, Sir Count," said Henry IV. abruptly, "and tell me all you know of this treason of the Duke de Biron. Tell me all, tell me true, and, by my faith, you shall have full pardon."

"Sire," replied St. Maurice, "when my father died in the service of your majesty, and my mother left this world a few days after my birth, I was left a penniless orphan, for all our fortunes had been lost in your royal cause—" Henry knitted his brow—"I was a beggar," continued St. Maurice, "and the Duke de Biron took pity on me—brought me up—led me to the field—protected—provided for me"—

"Hold ! hold ! hold !" cried the King. "Say no more ! say no more—get you gone—yet stay—I seek not, sir, this unhappy man's death. Justice shall be done, but no more than justice—not severity. If you know anything which can mitigate his offence, speak it boldly, and the King will thank you ; anything that may render his crime less black."

"I know little, Sire, of the Marshal's late conduct," replied the Count, "for in truth I have been less in his confidence than formerly ; but this I know, and do believe, that he is one of those men to speak, aye, and to write, many base things in a hasty and a passionate mood, that he would be the last on earth to act."

Henry mused for a moment in silence, and then, without any farther observation, ordered St. Maurice back again to his cell.

Another long week passed, and day after day grew more weary and horrible than the last. Each hour, each moment, added to anxiety, uncertainty, and expectation, already beyond endurance. The rising and the setting of the sun, the heavy passing away of the long and tardy minutes, the wide vague infinity through which apprehension and care had leave to roam, overwhelmed his mind, and shook even his corporeal strength. Each noise, each sound, made him start ; and the very opening of his cell door brought with it some quick indistinct fear. It is said that those long accustomed to solitary confinement, get inured to the dead, blank vacancy of existence without action ; lose hope, and fear, and thought, and care ; and exist, but hardly can be said to live. But St. Maurice had not yet had time to let one of the fresh pangs of his situation become lulled by the opiate of custom, and every moment of its endurance was a moment of new agony. He heard no tidings, he received no comfort, no hope, from any one. The very joys that

he had known, and the love he valued most, became a torture to him ; his own heart was a burden, and while the future was all dark and lowering, the past was full of regret, and prolific of apprehension.

At length one evening an unusual number of footsteps traversing the court below, called him from the bed on which he usually cast himself in prostrate despondency, and he beheld, from the small window of his cell, a number of people gathered together in the open space, of a quality which showed at once that some great and formal act was about to take place within the walls of the prison. The Chancellor was there, and various judges and officers of the Parliament, and a number of the municipal body of Paris were on the spot, with clerks and sergeants, and the two chief *prévôts*. A small body of soldiers also guarded the different doors of the court, and on the side next to the garden was raised a scaffold, about five feet above the ground, at the foot of which a strong man in black stood, with two others of an inferior grade, examining the edge of a large heavy sword, which was suddenly put into the sheath on the sound of some voices at the other side of the court.

At that moment the Duke de Biron was brought in through the opposite door, accompanied by several of the officers of the prison. His dark swarthy countenance was not a shade paler than usual, and, with his hat and plume upon his head, he walked boldly forward with an erect and daring carriage ; but as his eye first fell upon the scaffold, he paused a single instant, exclaiming, " Ha ! " He then strode forward again, as if he had been marching against an enemy, and came to the foot of the ladder which led to the scaffold. There he paused and looked round him with furious and impatient eyes, as if he would fain have vented the wrath that was in his heart upon some of those around him.

" Sir Chancellor ! Sir Chancellor ! " he cried, " you have condemned a man more innocent than many you have suffered to escape, and that upon the evidence of two perjured villains. You have done injustice, sir, which you could have prevented, and you shall answer for it before God.—Yes, sir, before him to whose presence I summon you before a year pass over." Then turning to the commandant, he added, " Ah, Monsieur de Roissy, Monsieur de Roissy ! had your father been alive, he would have aided me to quit this place. Fie ! fie ! is this a fate for one who has served his country as I have ? "

" My lord duke," said the Chancellor, " you have heard the sentence of your peers, and it must now be executed. The King commands me to demand the insignia of that noble order to which you once belonged."

" There, sir, take it ! " cried the duke, giving him his star and riband. " Tell the king, that, though he treat me thus, I have never broken one statute of the order to which my deeds in his service raised me. Pshaw ! " he continued, turning from the priests, who now pressed him to confess—" I make my confession aloud. All my words are my confession.—Still," he added, as his eye rested for a moment on the scaffold and all the awful preparation for his fate, " still I may as well think a while of where I am going."

He then spoke for a few minutes with the priest who stood by his side. His countenance grew calmer and graver ; and after having received absolution and the sacrament, he looked for a brief space up towards the sky, then knelt down before the scaffold, and prayed for some time, while a dead silence was maintained around—you might

have heard a feather fall. As he still knelt, the sun broke out, and shone calmly and sweetly over the whole array of death, while a bird in the neighboring garden, wakened by the sunshine and the deep stillness, broke into a clear, shrill, joyful song, with the most painful music that ever struck the ear.

The prisoner started on his feet, and, after looking round for an instant, mounted the scaffold with the same bold step wherewith he had approached it. His eyes, however, still had in them that sort of wild, ferocious gleam, which they had exhibited ever since his arrest; and though he seemed to strive for calmness, and displayed not a touch of fear, yet there was an angry spirit in his tone as he addressed those around him. "I have wronged the King," he said sharply, "I have wronged the King. 'Tis better to acknowledge it. But that I ever sought his life, is a lie and perjury. Had I listened to evil counsel, he would have been dead ten years ago. Ah! my old friends and fellow-soldiers," he added, turning to the guards, "why will none of you fire your piece into my heart, instead of leaving me to the vile hands of this common butcher." And he pointed to the executioner. "Touch me not," he continued, seeing the other approach him with a handkerchief to bind his eyes—"Touch me not with those hellish fingers, or, by heavens, I will tear you limb from limb! Give me the handkerchief."

He then cast his hat away from him, and bound his own eyes—knelt—prayed again for a moment—rose suddenly up as the executioner was about to draw the sword—withdrew the covering from his sight—gazed wildly round him for an instant, and beckoned one of the officers to tie up his long hair under the handkerchief. This was immediately done, and his eyes being covered, he called out, "Haste! haste!"—"Repeat the *In manus*, my lord," said the executioner, taking the heavy sword, which had been hitherto concealed by the attendants.

Biron began to repeat the psalm of the dying—the blade glittered in the air—swayed round the head of the executioner; and before the eye could trace the blow which ended the earthly career of the unfortunate but guilty soldier, his head was severed at once from his body, and Biron was no more.

A feeling of intense and painful interest had kept St. Maurice at the window till the moment that the unhappy soldier covered his own eyes with the handkerchief; but then a sensation of giddy sickness forced him away, and he cast himself down once more, with bitterer feelings than ever at his heart. The world seemed all a hell of cares and sorrows, and he could have died that moment with hardly a regret. After he had lain there for near two hours, he once more rose, and approached the window. The crowd were all gone, but the dark scaffold still remained, and the young soldier drew back again, saying to himself, "Who next? who next?" He lay down and tried to sleep, but his throbbing temples, and his heated blood, rendered the effort vain. Strange wild images rose up before his eyes. Fiends and foul shapes were grinning at him in the air. Fire seemed circling through his veins, and burning his heart; he talked, with no one to hear—he raved—he struggled—and then came a long term of perfect forgetfulness, at the end of which he woke as from a profound sleep.

He was weak as a child, and his ideas of the past were but faint and confused. The first thing, however, that returned to memory was the image of his cell, and he cast his heavy eyes around, in search of the bolts, and bars, and grated windows; but no such things were near.

He was in a small but handsome room, with the open lattice admitting the breath of many flowers, and by his side sat an old and reverend dame, whom he had never seen before. A few faint but coherent words, and the light of intelligence re-awakened in his eye, showed the nurse, for such she was, that the fever had left him, and going out of the chamber, she returned with a soldier-like man, whom St. Maurice at once remembered as the old Count de Belin, who had arrested him at Bourg. Many words of comfort and solace were spoken by the old soldier, but St. Maurice was forbidden to utter a word, or ask a question for several days. A physician, too, with a grave and solemn face, visited him twice each day, and gave manifold cautions and warnings as to his treatment, which the young gentleman began soon to think unnecessary, as the firm calm pulse of health grew fuller and fuller in his frame. At length one day, as he lay somewhat weary of restraint, the door opened, and Henry IV. himself stood by his bed-side. "Now, faith, my good young Count," said the Monarch, "I had a hearty mind to keep you to silence and thin bouillon for some days longer, to punish certain rash words spoken in the Bastile, casting a stigma upon royal gratitude for leaving faithful friends, who had lost all in our behalf, to poverty and want. But I have lately heard all your story, and more of it than you thought I ever would hear; and therefore, though I shall take care that there be no more reproaches against my gratitude, as a punishment for your crimes I shall sell you as a slave forever. Come hither, sweet taskmaster," he added, raising his voice, "and be sure you do all that woman can—and that is no small power—to tease this youth through all his life to come."

As the King spoke, the flutter of a woman's robe—the bright, dear eyes—the sweet, all-graceful form—the bland, glad smile of her he loved, burst upon the young soldier's sight; and she, forgetting fear, timidity, the presence of royalty—all, all but love, sprang forward at once, and bedewed his bosom with her happy tears.

CASTILIAN POETRY.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

AUBADE.

ALL under a bower of the green willow leaves,
The lady her lover's last farewell receives,
Till the sentinel whispers the dawn she perceives.
The dawn! O Heavens! is it morning so soon!

Ah, would that the Night her dark gloom ne'er unveil'd,
Nor afar from my arms my bold lover withdrew;
Nor the bright Star of Morning the sentiment hail'd.
The dawn! O Heavens! is it morning so soon!

Beloved of my soul, let us kiss, thou and I,
All under the bower where the little birds sing;
Nor a thought on the jealous bestow, but defy
The dawn! O Heavens! is it morning so soon!—

Beloved of my soul, yet another bestow,
Whilst loudly the nightingale sings on the bough;

Till the sentinel sounds from her soft chalumeau,
The dawn ! O Heavens ! is it morning so soon !

By this air that the scent of the rose would outvie,
From my own love so beautiful, noble and young,
Of the balm of his breath I have drunk a sweet sigh.
The dawn ! O Heavens ! is it morning so soon !

O fair is the maid as e'er tongue told, and more,
And many the knights that her beauty adore ;
But loyal to love in her own heart she swore.
The dawn ! O Heavens ! is it morning so soon !

SPECIMEN OF CADALSO'S SATIRICAL VERSES.

THAT much a widow'd wife will moan,
When her old husband's dead and gone,
I may conceive it ;
But that she won't be brisk and gay,
If another offer the next day,
I won't believe it.

That Cloris will repeat to me,
Of all men, I adore but thee,
I may conceive it :
But that she has not often sent
To fifty more the compliment,
I won't believe it.

That Celia will accept the choice
Elected by her parents' voice,
I may conceive it :
But that, as soon as all is over,
She won't elect a younger lover,
I won't believe it.

That when she sees her marriage gown,
Inez will modestly look down,
I may conceive it :
But that she does not from that hour,
Resolve to amplify her power,
I won't believe it.

That a kind husband to his wife
Permits each pleasure of this life,
I may conceive it :
But that the man so blind should be
As not to see what all else see,
I won't believe it.

That in a mirror young coquets
Should study all their traps and nets,
I may conceive it :
But that the mirror, above all,
Should be the object principal,
I won't believe it.

MR. JEFFREY, LORD ADVOCATE.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Most people have about as correct a notion of Jeffrey, as the English had of Napoleon at the commencement of the present century. Not a few associate his name with the wide and somewhat ponderous fame of the Edinburgh Review, and conjure up to themselves the phantasm of a literary Atlas, not merely sustaining the universe, like him of old, but propelling it through time as a boy would chuck a taw. Others, again, form their opinions by those sketches which smarting authors have drawn of an incubus who haunts their dreams,—sometimes in the form of a cold and senseless load,—sometimes as a merry, mocking, and malignant imp. Tories regard Jeffrey as nearly allied to him “*we daurna name* ;” Whigs have a sneaking kindness for him, not unmixed with dread ; Radicals hate him worse than the most intolerant of Ultras. It is easy to say that all these good people have a totally false idea of Jeffrey’s character ; but it is by no means so easy to substitute a true one.

At the period of his starting in life, the Tory party had the ascendancy in Scotland to an extent that our readers can scarcely conceive. The knot of leaders who managed affairs in Edinburgh have never been backward in wooing talent to their ranks. The legal profession is the only one that there affords scope for advancement, and the number of situations that can only be filled by members of the Bar renders it an easy matter for a dominant faction to reward its supporters. Yet with this prospect before him, and knowing the calumnies to which he exposed himself, he selected his party ; and through good report and evil report, in hours of darkness and danger, has he adhered to it, until it has become (mainly through his own exertions) triumphant. Nor has he ever stooped to solicit the applause of the popular party by concealing that his principles did not go the full length of theirs. He has on all occasions avowed his opinions, as freely against the abuses of the Liberals, as the persecutions of the Tories. We do not here stop to inquire whether his principles be right or wrong,—we say he has adhered to them openly and fearlessly.

As a critic we are not inclined to rank Jeffrey very high. He began to write so early in life that great allowance must be made for his first criticisms. A young man, of a volatile and restless energy, trained in the school of a debating society, and unaccustomed to hear the literary dogmas of his professors arraigned, was ill-prepared to sit in judgment upon a nascent literature. He was like a monarch called upon to ascend the throne during the first ferment of a revolution. He had been duly trained in all the formulas of established criticism ; still that he, at the period when man is most susceptible of enthusiasm and new impressions, should have ranked himself on the side of form and decorum as opposed to power and feeling, gave cause to suspect that his mind was not of the very highest order.

And so it has proved. He is deficient in originality, intensity, depth, and imagination. After reading all that he has given to the world, we rise with an impression that he has said much that is just, and more that is ingenious, but we do not recollect one new view of man, art, or nature, that he has suggested to us. His dissertations are always lively, his arguments felicitously and beautifully illustrated, but one never finds him fathom the depths of science. We feel that there

is a want of power and continuity in his writing,—it is the production of a clever, not of a great man. In return, however, he lays a close and strong grasp upon everything that bears upon active life. He has feeling enough to receive into his soul the mighty thoughts of loftier intellects. He has a memory that retains everything, and a readiness and versatility ever prompt and able to make the most of what he has stored up in his mind.

It seems to us that we have been describing a man of talent, not of genius,—to use a distinction introduced by Coleridge ; and to appreciate such a man aright we must study him in active life. But before we can portray Jeffrey to our readers in this his field of action, we must present to them a sketch of his outer man.

He is of low stature, but his figure is elegant and well-proportioned. This he seems to be aware of by the assiduity with which he takes care that his little personage shall always be set out to the best advantage. The continually varying expression of his countenance renders it impossible to say what its features are. They have baffled our best artists. The face is rather elongated, the chin deficient, the mouth well-formed, with a mingled expression of determination, sentiment, and arch mockery ; the nose is slightly curved, the distance from the bridge to the eyebrow being disproportionately long. The brow never presents the same appearance for two moments consecutively ; it is now smooth and unfurrowed, lofty and vaulted ;—look again, and the skin is contracted upwards into a thousand parallel wrinkles, offering the semblance of a “forehead villainous low.” The eye is the most peculiar feature of the countenance ; it is large and sparkling, but with a want of transparency that gives it the appearance of a heartless enigma. He has two tones in his voice ; the one harsh and grating, the other rich and clear, though not powerful. His pronunciation is minced,—the naturalized defect of youthful affectation.

It will be farther necessary, before attempting to describe his public appearance, that we introduce our Southern readers to what has hitherto been the great theatre of his display. The Parliament House (the building in which the Supreme Court of Scotland holds its sittings) must present rather an astonishing spectacle to one who sees it for the first time. You enter a long and lofty hall, dimly lighted by a row of dirty windows stretching along one side, and by one of larger dimensions at the end, the stained glass of which does its best to represent Justice, with her usual accompaniments of the sword and scales, standing upon a chimney-top with volumes of black smoke curling up around her. At the opposite end of the hall stands a colossal statue of white marble, elevated upon a pedestal more than six feet high. The whole area of the room is thronged with human beings, some in gowns and wigs, others in apparel of every cut and color, tumbling over each other in that dim light, as close and frequent as mites in a cheese. The air is close and loaded with dust. An incessant tread and shuffling of feet is heard, mixed with the loud whispering of a thousand simultaneous voices. At brief intervals a shrill voice raises itself in a harsh monotonous chaunt above this monotonous din, and then abruptly sinks to silence.

Venturing further, one finds himself absorbed as into a whirlpool, squeezed, elbowed, and driven from side to side after the most unceremonious fashion. Every man is intent upon his own business, and looks neither to the right nor to the left in his eagerness to push

after it. By degrees, however, he learns to accommodate himself to the situation—to steady himself, by yielding to the pressure—to retain a fixed place by keeping up a constant wriggling, like a rooted weed stretching its lank length down a stream, quivering and coiling at each fresh gush of water. He is now enabled to remark, that the Judges, clad in robes of red and blue, are placed upon elevated benches in alcoves built into the wall; that behind each stands an attendant with a roll of causes in his hand—the individuals from whom proceed at intervals the shrill notes that astonished him on entering. Before the Judges, and rather lower, clerks are seated at each side of a table, with huge bales of papers between them,—one busily writing, while another, perhaps, sways his chair backwards upon one of its hind legs, and yawns. At the end of this table is a bar, at which the Advocates stand when they address the Bench. How their Lordships manage to hear, or whether they manage to decide without hearing—upon the principle that Justice ought to be deaf, as well as blind—Heaven knows. For the din of which we have already spoken, continues to rise around and above them. On further acquaintance, however, a stranger discovers that the motions, at least, of the Barristers, are more regular than he at first supposed. Two long streams are continually crossing each other, the whole length of the hall—in deep debate. The regularity of their coming and going, is only interrupted when one is summoned to attend to business; or when some busy brother, hopping from bar to bar, darts across them, followed by his breathless agent, pouring the last words of instruction into his listening ear.

This is what is called the Outer House. Here cases are prepared for decision, and first judgments pronounced, which, if not satisfactory to the parties, may be carried before the Judges, who sit in the Inner House, to be re-considered. These sit in two divisions, of equal power, to decide. The Jury has of late years been introduced into Scotland, as a mode of establishing facts, and frequently Jury trials are held on the same days that the Court of Session sits. The same Counsel is uniformly retained throughout all the stages of a case. Our readers, therefore, may form some slight notion of the distraction of a well-employed Scotch Advocate, when he reflects that he may have in one day some twenty causes on hand, at different stages of advancement—that he must be master of all the intricate details, facts, and legal views of each—and that he must occasionally pass from the Inner House to the Jury Court, and from either to the Outer House, threading his way through all its jostling and gabbling.

Here then was the scene of Jeffrey's power and glory. Ever quick, but never boisterous nor pushing, he wound his way like an eel, from one bar to another. If what he had to do was merely a matter of form, it was despatched in as few words as possible; generally wound up, when circumstances admitted, with some biting jest. If a cause were to be formally argued, his bundle of papers was unloosed, his glass applied to his eye, and his discourse began, without a moment's pause. He plunged at once into the *mare magnum* of the question, confident that his train of argument would arrange itself in lucid order almost without any exertion on his part. When once he had made himself master of a case and its bearings, he was always ready to debate it, even at a moment's warning, however heterogeneous the subject to which he had been tasking his faculties the moment before. This might be owing to a habit which he had, in previous conversations with

the party or his agent, to ply them with all the arguments that could be brought against them. Often have we known an honest countryman, perplexed by his objections, remonstrate with his attorney for having encouraged him to proceed with a hopeless case, or for having employed a pleader of so desponding a temperament ; and immediately thereafter have we seen his honest face grow momentarily broader and broader, brighter and brighter, as Jeffrey, on stepping to the bar, proceeded to demonstrate his right in a train of the closest and most irrefragable reasoning. One instance of his retentive memory, and power of instantaneously passing from one subject to another, has just occurred to us. He had been addressing a Jury, after a tedious trial, in a long and argumentative speech. As he sat down, an attorney's clerk pulled him by the gown, and whispered in his ear, that a case in which he was retained, had just been called on in the Inner House. "Good God !" said Jeffrey, as they reached the landing-place, and were beginning to descend the stairs, "I have heard nothing of this matter for weeks, and that trial has driven it entirely out of my head ;—what is it ?" The lad, in no small trepidation, began to recount some of the leading facts, but no sooner had he mentioned the first, than Jeffrey exclaimed—"I know it," and ran over, with the most inconceivable rapidity, all the details, and every leading case that bore upon them. His speech on the occasion was one of the most powerful he ever delivered.

His delivery is not commanding—that his figure forbids—but it is fascinating. He rises, settles his gown about his shoulders, and commences in a low tone of voice. For the first two or three sentences, he seems beating about for ideas—words there are plenty. But he soon comes upon the track. With the side of his face turned towards the person or persons he is addressing, he fixes his serpent eye upon them, and holds them fast. At one time he leans forward and speaks in tones as harsh as the grating of an earthenware plate upon a revolving grindstone : again he stands erect, or even casts himself backward, and without any sensible motion of his lips, emits a continuous stream of most melodious voice. His train of reasoning is throughout close and consecutive, but frequently too fine drawn for vulgar apprehension. He seems not to be aware that the majority are contented to pick their way to a conclusion upon uncemented stepping-stones. Himself capable of seizing the most delicate *nuances* of thought, he forgets, by interposing links, too delicate for vulgar eyes, between the larger ones, he only calls the attention of his hearers to a fact they might otherwise have overlooked—that these grosser masses do not in reality unite. In addition to this, his fancy throws around every step of his ratiocination so many apt and beautiful illustrations, that we stop to gaze upon them, forgetting that our object lies before us, and ere we awake to recollection, the Speaker is so far before us, that we lose a portion of his argument. If it be allowable to borrow an illustration from painting, we may say that while one of Jeffrey's pieces is perfect as a whole, he bestows so much labor upon the details, that we are apt to regard it merely as a series of fragments. On the whole, therefore, he is by no means a convincing orator, when speaking at length : he is more apt to bewilder ; to disarm opposition, by leaving his auditors in a state of uncertainty.

We have said that his oratory is not commanding. He nevertheless attempts at times to be impressive. We can scarcely conceive more

absolute failures. It is the frog striving to swell itself to the size of the ox. Once, indeed, we remember an apostrophe, startling, nay, *commanding*, from its native dignity and moral courage. A Baronet, whose name we conceal—not from fear or dislike to expose him—had brought an action in one of the Scottish courts, in which he showed, in his anxiety to gain his point, the most reckless regard of all honorable or moral restraints. This person had sat in court unblushingly during a long exposure of his nefarious conduct; and Jeffrey, than whom no man has a nicer feeling of honor, had worked himself up to a pitch of towering indignation. He rose, and commenced in his usual subdued manner.—“My Lords. There is no person who entertains a higher respect for the English Aristocracy than I do; or who would feel more loth to say anything that could hurt the feelings, or injure the reputation, of any one individual member of that illustrious body; but after all that we have this day heard, I feel myself warranted in saying (here he turned round, faced the plaintiff, who was seated immediately behind him, and fixing upon him a cold firm look, proceeded in a low determined voice) that Sir —— has clearly shown himself to be a notorious liar and a common swindler.” The whole audience was startled; but so justly had the rebuke been merited, that not a murmur of remonstrance was heard. The man who had carelessly borne the disclosure of his iniquity, quailed beneath the eye of the speaker, fidgeted in his seat for a few moments, then rose and left the court.

Jeffrey's removal from the bar to the senate has naturally excited considerable anxiety among his friends. It is late in life with him to begin a new career. The augury is, however, favorable on the whole. But he will never be a political leader—his disposition is too undecided. When a way is once chalked out, no difficulties can stop him; but he never can make up his mind upon any line of conduct; he defers to the opinion of others. Yet if he once gain confidence enough to take a share in the business of the House, he will be one of the most able and efficient members in it. Ever collected, and clear-headed, no strokes of policy will take him by surprise, or throw him off his guard. Accustomed to pay attention to forms, the insidious warfare carried on by their aid, will be of no avail against him. The intellect and fancy that shine in everything that he says, will always secure him a hearing. His principles are liberal, his honor and integrity unquestioned.

RAIL-ROAD ON MOUNT PILATE.

[ATHENÆUM.]—The following account of the wood-track or wooden rail-road on Mount Pilate, from Derwent Conway's new work on “Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrenees, in 1830,” will be interesting to all who were not previously acquainted with the particulars:—

“It was a kind of groove, no less than 40,000 feet (nearly eight miles) in length;—a most gigantic work, and worthy of a more enduring fate. A trunk of a tree, ninety feet long, and two feet in diameter, committed to this groove, accomplished its journey in the inconceivably short space of two minutes and a half. Compared with this, what are the movements of the locomotive steam-engines?” * * *

“The distance which the trees had to be conveyed is about three of the leagues of that country, or, more exactly, 46,000 feet. The medium

height of the forest is about 2500 feet. * * The horizontal distance just mentioned, when reduced to English measure, making allowance for the Swiss foot, is 44,252 feet—eight English miles and about three furlongs. The declivity is therefore one foot in 17.68 ; the medium angle of elevation $3^{\circ} 14' 20''$. * * * *

"Along this line the trees descend in a sort of trough built in a cradle form, and extending from the forest to the edge of the lake. Three trees squared, and laid side by side, form the bottom of the trough ; the tree in the middle having its surface hollowed, so that a rill of water, received from distance to distance over the side of the trough, may be conveyed along the bottom, and preserve it moist. Adjoining to the central part (of the trough), other trees, also squared, are laid parallel to the former, in such a manner as to form a trough rounded in the interior, and of such dimensions as to allow the largest trees to lie or to move quite readily. When the direction of the trough turns, or has any bending, of which there are many, its sides are made higher and stronger, especially on the convex side, or that from which it bends, so as to provide against the trees bolting or flying out, which they sometimes do in spite of every precaution. In general, the trough is from five to six feet wide at top, and from three to four in depth ; varying, however, in different places, according to circumstances.

"This singular road contains, we are told, 30,000 trees : it is, in general, supported on cross-timbers, that are themselves supported by uprights fixed in the ground ; and these cross-timbers are sometimes close to the surface : they are occasionally under it, and sometimes elevated to a great height above it. It crosses in its way three great ravines : one at the height of 64 feet, another at the height of 103, and the third, where it goes along the face of a rock, at that of 157. In two places it is conveyed under ground. It was finished in 1812."

"All being prepared, the tree is launched with the root-end foremost into the steep part of the trough, and in a few seconds acquires such a velocity as enables it to reach the lake in the short space of six minutes ; a result altogether astonishing, when it is considered that the distance is more than eight miles, that the average declivity is but one foot in seventeen, and that the route which the trees have to follow is often circuitous, and in some places almost horizontal. * *

"Everything, with regard to launching off the trees, is directed by telegraphic signals. All along the slide, men are stationed at different distances, from half a mile to three-quarters, or more ; but so that every station may be seen from the next both above and below. At each of these stations, also, is a telegraph, consisting of a large board like a door, that turns at its middle on a horizontal axle. When the board is placed upright, it is seen from the two adjacent stations ; when it is turned horizontally, or rather parallel to the surface of the ground, it is invisible from both. When the tree is launched from the top, a signal is made by turning the board upright ; the same is followed by the rest ; and thus the information is conveyed, almost instantaneously, all along the slide, that a tree is now on its way. By and by, to any one that is stationed on the side, even to those at a great distance, the same is announced by the roaring of the tree itself, which becomes always louder and louder ; the tree comes in sight, when it is perhaps half a mile distant, and in an instant after, shoots past with the noise of thunder and the rapidity of lightning. As soon as it has reached the bottom, the lowest telegraph is turned down, the signal passes

along all the station, and the workmen at the top are informed that the tree has arrived in safety. Another is set off as expeditiously as possible; the moment is announced as before; and the same process is repeated till the trees that have been got in readiness for that day have been sent down into the lake.

"When a tree sticks by accident, or when it flies out, the signal is made from the nearest station, by half depressing the board, and the workmen from above and below come to assist in getting out the tree that has stuck, or correcting anything that is wrong in the slide from the springing of a beam in the side; and thus the interruption to the work is rendered as short as possible.

"We saw five trees come down. The place where we stood was near the lower end, and the declivity was inconsiderable (the bottom of the slide nearly resting on the surface), yet the trees passed with astonishing rapidity. The greatest of them was a spruce-fir 100 feet long, four feet in diameter at the lower end, and one at the upper. The greatest trees are those which descend with the greatest rapidity; and the velocity, as well as the roaring of this one, was evidently greater than of the rest. * * *

"In viewing the descent of the trees, my nephew and I stood quite close to the edge of the trough, not being more interested about anything than to experience the impression which the near view of so singular an object must make on a spectator. The noise, the rapidity of the motion, the magnitude of the moving body, and the force with which it seemed to shake the trough as it passed, were altogether very formidable, and conveyed an idea of danger much greater than the reality. * * *

"I have mentioned, that a provision was made for keeping the bottom of the trough wet. This is a very useful precaution; the friction is greatly diminished, and the swiftness is greatly increased by that means. In rainy weather the trees move much faster than in dry. We were assured, that when the trough was everywhere in its most perfect condition, the weather wet, and the trees very large, the descent was sometimes made in as short a time as three minutes."

"HISS!" "HUSH!"—AWFUL SOUNDS.

[YEAR BOOK.]—About the year 1790, a sturdy veteran, one Peter Priestley, was clerk, sexton, and gravestone cutter, at the beautiful parish church of Wakefield in Yorkshire. He was an old and very respectable inhabitant of that town, commendably proud of his various offices, and not at all addicted to superstitious fears; if he had ever been so, his long connexion with the repositories of the departed had considerably allayed his apprehensions.

It was on a Saturday evening, in a cheerless and gloomy season, that Peter sallied forth from his dwelling to finish an epitaph on a stone which was to be in readiness for removal before Sunday. Arrived at the church, within which for shelter he had been working, Peter set down his lantern, and lighting his other candle, which stood in a "potato candlestick," he resumed his task. The church clock had sometime struck eleven, and some letters were still unexecuted, when lo! a singular noise arrested the arm of Peter, and he looked around him in silent astonishment. The sound perhaps cannot be better expressed than by the word "hiss," or "hush."

Recovering from his surprise, Peter concluded that he had been deceived; especially as his sense of hearing was not remarkably perfect, and he therefore resumed his mallet and chisel very composedly; but in a few minutes, his ear was again greeted with the fearful sound of "hiss!"

Peter now rose straight up, and lighting his lantern, he searched in vain for the cause whence this uncommon sound proceeded, and was about to quit the church when the recollection of his promises and imperious necessity withheld him, and he resumed his courage. The hammer of the clock now struck upon the great bell, and it sounded—*twelve*.

Peter, having now little more to do than examine and touch up his new letters, was surveying them with downcast head, and more than ordinary minuteness, when louder than ever came upon his ear the dreadful note—"hiss!"

And now in truth he stood appalled. Fear had succeeded doubt, and terror fear. He had profaned the morning of the Sabbath, and he was commanded to desist—or peradventure the sentence of death had been passed upon him, and he was now himself to be laid among—

"Whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors."

With tottering gait, however, Peter now went home, and to bed; but sleep had forsaken him. His wife in vain interrogated him as to the nature of his indisposition. Every comfort that the good housewife could during the night think of, was administered to no purpose. In the morning the good woman, happening to cast her eyes upon the great chair where Peter's wig was suspended, exclaimed with vehemence—"Oh, Peter! what hast thou been doing to burn all t'hair off one side of thy wig?" "Ah! God bless thee," vociferated Peter, jumping out of bed, "thou hast cured me with that word." The mysterious "hiss," and "hush," were sounds from the frizzling of Peter's wig by the flame of his candle, which, to his imperfect sense of hearing, imported things "horrible an' awfu'." The discovery, and the tale, afforded Peter and the good people of merry Wakefield many a joke.

I have heard the story related by so many old, respectable, and intelligent natives of the town who knew Peter well, that not a doubt can exist of the fact. At all events I have no objection to subscribing my name to this paper, which may be worthy of a perusal on three grounds. First, as having never (that I know of) been published before; secondly, as being no fictitious tale; and, thirdly, as it may tend to dispel those idle fears and notions of which we have many remains.

TO MY CHILD.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

I LOVE to gaze upon thy cheek
Of roseate hue, my Child;
I love to mark thy quick blue eye;
So sparkling and so wild;

To twine those sunny locks of thine,
And kiss thy forehead fair,
And see thy little hands held up
In sweet and guileless prayer.

Yes ! bright and beautiful thou art,
And playful as the fawn,
That bounds, with footsteps light as air,
Across the dewy lawn ;
And when the day is over,
And thy pleasant gambols done,
Thou'lt calmly sink to rest, nor think
Of ills beyond that sun.

Thou dream'st not of a Mother's cares,
Her anxious hopes, my Boy ;
Thy skies are ever clear, thy thoughts
Are full of mirth and joy ;
And nestled in a parent's arms,
Or seated on her knee,
List'ning to oft-told childish tales,
What's all the world to thee ?

Moments of thoughtless innocence,
Why do ye fly so fast,
Leaving the weary heart to feel
Life's sweetest hours are past !
And flinging o'er the fairy land
That bloom'd, when ye were near
With light and loveliness, the mist
Of trouble, doubt, and fear.

Aye ! rove, in all thine artlessness,
Along the verdant mead,
And gather wild-flowers, springing thick,
Beneath thine infant tread ;
And take thy fill of blameless glee,
For soon 'twill pass away ;
I, too, will leave my cares a while,
To watch thy merry play.

KITTY OF THE CLYDE.—A TALE.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]

—
“ I plunged into the silver wave,
Wi' cupid for my guide ;
And thought my heart well lost to save
Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.”—*Scottish Ballad.*
—

GAILY—gaily row the boat,
Along the flowing tide ;
Merrily thus the fishers float
By the banks of the bonny Clyde.

Kitty of the Clyde.

Friendship's bands our hands entwine,
 Our hearts united too,
 By day we toil with the net and line,
 But at eve are a merry crew ;
 And joyously float the shore along,
 For the stilly and silent gloaming,
 And banish our cares with the laugh and the song,
 While the moon in the heavens is roaming !

 And gaily—gaily row the boat,
 Along the flowing tide ;
 For merrily thus the fishers float
 By the banks of the bonny Clyde.

This was the merry glee of a social band of fishers that were rowing their little bark upon the silent waters of the Clyde, when the labors of the day were o'er, and the cares of toil and industry absorbed in the recreations which the party were accustomed to enjoy ; when the moon reigned in the stilly sky, and the waves of the river sparkled in its lustrous beams. The appearance of the Clyde upon such a night is truly splendid : the varied and picturesque beauties, not only of its banks, where woods and orchards spread themselves to the water side, diversified occasionally by the appearance of villas and mansions, but of the river itself running between high rocks, and through thick glades of intertwining trees, and in its course falling in grand and majestic cataracts, proffer an invaluable source of gratification to the admirers of nature in her most imposing aspect. The moon rippling the waves, in one place calm and tranquil, and in another tumbling and foaming over high rocks crowned with thick heavy-branched trees, and dispersing the silver spray upon the surrounding objects, is powerfully impressive of the beautiful upon the imagination ; and to such enthusiasts as the natives of the wild and majestic region which the Clyde, among the many other stupendous works of nature, adorns, the varied scene is full of beauty, and these beauties are indulged in with a zest, or we may say, a passionate devotion, that is peculiar to Scotland alone.

At the conclusion of the fisher's glee, one of the party, accosting a melancholy youth that accompanied them, but who had remained gazing upon the scene as they passed, wholly abstracted in the intensity of thought, exclaimed, "Laddie Donald,—laddie Donald, what ails thee, youth ? thou'st been sad and grievously discontented during our song ;—cheer up, man, cheer up ; 'tis a long night indeed that sees no day, and whatever your sorrows may be, throw them all into the river till the morrow."—The youth to whom the above observations were addressed, replied only with a sigh,—he motioned with his head, negatively, and relapsed into his former abstraction.—"The boy will never be wise," exclaimed an old jolly fisherman of the party, "he's struck mad, struck with a pair of blue eyes and the white face of a pretty girl ! Out upon thee, boy ; take a sup from the flask, and be merry ;—the flask is a mighty cure for the disorder, as I have often found myself, in my youth," and he struck up an old air in praise of liquor, and quaffed again at the flask.

The previous observer having expressed a desire to know the cause of Donald's sorrow, the other drew him to his own side of the boat, and thus replied. "One night last Summer we were indulging ourselves after our accustomed manner, and singing and laughing as our little boat floated in the moonlight over the Clyde, the chill of whose waters

we craftily qualified with a proper portion of regular brandy,—the proper beverage for a moonlight night upon the Clyde ; Donald was with us, a merry, waggish youth, as bold and as rosy as the best of us,—(who would have thought then the child had so much foolery in him). Just as we approached within sight of Coralin and its cataract, a smart breeze sprung up, and we presently saw a little cockle shell of a boat floating to and fro like a cork, till it went over, and a shriek from the waters told us that a girl was drowning. At the instant, Donald (blessings on his bravery for that good christian deed), wanting no urging, sprung into the river, and swimming towards the cataract, rescued the pretty Kath'rine Grahame from perishing in the bonny Clyde. But the boy was struck ; the first glance from the wicked eyes of Kate darted an arrow through and through his heart, and every succeeding look only served to rivet the bolt more firmly there. The maid was not unmindful of her victory, and I truly believe the eyes of Donald did as much execution as her own ; but then Walter Grahame is a high proud man, and Donald but a humble fisher,—Kath'rine too has a suitor, the old Duncan Stuart, the Laird of Ecclesfechan, with a power of lands and gold, and Grahame will have the maid to have him for her faithful Jo.' Out upon the miserable carle for such unnatural desire !”

By this time the boat had arrived under the mansion of Walter Grahame ; every window was closed except one small casement, from which a little taper beamed, like a beacon to direct the course of the wanderer there. The boatmen instantly rested upon their oars, and Donald, raising his face towards the window from whence the light proceeded, sung in a soft melodious tone :—

“ My Kitty is a high-born fair,
A lowly name I carry ;
Nor can wi' lordly thanes compare,
Who woo the maid to marry ;
But she nae scornful looks gives me,
And joy may yet betide,
For hope dares flatter mine may be,
Sweet Kitty of the Clyde.”

The voice was recognized, immediately the casement opened, and the beautiful Kath'rine Grahame appeared in the greatest mental affliction ; she leaned from the window, and in a low quick tone, inquired, “ Donald ? ”—“ 'Tis I,” was the instant reply of the enamored youth. “ Oh, Donald,” replied the agonized girl, “ the hour that decides my fate, and that tears me from all the earth holds dear to me, approaches rapidly,—the old Laird has arrived ; and to-morrow it is my father's command that I should wed him ! “ Never ! ” exclaimed the astonished lover. “ It is his will, Donald, and I dare not disobey.”—“ Then one thing alone remains ; say, will you quit your parent's home, and partake with me my lot of weal and woe ? I cannot proffer you a home of equal splendor to that which you now adorn,—mine is but the humble fisher's cottage, its bread the produce of the fisher's industry, yet there is the endearing charm of happiness,—the voice of content sweetens the humble fare, and the hours pass swiftly by, because no discord overclouds them. Come with me, then—fly from the scene which hourly becomes more agonizing, and take refuge here, while in the face of heaven, before men and angels, solemnly I swear, to prove all that your kind heart promises, all that your fondest wishes can desire.”

"Dare I believe those vows?"

"Believe!" immediately rejoined the merry old fisherman of the party, "I will stake my whole life upon the boy's honesty,—though he never will drink brandy with me."

"Hush!" interrupted the lover, "you may be heard. My beautiful girl, depend on my fidelity——"

"I will believe!" impressively ejaculated Katherine, "any fate must be preferable to that to which my inexorable parent would consign me. Donald, do not deceive me. I come to you for safety."

"And I will prove a faithful refuge," exclaimed the youth, as Katherine quietly closed the casement, preparing to depart from a home that circumstances had rendered so dreadful,—from a parent whose authority had been exerted to force her to an union with decrepid age,—from friends who had proved faithless,—from all that had once been endeared to her, but whose endearments had gradually vanished away like the snow-drops before the sun,—and now one dear object alone remained to lighten the heart of the afflicted girl. A dark and heavy cloud, that was passing across the orb of night, shadowed all the surrounding objects, while this scene of interest occurred; and which, while it shut out the fisherman's boat from observation, also prevented the party from discerning anything around them. Another vessel, however, was close beside, and the individuals therein were hearers of the passing scene;—it was the boat of Dugald Dalrymple of the Brig, a young and reckless libertine, returning from a festival to Bothwell, at the moment when the young and lovely Kitty was about to fly from the home of her father, to a stranger's arms,—a young and humble stranger, but that stranger was her lover and her friend, the only friend that the poor girl had now upon the earth.

"Lay to—lay to," whispered Dalrymple, "there's game in view!"

"Master, what would you do?" was the inquiry of the boatman.

"Secure the prize,—'tis Grahame's lovely daughter, the coy girl of the Clyde,—I long woo'd unsuccessfully; now she *shall* be mine!" exclaimed the reckless *roué*, and all his passions seemed excited, and himself bent upon the project of intercepting the girl. "Put to the shore," rejoined he, and instantly his boat was against the bank, and himself and two servants sprang to the land. In a moment the door of Walter Grahame was opened, and the trembling Kitty, glancing a last look to her childhood's home, from which she seemed to be departing forever, emerged therefrom. Donald was immediately struck to the earth by one of Dugald's minions, whilst the libertine, snatching the girl in his arms, hastened with her into his boat.

The moon emerging at this moment from the dense mass of clouds in which it had been enveloped, disclosed to the astonished fishers the boat of Dalrymple a-head of theirs, while Donald lay stretched upon the shore. "Treachery!" cried the fishermen, and the shrieks of Katherine evinced that she had discovered the fatal error. A shot was instantly fired from the fisherman's boat, while Donald was conveyed therein, but Dalrymple, aware of his superior lightness, avoided returning the fire, but rapidly made way with his prize. By the exerted energies, however, of the fishers, who appeared one and all excited with additional strength in the cause of their young associate, their boat was soon upon that of Dugald, and the old fisherman instantly demanded the girl, or that blood should be spilled in her cause. "Away, old fool!" exclaimed the *roué*, "or thou'lt have a brace of

slugs whistling through that head of thine !” and without waiting for a reply, the blunderbuss was discharged into the fisherman’s boat. The good old man was struck in the shoulder,—the fishermen were in consternation ; and Dalrymple was thus enabled to make way faster. Donald had by this time, from the attentions of one of his associates, recovered, and upon discovering the distressing situation of his beloved, his agony gave instant place to a determination of rescuing her. Throwing himself into the water, he swam with the rapidity of lightning along the Clyde, and in a few moments was by the side of the vessel that held the treasure he so dearly prized. With maddened emotion he jumped into the boat, and with a broken oar, which was the only weapon he could seize upon when he quitted his own boat, he felled the two servants that were rowing, to the bottom of the vessel, and their oars sank into the water. Dalrymple, who had been endeavoring to restore the fainting girl, ere he could be fully aware of the presence of the lover was caught fiercely by the throat, and there held by the infuriated Donald,—his eyes flashing fire, while the tightness of his grasp proved that his physical powers had not forsaken him. There they stood, the ruthless tiger caught within the paws of the angry lion, both young and powerful, both with their desires fixed upon one object, that object the beautiful Kitty of the Clyde,—for whom one burned with a faithful, true, and undenying affection, the other with the sanguine appetite of a demon. For a moment they both stood gazing upon each other, fury flashing from their eyes, and both appearing conscious of strength and power, and both determined to possess the treasure at every hazard. Dugald then made a fierce exertion to extricate his throat from the grasp of his rival, and seized him also by the neck, but Donald only held the tighter, and in the struggle they both sunk to the bottom of the boat, which rolled to and fro, and the waters came in over the sides, fast filling the vessel. Donald was undermost, and the weight of his rival, added to the exhaustion attendant upon his powerful efforts, compelled him to relinquish his grasp ;—the water had now filled the boat, and it was sinking. Dalrymple finding his throat disengaged from the hands of his rival, sprung from him, and seizing the poor girl in his arms, swam with her from the sinking boat, whilst Donald was only rescued from a similar fate by the arrival of his own boat upon the spot. “ It is the villain Dugald of the Brig ! ” cried he, as he sunk powerless into the arms of his old friend and associate, “ Heaven protect the girl ! ”

The morning came, and, with the morning, the friends that had been invited to the bridal of the Laird of Ecclesfechan with the young and blooming Kitty of the Clyde ; the breast-knots and the ribbons, and the happy looks of the youths and maidens, bespoke the interesting ceremony that was to be celebrated, and though many pitied the lovely girl’s fate at being consigned to age and decrepitude, yet all rejoiced, for it was a marriage-festival, and who is there that is not gay upon a wedding-day ? Youth puts on its fairest appearance, and even age welcomes the celebration with a smile ; the voice of sorrow is stilled, and a temporary balm infused into the breaking heart of the mourner ; the most afflicted one dwells upon the scene with a joyful feeling, for it is a glimpse of happiness, so pure, so undisturbed, that cold indeed must be the heart that can withstand its cheering influence. Little do we think at that moment, of the bitter disappointment of the fondest wishes, that may ensue from an event that can apparently produce

nothing but good ; little do we think that the faithful heart, which reposes all its happiness in the fidelity of another, may be broken, and all its feelings, all its impulses destroyed, and scattered to the winds of heaven ;—that a blast may come from the desert of the world, and destroy forever the joys that now seem to blossom so brightly. But a truce to reflection. The youths and maidens assembled in honor of the wedding of Katherine Grahame ; the mansion of Walter was thrown open ; and the merry pipes resounded in its noble hall,—the sheep and the fatted ox had been killed, the strong beer broached, and the grateful dependants shouted their thanksgivings in plaudits to the donor and his lovely child. *But where was she ?* The sun-light streamed into her chamber, but the chamber was still and lonely ; the servants come to waken the tarrying bride—but Katherine is not there. The house is alarmed,—inquiry set on foot ;—the parent in dismay hears of the flight of his darling child, and unable to account for the mysterious disappearance, he sinks upon his couch to give vent to his agony in tears.

Upon a pointed rock, hanging over one of the most stupendous and picturesque portions of the Clyde, a solitary tower reared its rugged form ; alone and desolate, it appeared the chosen spot of villany, and where the work of fraud and guile might be consummated unobserved by the jealous eye of man, and unmolested. At times of flooding, both the tower and the rock shook in so evident a manner as to render the situation a fearful one, but to the bold and enterprising spirits of the hardy. This tower was the property of the Dalrymples, and had often been the scene of Dugald's villany ; hither Katherine Grahame was conveyed, and when his minions forwarded to the reckless libertine intelligence that his victim was safely immured therein, he exulted in the accomplishment of his work of treachery, and, believing his person unknown to the lover of Katherine, deemed discovery impossible.

But what will not true affection effect ?—The treasures of distant lands quit their native soil at its powerful command,—the hidden gems of the deep rise at its imperative bidding,—and no hand can control its force. The clue to a labyrinth of darkness and perils once gained, it is followed with persevering ardor, even though its termination should be death, and the attainment of the object involve the penalty of the grave ! Thus thought Donald,—thus he loved ! Dugald was not, as he believed himself to be, unknown ; once before had his rival been in collision with him, and bore a scar upon his arm, inflicted by the young villain, when Donald had rescued a lovely peasant girl from his ferocity : the tower of the rock was not unknown to him, and thither he believed his Katherine to have been conveyed. Decision, however, was requisite, or the innocent lamb might perish under the tortures of the wolf, and in the midst of the consternation occasioned at the mansion of Walter Grahame, the humble lover of the proud man's daughter ventured to appear therein. A sudden thought, at the instant, possessed the parent, and he rushed upon the young fisherman, exclaiming, " Villain, you have stolen my child ! Restore her, give her back to me the same as when you robbed me of her, or by high heaven——!"

" Stay, stay," interrupted the youth, endeavoring to extricate himself from the hands of the parent,—*" Katherine is the victim of villany, —but I am not the villain."*

"Disclose, disclose the mysterious meaning of those words, or force shall compel the truth!"

"Mr. Grahame!" rejoined the indignant Donald, "I bring you dreadful tidings of your child, and you'll not hear me. She is writhing in the grasp of villany, and you will not save her!"

"Who is the villain?"

"Dugald of the Brig!"

"Ah!" shrieked the father in a burst of agony, "then, then indeed, my poor, poor girl is lost!"

"No, she may yet be rescued," impatiently exclaimed the youth.

"How, how?" was the inquiry of the agonized Grahame. "You know the high influence of the Dalrymples, and that Dugald lords it with a high hand over all the lesser gentry; and also that his schemes of villany are so artfully contrived as to elude discovery."

"I will discover them," impetuously exclaimed the youth, "and though the father of Katherine shrinks from the encounter of the villain, —though Walter Grahame, the great, the high-minded Walter Grahame, would tamely see his child despoiled by a wanton ruffian—a humble, lowly youth ventures to beard the tiger in his den, and rescue Katherine, or perish in the attempt! Laird of Ecclesfechan, will you assist me?"

"Hoot awa', mon, hoot away! ye dinna think that a body would go for to thrust his precious head i' the lion's maw! Hoot awa' wi' you, the man's 'mazed!" and the faithful bridegroom turned upon his heel with a sneer.

"Laird of Ecclesfechan, you were to have married Katherine; Walter Grahame, you were to have bestowed your only, your darling child, upon this soulless apathetic fool, who mocks that child's distress; this being you would have made her husband, to him you would have consigned her youth and beauty, regardless of all her prayers, her agonized tears, her fervent supplications! To evade this fate, she fled from you; father, home and friends were by her forsaken, nay even the blessing of that father who would have condemned her to such a state of existence was despised and all forsaken! There was more mercy to be found in the cold world, more charity in the winds of heaven, than in her childhood's home,—and the tender offspring of Walter Grahame, who had been nursed in the lap of kindness, and nurtured upon the bosom of affluence, would rather brave the storms of fate, and the pitiless sneers of the cold-hearted, in the humblest station of existence, than live in splendid misery in the halls of Ecclesfechan! In retreating from this affliction, she was ensnared by Dugald of the Brig; what his motives are, you need not be told, but this reflection remains to you, that the ruin of Katherine, the beauty of the Clyde, was urged by her own father, was induced by his cruel resolve, and that he now stands tamely by and beholds the consummation of the crime; he hears the shrieks of the maiden, and will not strive to relieve her; he hears her last appeal; the agonized appeal of his own, fond child, without a groan, while her destined lord turns upon his heels with a sneer! *But she shall be saved!*" And glancing furiously at the individuals whom he had been addressing, Donald rushed from the hall.

The state of feudal tyranny which the rich maintained at this period, while it accounts for the irresolution of Walter Grahame, also exalts the character of the youth Donald. A contest with such a powerful foe might involve his utter destruction, and, without rescuing the

maiden, have ensured the deadly vengeance of Dalrymple ; every consideration, however, sunk to nothing in comparison with the duty he conceived to be enforced from him, and scorning the fears that attended the project, he hastened to the rescue of his beloved.

The little band of fishermen that had witnessed the abduction of the beauty of the Clyde, alone ventured to accompany Donald in his bold endeavor. The latter had conjectured rightly, and Dugald had proceeded to the tower ; when the boat of the fishermen arrived beneath it, the tide had risen to an extreme height, and the banks of the Clyde were flooded, the cataract beneath the rock gushed with impetuous fury, and the thick bursts of spray, scattering therefrom, fell in large drops around and about the spot. The night was dark and dreary, heavy masses of clouds intercepted every ray of moonlight, and not a star was visible ; the aspect of nature was changed. On the preceding night everything was arrayed in shining beauty ; the gardens, the orchards, the sky, the waters, all shone in their brightest glory ; but the gardens and orchards now lay beneath the troubled river, the sky was tempestuous, and the waters rolled and foamed and tore down the cataract with overpowering fury. It was a perilous task to anchor upon the brink of the torrent upon such a night ; but the efforts of the fishermen were effectual, and the boat was stilled amidst the commotion which surrounded it.

It was now endeavored to throw a line upon the rock, but from the darkness of the night it was impossible to effect that object. In the desperation of the moment, Donald taking the line in one hand, endeavored to climb the rock ; he was strongly dissuaded from the attempt, but he was resolute, and began to ascend amidst the fears and aspirations of his associates ; and to the surprise of the whole assembly, he succeeded in attaining the summit ! The triumph of Donald, however, was but short, for his progress had been observed, and at the moment of accomplishment, when he fondly imagined the beautiful object for whom he was encountering such perils within his grasp, he was roughly assailed by a party of Dugald's minions, and instantly precipitated from the rock into the foaming waters of the Clyde.

Donald must have been carried down the foaming cataract, had not the boat interposed to arrest his progress ; he sustained no injury from the fall beyond that fearful rush of thought which seemed to destroy the possibility of rescuing his beloved one, who now seemed fated to destruction. The victory of his rival appeared secure. Walter Grahame, however, had awakened to a just sense of the situation of his daughter, and the weak imbecility of her destined bridegroom, who, with a very prudent philosophic equanimity, turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, sighed, and sat down contented. The father, however, had not progressed so far in that school of philosophy, and the natural affection of the parent overcoming every other feeling, he mounted a fleet steed, and, accompanied by some of his dependants, set off for the tower on the rock, whither he arrived but to behold the expiration of all his fondest hopes, beneath the despairing conviction that Dugald Dalrymple would yield his life rather than the accomplishment of his wishes. A stern denial was the only reply of the porter to the inquiry of Grahame for the owner of the tower. "I have business of the deepest interest, and which will not bear a single moment's delay," was the rejoinder of the distracted parent.

"I dare not disturb him," replied the porter, and the gates of the tower were immediately closed upon the little party.

"He is here,—and my child within his power,—a moment's delay, and all may be lost," cried Grahame, addressing his vassals; "force shall compel the restitution, though we perish in the attempt!"

The orders of the master were all that the faithful servants required, and instantly their entire efforts were directed against the door; the alarm spread within the tower, and the turret-bell rung to call the minions of Dugald to arms; loud cries were audible within, in the midst of which, the agonized parent heard the shrieks of his child; they were at first loud and frequent, but speedily grew fainter and fainter; the exertions of the assailants increased, but the door sustained the heavy shocks, and yielded not. Grahame's impatience rose to madness; large drops chased one another fast down his burning forehead, and he raved in the vehemence of despair;—his dependants entreated him to wait the issue calmly, as they were confident that the door must presently yield to the repeated and heavy assaults, but the distracted parent listened not to their suggestions; all his thoughts were upon his child; all his soul planted upon her safety; he struck his sword upon the door in frantic fury, but the sword shivered into atoms; he struck his hands madly upon the unyielding portals, but they remained inflexible, when the exhausted father sunk senseless upon the ground, with a groan.

Silently and sullenly the fishers remained in their boat upon the spot, under the rock, not wishing to quit a scene so importantly associated, but still deprived of every hope of rescuing the poor victim immured within the tower. Donald reclined his head despondingly upon his old associate's shoulder, and spoke not, but his burning forehead, and the deep sighs that burst from his heart, too plainly spoke of what was passing there. All pitied him; every one lamented the fate of the lovely girl of the Clyde, but no one breathed a word to interrupt the gloomy meditations of her lover. At length Donald raised his head, and in a calm voice of decision, exclaimed, "My friends, you are aware that the poor victim whom we ventured hither to rescue, encountered what she is now suffering for my sake. For me she sacrificed a splendid home, where affluence and luxury attended her: for me she forsook that home, father, friends,—the world's esteem; she put her honor and her life within my keeping, and I, in the face of heaven, swore to protect that honor and that life, even to the grave! My oath is registered, and I will keep it! Withhold me not, attempt not to dissuade me,—for Katherine Grahame shall be saved, or I will perish!"

"What do you purpose doing?" inquired the old fisherman.

"Ascend the rock again, and with a brace of pistols to encounter any villain that dares to interrupt me in the cause of innocence,—of Heaven!" cried the intrepid Donald, and fastening the pistols to his waist, he again commenced the ascent of the rock.

At this moment a scream was heard from one of the casements of the tower, and by the dim twilight a female figure could be seen, with outstretched arms, endeavoring to escape therefrom; the deep tones of Dugald's voice were then heard demanding her to desist; but the girl was resolute, and stood upon the extreme edge of the casement.

"Leap—leap!" cried the whole of the fishermen, with one accord, "Leap, and you are saved!"

Katherine instantly clasped her hands, and, heedless of the result, sprang from the casement. Dugald, evidently not expecting the resolution of the girl, when he found her falling, stretched forth his arms to save her, but her descending weight overpowered his balance, and he fell violently from the window. Katherine was allowed to sink into the waters, but immediately Donald sprang from the rock, and raising her fainting form, lifted her into the boat. A shout rose from the fishermen, who hastily cut the rope that held their vessel, and away it went over the boisterous Clyde. Dugald, in falling from the casement, had clung to a portion of rock, which he held, loudly calling for assistance, till the energies of nature failed him; his hands refused to cling to the knotty fragment, and he sunk into the cataract, and was buried in the rush of waters. A shriek rose amidst the noise of their spaming, and in a moment not a trace remained of Dugald of the Brig.

Katherine was conveyed safely to her father's mansion, and speedily Walter Grahame pressed her to his paternal bosom, murmuring thanksgivings to heaven, and to the youthful preserver of his child. Kneeling in grateful adoration to the divine ruler of the heavens and the earth, the faithful Donald received from Walter Grahame the reward of his perils,—the hand of her whom he had loved so truly and so well, the beauteous *Kitty of the Clyde*.

A TOURNAMENT.*

"In our saint's name, good Herald, cut short old Montagu's preamble, else will he preach on forever!" cried the King, who had place in the front rank, to the right of the line. The Herald, thus ordered, promptly obeyed, and at his signal the trumpets of the "Challengers" sounded, and were as loudly replied to from the other end of the course; at the same moment the barriers were once more withdrawn, and the "Defenders" quickly entering, formed their line.

The Marshal saw the purposed interruption, but it was too late to prevent or remedy that which was already done, without many words, and much loss of time; contenting himself, therefore, with casting a dark look towards the offending Herald, he hastily galloped to his post, followed by his officers, and having seen the lists closed, he loudly gave the word—

"Sound trumpets, cry, heralds, and fare forward, brave knights!"

At that moment both the opposing masses were in active motion, whilst not an after sound was heard but the ringing of armor, and the heavy, regular trampling of horse.

Giovanni d'Ossat, a tried soldier and accomplished cavalier, had so ordered his force, that, as the front advanced briskly, the two wings should slightly recede, thus offering to the long opposing line the point of a wedge formed by the best lances of his party; by whose good help the novelty of this movement, and the great weight he should bring to bear on one point, he looked to penetrate quite through, and divide his adversaries' battle; in which case it was arranged, to bear down, in a body, quickly to their left, upon the right of the other party, (where,

* The King's Secret. By the Author of the "Lost Heir." 3 vols. London, 1831. Bull.

it was known, that the King would fight in person,) and, with their whole force, overwhelm this moiety, before they might reform their broken array.

But the wily Italian found himself foiled in wit, where he had only looked to encounter individual and brute force; for the well experienced de Botecourt no sooner beheld the first movement of d'Ossat, than he divined his purpose. Changing, whilst in motion, his line into a column, by rapidly throwing back his left flank, to which he galloped in person, leaving the lead to the King, he avoided the enemy's front, and falling on the unexpected face of the wedge, burst through it like a thunderbolt; and here the affair might have been decided, had but the "Challengers" wisely obeyed their leader's voice, and reformed their shaken rank; for full one third of the "Defenders" were overborne, with a loss of some five or six, only, of the City's champions.

But hotly horsed, and assured of easy victory, most of the younger knights, ambitious only of personal distinction—their leader's cry and the trumpet's sound, both unheard, or worse, unheeded—bore them each, as he best might, right upon the yet unattained mass before them, to be beaten back from its iron front, as the light spray flies from the face of the fixed rock the mighty wave has burst upon in vain. For, in a minute's space, d'Ossat had repaired, in a great degree, the disaster his rivals' unthought-for penetration and quick action had occasioned.

The Challengers, too, being well nigh composed of foreigners, Flemings, French, and Germans, most of whom were grown grey in arms, they made up in tact and ready discipline, more than the vantage a first glance would but lately have accorded to their less experienced opposers.

It was not until, in these desultory attacks, many of their best were unhorsed, that this party was made sensible of its error, and at the same time found, that their knowledge was gained almost too late, as well as bought too dear; for the Defenders were, now, evidently about, having abided their time, to become, in turn, the assailants.

"Up lances, gentlemen; for God's sake rein back—hard back, even to the barrier!" shouted de Botecourt, actively covering his menaced front, and enforcing his orders—"So, gentlemen, serry your files—nay, yet back, I say—round to the rear, you, Courteney, and Cholmeley; your horses are hard blown.—Fye, fye, your Grace, I did not look for this mad play from you—rein by me, here,"—and the reprov'd monarch silently took the place appointed him, and, having back'd till they nearly touched the barrier, the old Knight continued—"So, stand we now fast—halt here, and pass no man from his rank, or we are scattered like chaff, and shamed forever. If we can abide their shock, let them, in God's name, go back as they best may—and charge not in turn, I pray ye, without the word. So, they come—now, down lances and sit fast."

Down went the long lances at the word, and down, too, came the Defenders on the blown City troop, shouting, cheerfully, their cry of "d'Ossat!" "d'Ossat!" "St. Peter for Rome!" "Through them, brave Seigneurs! then strike in the gap, with maule and glaive!"

And fearful, in truth, was the gap now made on both sides. Horse and rider came tumbling to the ground; tough lances were shivered like parched reeds, stout shields rent, and helmets burst from their wearers' head, who, heedless of risk, yet struck fiercely in the press.

Leonard now found himself one of the few cavaliers yet left in saddle, after this last shock ; and, as his gallant Soldan burst through the dark assailing line before, and with well-planted lance he fairly bore down his antagonist, his heart leaped joyfully within him, for, at that moment, he heard the clear voice of the King shout, as he spurred by his side—"St. Mary !—a good lance and a better blow !—Wheel thou now short with me, young Borgia, and deal we such another course, for our ladye's love, and if these lances again hold it out, I'll head them both with pure gold, and hang them over the altar of St. Edmund, in memory of this day. Now cry, a City !—Edward for London !" shouted the gallant monarch, as, with the four or five lances yet about him, he dashed upon full double the number of d'Ossat's party. They met : Leonard's tough lance shivered against the shield of the Knight before him, whilst his own was, in turn, riven from his neck : he beheld his adversary fall, and was himself shaken in his seat, when, before he could recover, he felt himself tightly grasped about the body, by a passing rider, and his vexed horse rush fairly from beneath him.

For a moment he was scarce sensible of his true situation, so well and quickly was the feat achieved ; nor was he roused to positive exertion, till he felt his bearer relaxing his hold, in order to cast him to the ground, amidst the loud plaudits of the galleries, to the front of which his captor had borne him, clear of the press.

In that moment of perception, he, by a desperate exertion, grasped, with one hand, the high pommel of the war-saddle under him, casting, at the same time, the other arm tightly about the body of the Knight, whose efforts to shake him off became now furious, but ineffectual. In vain he spurred his mettled horse to a high volt—the fixed, tenacious gripe of the young and vigorous citizen was not to be attained. The direct efforts of the cavalier by degrees relaxed, but he drove his horse madly over the field, whilst all eyes became bent on the result of this strange struggle, few others being, by this time, left mounted, save themselves.

Soon after the discovery that his antagonist's assaults were becoming less vigorous, Leonard, by an active succession of strong muscular efforts, at length managed to throw his right leg over the horse's neck, and raise himself face to face with his captor, whose rein being thus suddenly tightened, bore so hard on the destrier's mouth, that he reared bodily up, and after, for a moment, pawing the air, fell heavily back : rein, housing gear, and girths gave way ; every fastening was rent by the mighty effort of the gallant beast, and Leonard found himself upon the earth, unhurt, with his antagonist stretched mot onless beneath him.

"Well, and toughly tried, and happily carried, by our Ladye," called out a voice from above—"the most venturous passage of the day, I'll maintain."

"Ho, boy ! 'tis the Prince that speaks, Len," cried a well-known voice close by his ear. Unhelmeted, confused, breathless, half-stunned, and half-bewildered, Leonard first bent his eyes upon the bold, well-pleased features of Hawkwood, then raised them towards the gallery he became warned was so highly tenanted ; at that moment his passing glance was arrested by a pale, but a most striking face, which, half bent from that strange inclosure, seemed greedily to scan his features : their looks met ; 'twas but for a second ; for, with a loud and fearful scream, that ladye threw back her hood, covered her pallid face

with her spread palms, and, rising, was in a moment hidden from sight. Whilst he was yet gazing in wonder on the now vacant place, his ears yet filled with that piercing cry, and altogether motionless from bewilderment, partly caused by the late fall, and increased by this new and inconceivable surprise, Leonard felt a heavy hand grasp his arm, and, thus awakened, recognised, instantly, the voice of the King, who stood yet helmeted by his side.

"Well done, well done, young Borgia!" the monarch cried, in a tone of frank approval, which made the heart of the young man bound high within him. "By God's truth, thou hast right well and bravely credited the City's breeding on this day; and, by my word, an' thou wilt, shalt henceforth ride amongst our gentle esquires; and, on some well foughten day, soon to come, we doubt not to see thee earn thy spurs by our side, amongst the foremost riding there: a place," continued the King, in a merry tone, but less loud, as the new esquire made low obeisance for this unthought-for honor—"which, if we mistake not thy mettle, will chime in better with thy humor than biding to grow rusty at home, or coming forth twice or thrice a year, to tilt in Smithfield, or play pageant knight before holiday sight-seekers. Make no answer now," the monarch added, perceiving Leonard about to sink on his knee, "bide thou still while I speak some words with one whom I see hurrying hitherward."

LINES BY L. E. L.

SUPPOSED TO BE THE PRAYER OF THE SUPPLICATING NYMPH IN MR. LAURENCE
MACDONALD'S EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

[LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.]

She kneels as if in prayer, one graceful arm
Extended to implore; her face is fair,
But calm and somewhat sad: methinks the past
Has taught her life's all general lesson—grief;
But grief which has subsided on that brow
To a sweet gravity, that yet seems strange
In one so young: her lip is cold, and wears
No smile to suit its beauty or its youth.
What is its prayer? —

THE myrtle wreath that I have laid
Upon thy shrine is wither'd all;
The bloom which once its beauty made,
I would not, if I could, recall;
No! emblem of my heart and me,
I lay it, Goddess, on thy shrine;
And the sole prayer I offer thee,
Is—let it still be emblem mine.

There was a time when I have knelt
With beating heart and burning brow;
All I once felt is now unfelt—
The depths once stirr'd are silent now:
I only kneel that I may pray
A future like my present time—
A calm, if not a varied way—
A still, if not a summer clime.

There comes no color to my cheek,
 Whatever step be passing by ;
 No glance makes mine the green earth seek,
 That answer of a conscious eye ;
 My pulse is still as waves that sleep
 When the unbroken heaven is seen ;
 Ah ! never comes a calm so deep
 As where the tempest late hath been.

Thou, Wind, that, like a gentle song,
 Scarce stirs the sleeping summer air,
 How often hast thou borne along
 The vain reproach of my despair !
 Fair fount, by whose moss-circled side
 My eyes have shed their bitter rain,
 Flow on with an unsullied tide,
 Thou'lt never see my tears again.

Time was, I loved so many things,
 The earth I trod, the sky above,—
 The leaf that falls, the bird that sings ;
 Now there is nothing that I love—
 And how much sorrow I am spared,
 By loveless heart and listless eye !
 Why should the life of love be shared
 With things that change, or things that die ?

Let the rose fall, another rose
 Will bloom upon the self-same tree ;
 Let the bird die, ere evening close
 Some other bird will sing for me.
 It is for the beloved to love,
 'Tis for the happy to be kind ;
 Sorrow will more than death remove
 The associate links affections bind.

My heart hath like a lamp consumed,
 In one brief blaze, what should have fed
 For years the sweet life it illumed,
 And now it lies cold, dark, and dead.
 'Tis well such false light is o'ercast,
 A light that burnt where'er it shone ;
 My eagerness of youth is past,
 And I am glad that it is gone.

My hopes and feelings, like those flowers,
 Are wither'd, on thy altar laid—
 A dark night falls from my past hours :
 Still let me dwell beneath its shade,
 Cold as the winter midnight's air,
 Calm as the groves around thy shrine—
 Such, Goddess, is my future's prayer,
 And my heart answers, " It is mine ! "

ANCIENT SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

"O FREEDOM! first delight of human kind."—*Dryden.*

[MIRROR.]—Sharon Turner, in his interesting "*History of the Anglo-Saxons*," says, "It was then (during the reign of Pope Gregory I.) the practice of Europe to make use of slaves, and to buy and sell them; and this traffic was carried on, even in the western capital of the Christian Church. Passing through the market at Rome, the white skins, the flowing locks, and beautiful countenances of some youths who were standing there for sale, interested Gregory's sensibility. To his inquiries from what country they had been brought, the answer was, from Britain, whose inhabitants were all of that fair complexion. Were they Pagans or Christians? was his next question: a proof not only of his ignorance of the state of England, but also, that up to that time it had occupied no part of his attention; but thus brought as it were to a personal knowledge of it by these few representatives of its inhabitants, he exclaimed, on hearing that they were still idolators, with a deep sigh, 'What a pity that such a beauteous frontispiece should possess a mind so void of internal grace.' The name of their nation being mentioned to be Angles, his ear caught the verbal coincidence—the benevolent wish for their improvement darted into his mind, and he expressed his own feelings, and excited those of his auditors, by remarking—'It suits them well: they have angel faces, and ought to be the co-heirs of the angels in heaven.'"

"The different classes of society among the Anglo-Saxons were such as belonged to birth, office, or property, and such as were occupied by a freeman, a freedman, or one of the servile description. It is to be lamented in the review of these different classes, that a large proportion of the Anglo-Saxon population was in a state of abject slavery: they were bought and sold with land, and were conveyed in the grants of it promiscuously with the cattle and other property upon it; and in the Anglo-Saxon wills, these wretched beings were given away precisely as we now dispose of our plate, our furniture, or our money. At length the custom of manumission, and the diffusion of Christianity, ameliorated the condition of the Anglo-Saxon slaves. Sometimes individuals, from benevolence, gave their slaves their freedom—sometimes piety procured a manumission. But the most interesting kind of emancipation appears in those writings which announce to us, that the slaves had purchased their own liberty, or that of their family. The Anglo-Saxon laws recognised the liberation of slaves, and placed them under legal protection. The liberal feelings of our ancestors to their enslaved domestics are not only evidenced in the frequent manumissions, but also in the generous gifts which they appear to have made them. The grants of lands from masters to their servants were very common; gilds, or social confederations, were established. The tradesmen of the Anglo-Saxons were, for the most part, men in a servile state; but, by degrees, the manumission of slaves increased the number of the independent part of the lower orders."

When the statute 1st Edward VI. c. 3. was made, which ordained, that all idle vagabonds should be made *slaves*, and fed upon bread, water, or small drink, and refuse of meat; should wear a ring round

their necks, arms, or legs ; and should be compelled, by beating, chaining, or otherwise, to perform the work assigned them, were it ever so vile ;—the spirit of the nation could not brook this condition, even in the most abandoned rogues ; and therefore this statute was repealed in two years afterwards, 3rd and 4th of Edward VI. c. 16.

OLIVER CROMWELL.—AN HISTORICAL TALE.

“ Hear this true story, and see whether you will be guided by ambition.”

Hazil, Persian Poet.

[CASKET.]—“ Hark ! what is that ? ” said Elizabeth Cromwell to her sister, Mrs. Fairfax, as a hollow sound resounded through the chamber. They started to their feet and looked at each other, when it was soon followed by another distinct and hollow groan.

“ It is my father,” said Mrs. Fairfax, first recovering from the fright ; “ which is his chamber ? ”

Elizabeth replied, that it was in the next to the one they were then in that the Protector slept ; “ But let us go,” quickly added she ; “ perhaps it is some assassin, and already our father is no more.” With trembling, but hasty steps, they arrived at the door of his chamber. Mrs. Fairfax knocked, when a hollow and sepulchral voice from within inquired, “ Who is there ? ” “ It is your daughters,” said Elizabeth ; but, recollecting herself, “ why stand here ? ” said she ; “ I have got a key that will open this door.” With trembling eagerness she applied it to the lock. The door flew open ; when oh, what a sight met their view !—Their father, sitting by the fire, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, his lips quivering, and his whole frame shaking with the excess of fear. He grasped a horse-pistol in his right hand ; his left held the chair with convulsive eagerness.

“ Father, dear father ! ” cried Elizabeth, springing forward, and clasping him round the neck. His arm gradually dropped, he clasped his daughter round the waist, and kissed her pale cheek. “ They are there ! ” he exclaimed, his eyes wandering wildly round the room ; at that moment a noise was heard in the adjoining chamber. The sisters were going to see what it was, when he called them back :—“ They will not harm me when my darling child is here,” said he ; “ no, no, you are a sufficient protection ! ”

“ But, father,” said Elizabeth, noticing he had armor on, “ why not go to bed ? ”

“ Bed ! ” cried he ; “ I have not been in bed, nor had one wink of sleep, these three weeks.”

They went to the door together, when Cromwell, pressing their hands, struck into another passage, and was soon out of sight ; while his daughters returned to their chamber, musing on what a state of mind ambition had brought their wretched father to.

PUNCH AND JUDY.—BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—One day last summer I happened to be traveling in the coach between Lanark and Glasgow. There were only two inside passengers besides myself ; viz. an elderly woman, and a

gentleman, apparently about thirty years of age, who sported a fur cap, a Hessian cloak, and large moustaches. The former was, I think, about the most unpleasant person to look at I had ever seen. Her features were singularly harsh and forbidding. She was also perfectly taciturn, for she never opened her lips, but left me and the other passenger to keep up the conversation the best way we could. The young man I found to be a very pleasant and intelligent fellow—quite a gentleman in his manners; and apparently either an Oxon or a Cantab, for he talked much and well about the English universities, a subject on which I also happened to be tolerably conversant. But, agreeable as his conversation was, it could not prevent me from entertaining an unpleasant feeling—one almost amounting to dislike and hostility—against the female; whom I regarded, from the first moment, with singular aversion. We were not troubled, however, very long with her company, for she left us at Dalsersf, about half way between Lanark and Hamilton.

"It is very curious, sir," said I to the stranger when she had gone, "that I should feel so strangely annoyed as I have been with that woman. I absolutely know nothing about her, and cannot lay a single fault to her charge, but plain looks and taciturnity; and yet I feel as if no inducement would tempt me to enter again into a coach where I knew she was to be present. And after all, for anything I know to the contrary, she may be a very good woman."

"Your feelings, sir," answered he, "are remarkable, but by no means new; for I have myself been subject to a precisely similar train of emotions, and from a cause similar to yours. The thing is odd, I allow—what my friend, Coleridge, would call a psychological curiosity—but, I believe, every human being has at times felt it more or less. The unlucky woman who has proved such a source of annoyance to you, has been none whatever to me. She is plain-looking, to be sure, but it did not strike me that there was anything peculiarly unpleasant in her aspect; and as for her silence, *that*, in my eyes, is no discommendation. So much for the different trains of emotions experienced by different persons from the same cause. There is, in truth, my dear sir, no accounting for such metaphysical phenomena. We must just take them as we find them, and be contented to know the effect while we remain in ignorance of the cause. Now, to show that you do not stand alone in such feelings, I shall, with your permission, relate an event which lately occurred to myself:—on which occasion I was horribly annoyed by a circumstance in itself perfectly harmless and trivial, and which gave me much more disturbance than the taciturn lady who has just left us has given to you. My adventure, in truth, was attended with such extraordinary results, both to myself and another individual, that it possesses many of the characters of a genuine romance." Having expressed my desire to hear what he had to relate on such a subject, he proceeded as follows:—

"The circumstance I allude to happened not long ago, while supping at the house of a literary friend in Edinburgh. On arriving, about nine in the evening, I was ushered into his library, where I found him, accompanied by two other friends; and in the short interval which elapsed before supper was announced, we amused ourselves looking at his books, and making comments upon such of them as struck our fancy. Our host was distinguished for learning; he was a man, in fact, of uncommon abilities, both natural and acquired; and the two

guests who chanced to be with him were, in this particular, little inferior to himself. Among the other books which we happened to take up, was *Punch and Judy*, illustrated by the inimitable pencil of George Cruikshank. While looking at these capital delineations of the characters in the famous popular opera of the fairs, no particular emotion, save one of a good deal of pleasure, passed through my mind. I looked at them as I would do at any other humorous prints; and laying down the volume, thought no more of it at the time.

"In a few minutes the servant girl made her appearance, to announce that supper was ready; and laying hold of the landlord's arm, I went along with him down stairs; his two friends, linked together in the same manner, following close at our heels. On entering the dining-room, there was certainly a very neat repast spread out. I cannot at this moment condescend upon all the viands, but I recollect distinctly of boiled lobsters, deviled fowls, and fried codlings, staring us in the face. There was, however, an individual in the room, and in the act of seating herself at the head of the table, who struck my fancy more forcibly than even the dishes upon the table. This, as I afterwards learned, was Miss Snooks, our entertainer's cousin. I was not exactly prepared to encounter the apparition of a female at our banquet. The landlord was a confirmed bachelor; and I expected to see nothing but myself, and three other *lords of the creation*, for the evening. To tell the truth, (which at the risk of my gallantry must be done), I was a little disappointed, for I had come hither expecting to enjoy some private talk with the male part of the company, and overhaul some bits of scandal not exactly fitted for a lady's ear. However, there was no help for it. A lady *was* present, and we had just to make up our minds to put a bridle upon our tongues, so long as she pleased to honor us with her company.

"I had scarcely crossed the threshold of the room, than Miss Snooks curtsied to me, honored me with a smile, and requested me to place myself alongside of her. I did so, and had time to contemplate her physiognomy. The first thing which struck me was the immense size of her nose. It stood forward *tremendously prominent*; and behind it—in the shade—was her face. It did not glide gently away from the brow above, and from the cheeks at each side. On the contrary, it jutted out like a promontory, and seemed as bold and defined as Cape Wrath or the Ord of Caithness. It appeared to have sprung out all at once from her face at the touch of some magician's wand, in the same way as Minerva sprung from the head of Jupiter. It had a hump on it, too, like a dromedary; for it was a Roman nose—such as that sported in days of old by Julius Cæsar, and, in modern times, by the Duke of Wellington—only much more magnificent in its dimensions. I feel some difficulty in describing the rest of Miss Snooks, so much was I taken up with this godlike feature. She was tall, thin, wrinkled, fiery-eyed, with a blue silk gown on; and a cap, stiff-starched, and overgrown with a mountain of frills, and indigo-colored ribbons. Her voice was shrill, almost squeaking; and—with reverence be it spoken—she had a *little* bit of a beard—only a few odd hairs growing from her chin and upper lip. Her age, I suppose, might be about fifty.

"Now comes the peg 'whereon hangs a tale,' and where my feeling resembled your own. I felt I was to be miserable for the night—at least so long as Miss Snooks favored us with her company; and that she would favor us with it long enough was evident—for I had a pre-

sentiment that she was a *blue-stock*, and they always sit late. Her gown was blue, so were her ribbons, so were her little twinkling eyes, and so was her nose—at least at the point. But there was no help for it. I made up my mind to the worst, and allowed her to help me to a bit of fowl. The landlord, and the other two guests, supped on fried codlings. She herself fastened upon a lobster's claw.

"Meanwhile supper proceeded, and the clatter of knives and forks bore testimony that the process of mastication was going on swimmingly. For some time I enjoyed it as much as the rest of the company, as I was rather hungry and the fowl excellent; but my enjoyment was of short duration—for Mr. Hookey, the gentleman who sat opposite to me, on the left hand of Miss Snooks, asked me a question—and on looking up to answer it I saw—not him, but the lady's nose. I speak advisedly: there is no exaggeration in the case. If any part of him was visible, it must have been his body. His face was utterly hid by the tremendous feature which stood between us like an 'envious shade,' and intercepted all vision in that direction. To get out of the influence of this 'baleful planet,' I shifted my head aside, and so did he, and we thus got a sight of each other over its peak. From that moment, all idea of eating was gone. The nose stood at first *literally* between my friend and me—and now it stood *metaphorically* between the fowl and my stomach.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Hookey, besides being a great talker, was a native of the same part of the country as myself, and having been absent from thence for several years, was anxious to hear of any event and change that had taken place since he left it. He accordingly bored me with questions which I could not but answer. I could not answer them decently without raising my head—and I could not raise my head without encountering the nose of Miss Snooks.

"But this was not the worst part of the business. Miss Snooks took it into her head to put questions to me, and thus confronted me still more with her *promontory*. There was no way of evading the annoyance, but by getting to the opposite side of the table—a step which it was impossible to perform with any regard to decency; and I was thus compelled to 'kiss the rod,' and put the best face I could upon the matter.

"Supper being removed, wine was introduced; and I had the honor of pouring out a glass of port to Miss Snooks. She thanked me with an inclination of her head—or rather of her nose—and drank to my health, and to that of the rest of the company. While performing the process of drinking, I could not help gazing upon her, to see how so very remarkable a person would go to work. The peak of her nose actually dipped down over the farthest rim of the glass—spanning it as a rainbow spans the vale of Glengarry, while the 'limpid ruby' rolled in currents within the embrace of her delighted lips. The more I gazed upon her, the greater did my surprise at this extraordinary feature become.

"It is unnecessary to detail, at length, the conversation which ensued. It was tolerably connected, as might be looked for in so small a company, seldom branching out into miscellaneous details, and turning chiefly upon literary matters. But I found it impossible to join in it with any degree of relish. In vain did my opposite neighbor call up before my imagination the scene of my birth-place; in vain did our landlord crack his jokes—for he was a great humorist—and rally me upon my dulness; in vain did he allege that I was in love, and good-

naturedly fix upon two or three girls as the objects of my affections. Worthy man ! little did he imagine that I was in love with his cousin's nose.

"In love, yes, I bore the same love towards it, that the squirrel bears to the rattlesnake—when it gets fascinated by the burning eye-balls, horrid fangs, and forked tongue of its crawling, slimy, and execrable foe. Mistake me not, sir, or suppose that I mean to insinuate that Miss Snooks was a rattlesnake. No : the reasoning is purely analogical ; and I only wish it to be inferred that *that* nose, humped like a dromedary—prominent as Cape Wrath—nobler than Cæsar's, or the great captain's—had precisely the same influence on me as the envenomed Python of the American woods has upon the squirrel. It fascinated me—threw a spell over me—enchanted my faculties—made me love to gaze upon what I abhorred, and think of nothing but one feature—one nose, which nevertheless held a more prominent place in the temple of my imagination, than Atlas, Andes, or Teneriffe, or even the unscaleable ridges of Himalaya, where Indra, the God of the elements, is said to have placed his throne. Having meditated for some time in this way, I found that it would never do. There was something inexpressibly absurd in the mood which my mind was getting into ; and I resolved to throw off the incubus which oppressed me, and be like other people. Full of this idea, I filled a bumper, and bolted it off—then another—then another. I was getting on admirably, and rapidly recovering my equanimity, when, chancing to turn my eyes towards Mr. Hookey, he was nowhere to be seen. He had not gone out ; that was impossible : no—he was concealed from me by the mighty nose.

"This event had nearly capsize me, and brought me back into my old way, when I poured out another glass of wine, and hastily swallowed it, which in some measure restored the equilibrium of my faculties. I looked again at Hookey, and saw him distinctly—the shade was gone, for Miss Snooks had leaned back, in a languishing mood, upon her chair, and taken her nose along with her. At this moment I fancied I saw her ogling me with both eyes, and resolved to be upon my guard. I remembered the solemn vows already made to my dear Cecilia ; and on this account determined to stand out against Miss Snooks and her nose.

"But this was only a temporary relief. Again did she lean forward, and again was the nose protruded between Hookey and myself. It acted as an eclipse—it annihilated him—made him a mere nonentity—rendered him despicable in my eyes. It was impossible to respect any man who lived in the shade of a nose, who hid his light under such a bushel. Hang the ninny, he must be a sneaking fellow !

"The wine now began to circulate more freely round the table, and the tongues of the company to get looser in their heads. Miss Snooks also commenced talking at a greater stretch than she had hitherto done. I soon found out that she was a poetess, and had written a couple of novels, besides two or three tragedies. In fact, her whole conversation was about books and authors, and she did us the favor of reciting some of her own compositions. She was also prodigiously sentimental, talked much about love, and was fond of romantic scenery. I know not how it was, but although her conversation was far from indifferent, it excited ridiculous emotions in my mind, rather than anything else. If she talked of mountains, I could think of nothing but the bump upon

her nose, which was, in my estimation, a nobler mountain than Helvellyn or Cairngorm. If she got among promontories, this majestic feature struck me as being sublimer than any I had ever heard of—not excepting the Cape of Good Hope, first doubled by Vasco da Gama.—When she conversed about the blue loch and the cerulean sky, I saw in the tip of her nose a complexion as blue or cerulean as any of these. It was at once a nose—a mountain—a cape—a loch—a sky. In short it was everything. She was armed with it, as the Paladins of old with their armor. Nay it possessed the miraculous property of rendering a human being invisible, of concealing Mr. Hookey from my eyes; thus rivaling the ring of Gyges, and casting the invisible coat of Jack the Giant-killer into the shade.

“After conversing with her for some time upon indifferent matters, she asked me if I was fond of caricatures, and spoke particularly of the designs of George Cruikshank. Scarcely had she mentioned the name of this artist, than I was seized with a strange shuddering. In one moment I called to mind his illustrations of Punch and Judy, at which we had been looking, before coming down to supper. A clue was now given to the otherwise unaccountable train of feelings which had possessed me ever since I saw Miss Snooks. From the moment when I first set my eyes upon her, I fancied I had seen her before; but where, when, and upon what occasion, I found it impossible to tell. Her squeaking voice, her blue twinkling eyes, her huge frilled cap, and above all, her mighty nose, all seemed familiar to me. They floated within my spirit as a half-forgotten dream; and without daring to whisper such a thing to myself, I still felt the impression that all was not new—that the novelty was not so great as I imagined.

“But Punch and Judy set all to rights. I had seen Miss Snooks in George Cruikshank, and at once all my perplexing feelings were accounted for. She was Judy—she was Punch’s wife. Yes, Miss Snooks, the old maid, was the wife of Mr. Punch. There was no denying the fact. The same small weazel eyes, the same sharp voice and hooked chin, and the same nose—at once mountain, cape, &c. &c., belonged alike to Judy and Miss Snooks. They were two persons; the same, yet different—different, yet the same—the one residing in the pages of Cruikshank, or chattering and fighting in the booths of mountebanks at Donnybrook or St. Bartholomew’s fair—the other seated bolt upright, at the head of her cousin’s table, beside a small *coterie* of *littérateurs*.

“I know not whether it was the effect of the old port, but, strange to say, I could not for some time view Miss Snooks in her former capacity, but simply as Judy. She was magnified in size, it is true, from the pert, termagant puppet of the fairs, and was an authoress—a writer of tragedies and novels—in which character, to the best of my knowledge, the spouse of Punchinello had never made her appearance; but then the similitude between them, in other respects, was so striking as to constitute identity. Eyes, chin, voice, nose, were all precisely alike, and stamped them as one and the same individual.

“But this strange illusion soon wore away, and I again saw Miss Snooks in her true character. It would perhaps be better if I said that I saw her nose—for somehow I never could look upon herself save as subordinate to this feature. It were an insult to so majestic a promontory to suppose it the mere appendage of a human face. No—the face was an appendage of it, and kept at a viewless distance behind, while

the nose stood forward in vast relief, intercepting the view of all collateral objects—casting a noble shadow upon the wall—and impressing an air of inconceivable dignity upon its fair proprietor.

“The first impression which I experienced on beholding the lady was one of fear. I have stated how completely she—or, to speak more properly, her nose—stood between me and Mr. Hookey, and felt appalled in no small degree at so extraordinary a circumstance. There is something inexpressibly awful in a *lunar* eclipse, and a *solar* one is still more overpowering; but neither the one nor the other could be compared to the *nasal* eclipse effected by Miss Snooks. So much for my first impressions: now for the second. They were those of boundless admiration, and —.”

Most unfortunately, just as the gentleman had got to this part of his story, the coach stopped at the principal inn of Hamilton, and he there left it, after bowing politely to me, and wishing me a pleasant ride for the rest of the journey.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

[QUARTERLY REVIEW.]—When the Ettrick Shepherd was first heard of, he had indeed but just learned to write by copying the letters of a printed ballad, as he lay watching his flock on the mountains; but thirty years or more have passed since then, and his acquirements are now such, that the Royal Society of Literature, in patronizing him, might be justly said to honor a laborious and successful student, as well as a masculine and fertile genius. We may take the liberty of adding, in this place, what perhaps may not be known to the excellent managers of that excellent institution, that a more worthy, modest, sober, and loyal man does not exist in his majesty's dominions than this distinguished poet, whom some of his waggish friends have taken up the absurd fancy of exhibiting in print as a sort of boozing buffoon; and who is now, instead of reveling in the licence of tavern-suppers and party politics, bearing up, as he may, against severe and unmerited misfortunes, in as dreary a solitude as ever nursed the melancholy of a poetical temperament.

EARL FITZWILLIAM.

[CASKET.]—A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated, that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. “Well, my friend,” said his lordship, “I am aware that we have done considerable injury, and, if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you.” The farmer replied, that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop seemed quite destroyed, 50*l.* would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer

went again to his lordship, and, being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship instantly recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord; I have found that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising; and I have, therefore, brought the 50*l.* back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like; this is as it ought to be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking some questions about his family, how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and, returning, presented the farmer with a check for 100*l.* "Take care of this, and, when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

STUDY AND EDITORSHIP.

STUDY is a weariness without exercise, a laborious sitting still, that racks the inward and destroys the outward man; that sacrifices health to conceit, and clothes the soul with the spoils of the body; and, like a stronger blast of lightning, not only melts the sword, but consumes the scabbard.

Nature allows man a great freedom, and never gave an appetite but to be instrumental of enjoyment, nor made a desire but in order to the pleasure of its satisfaction. But he that will increase knowledge must be content not to enjoy, and not only to cut off the extravagances of luxury, but also to deny the lawful demands of convenience, to forswear delight, and look upon pleasure as his mortal enemy.

He must call that study that is indeed confinement; he must converse with solitude; walk, eat, and sleep, thinking; read volumes, devour the choicest authors, and (like Pharaoh's kine), after he has devoured all, look lean and meagre. He must be willing to be sickly, weak, and consumptive; even to forget when he is hungry, and to digest nothing but what he reads.

He must read much, and perhaps meet little; turn over much trash for one grain of truth; study antiquity till he feels the effects of it; and, like the cock in the fable, seek pearls in a dunghill, and, perhaps, rise to it as early. This is "*Esse quod Arcesilas aerumnasque Solones*,"—to be always wearing a meditating countenance, to ruminate, mutter, and talk to a man's self for want of better company; in short, to do all those things which, in other men, are counted madness, but, in a scholar, pass for his profession.

CARDINAL MAZARIN.

[LARDNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.] The pecuniary wealth, the valuables and pictures of Mazarin, were immense. He was fond of hoarding,—a passion that seized him when he first found himself banished and destitute. His love of pictures was as strong as his love of power—stronger, since it survived. A fatal malady had seized on the cardinal, whilst engaged in the conferences of the treaty, and worn by mental

fatigue. He brought it home with him to the Louvre. He consulted Guenaud, the great physician, who told him that he had two months to live. Some days after receiving this dread mandate, Brienne perceived the cardinal in night-cap and dressing gown tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw Brienne, and seized him: "Look," exclaimed he, "look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah! my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that cost me so much!" His friend surprised him slumbering in his chair at another time, and murmuring, "Guenaud has said it! Guenaud has said it!" A few days before his death, he caused himself to be dressed, shaved, rouged and painted, "so that he never looked so fresh and vermillion," in his life. In this state he was carried in his chair to the promenade, where the envious courtiers cruelly rallied, and paid him ironical compliments on his appearance. Cards were the amusement of his death-bed, his hand being held by others; and they were only interrupted by the visit of the Papal Nuncio, who came to give the cardinal that plenary indulgence to which the prelates of the sacred college are officially entitled. Mazarin expired on the 9th of March, 1661.

I LOVE MY LOVE!

[WORLD OF FASHION.]

I LOVE my Love—I love her true,
 As faithful as the star
 Yields its steady light,
 In the darkling night,
 To the ocean's mariner.

I love my love!

I love my love—I love her true,
 I love her fondly,—well:
 And eyes, though weak,
 Yet language speak,
 And her own pure heart's thoughts tell,
She loves as well.

I love my love—ah! should I e'er
 Forsake her radiant shrine,
 May misery
 Await on me,
 Sweet peace be never mine.
 I love my love!

I love my love—no idle flame,
 No soulless passion ours;
 But holy truth,
 Enshrined in youth,
 Whose path is strew'd with flowers;
 Our hopes and our joys mount on life's buoyant wave,
 Together arise, and both sink in one grave!

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

EVENING DRESS.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A blue gauze dress over a *gros de Naples* slip to correspond. The *corsage* has a little fulness at the top, and is drawn down a little in the centre, which shows a *chemisette* of rich blond lace. Sleeve à la belle Paule, of white satin ; blue gauze and blond lace. The skirt is trimmed with satin *rouleaus* to correspond with the dress ; there are three rows, and three in each row. *Coiffure en cheveux*, ornamented with a single large knot of blue gauze ribbon, placed between two bows of hair behind.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of canary-colored satin, *corsage* to cross in front. Short *béret* sleeves, both trimmed in the most novel manner with swansdown, disposed *en rayons*. The border of the skirt is trimmed with three rows of swansdown, placed at some distance from each other above the hem. The hair is dressed low at the sides of the face, and in one large round bow on the summit of the head, in which are inserted two *aigrettes* of cut ribbon. Necklace and earrings, gold and topazes.

ON DITS OF FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESSES.—A dress of emerald green *gros d'Orient*, trimmed with three *rouleaus* of satin ascending on one side as high as the knee, where they fasten under a tuft of satin leaves, corresponding in color with the dress, and divided in the centre by a golden *griffe*. The *corsage drapé* before and behind, shows an under dress of white satin, trimmed with a double *ruche* of blond net. The sleeves are of white blond, with very large *jockeys* formed by seven green satin leaves. The hair is dressed in the *demi* Chinese fashion, and ornamented with a wreath of green leaves, mingled with gold *pommes de pin*. The jewellery is of gold, richly, but very lightly wrought.

BALL DRESSES.—Some robes of *tulle* in imitation of blond, are trimmed with twelve very small *liserés* of satin, which fasten on one side of the skirt, and always as high as the knee, by a gauze knot of four ends. Two are long enough to traverse horizontally the bottom of the skirt, and to fall over the hem ; the two others float upon the skirt.

A simple style of ball dress, but one very generally adopted, is a robe of white crape, without any trimming on the skirt, but decorated with a double fall of blond lace round the *corsage*, which is made to sit close to the shape ; the *ceinture* is colored, very broad, and of a rich silk ground, ornamented in relief with velvet.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The most novel *capotes* are composed of white, citron, or green *gros de Naples*, with large drawn brims and low crowns. The crown is trimmed with rosettes of gauze ribbon ; one or two are placed near the top in front, and one behind close to the brim. A single very full knot adorns the inside of the brim.

White, lilac, and citron, are the favorite colors for hats ; they are composed of *gros de Naples*, either plain or watered ; the brims are round and wide in the front, but close at the sides. The crowns are low, and placed rather on one side.

We see already several hats trimmed with sprigs of lilac, both white and lilac ; these flowers are disposed in two *bouquets*, the stalks are long, and the flowers play in the style of feathers. One *bouquet*, placed at the top of the crown at the right, is surrounded by cut gauze ribbons ; the other on the left at the bottom of the crown, and falls upon the brim ; it is attached to the crown by a rosette of gauze ribbon, with cut ends.

HEAD DRESSES IN EVENING NEGLIGE.—Crape and white satin hats are much in favor ; they have not altered in size. The most novel style of trimming is an ornament composed of colored gauze ribbon, resembling a very large tulip, in the cup of which is placed a bouquet of yellow heliotrope, *muguet*, and forget-me-nots. This ornament is placed at top of the crown, and droops forward to the front brim ; a row of blond lace serpentineing lightly round an ornament of this kind, has a very becoming and graceful effect.

Blond lace caps continue to be much worn, particularly those with an open caul. Some of the most novel are composed of several rows of blond lace of different breadths, so arranged that the blond intermixes with the hair ; they have no flowers, but the blond itself forms the most becoming of all ornaments.

Fashionable colors are *terre de Pologne*, emerald green, rose color, and various shades of lavender and citron for half dress.

MAKE, MATERIALS AND COLORS OF EVENING DRESS.—*Mousseline de Soie*, tulle, crape, gauze, particularly a new kind, called *gaze-illusion*, are all fashionable. Lilac, rose color, *bleu-Adelaide*, and white, are the colors in request.

Corsages are cut square, of a delicate height in front ; some are plain, others in crossed drapery. Some satin dresses are trimmed with a crape drapery ; it is formed of seven or eight light folds, which cross in the scarf style in the centre of the bosom. Similar draperies are arranged upon the back of the *corsage* in such a manner as to form a V. Some are trimmed round the bust with a *rûche*, others with blond in the mantilla style.

EVENING DRESS TRIMMINGS.—Blond lace, and gold and silver embroideries, still continue in favor for grand parties, as do also trimmings of marabout and ostrich feathers ; the latter are particularly *distingué*. Except for grand parties, trimmings are of a simple description ; *rouleaus* of satin, placed three together, and forming either two or three rows, are very fashionable ; as are likewise ribbons, disposed in a great variety of ways.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.—A hat composed of lilac satin, the crown is very low, it is quartered by *rouleaus* to correspond, the brim is of the usual size, open behind, and turns up a little on each side in a point. The trimming consists of figured gauze ribbon, and a bouquet of black feathers.

A blond lace cap, the front arranged in two wings of the usual size, but having very little fulness ; one side is sustained by a bouquet of blue fancy flowers, the other by knots of ribbon. A wreath of cut ribbon goes round the back of the ears, the ends of which surmount the wings.

FACETIÆ AND JEUX D'ESPRIT.

"To make e'en thick-lipp'd melancholy
Gather up her features to a smile!"

A BAD OPINION OF ONESELF.—A boy who had been brought up in a loghouse, which of course was not much incumbered with useless furniture, was one day sent on an errand to a neighbor's house, where several articles of more fashionable furniture had just been received from "the Eastward," and among other things a looking-glass, which was suspended over the door. The boy had never before seen his own face; and when, on entering the house, the first object which presented itself was a dirty-looking face, surrounded by long, yellow, shaggy hair, &c., he was so affrighted, that, without ceremony, he ran home as fast as his legs could carry him, exclaiming, "Daddy, daddy, I've seen the devil!"

A SLEEPY COAT.—"Your coat has a very sleepy appearance," observed a young wit to Sir C. W., "for it does not seem to have had a nap for these twelve months!"

The Marquis of A. declares himself afraid to take a wife, because the mere name of the sex mysteriously implies trouble and vexation—"Wo-man!"

MAID OR WIFE.—An article of traffic very prevalent among the Turkomans will strike the reader as curious and unique. The Turkoman buys his wife, and, it is said, will give, in the proportion of ten to one, more for a widow than a maid. A lady that has been married, and acquired any degree of celebrity for skill in housewifery, will fetch from two to four thousand rupees. The average price of a maiden, unskilled in the economy of a household, is from two to four hundred only.

When Mr. Price, the American manager, first took possession of Drury Lane, Harley stopped the band, that had struck up "God save the King," upon the manager's entry. "That is not the most appropriate tune," cried the wag. "What then should we play, Mr. Harley?" inquired the astonished leader. "Play," exclaimed Harley, "why '*Yankee Doodle's come to town*,' to be sure."

PIETY.—Some gentlemen of a Bible Association lately calling upon an old woman to see if she had a Bible, were severely reproved with a spiritual reply, "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a *Heathen*, that you should ask me such a question?" Then, addressing a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the Bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them *ocular demonstration* that she was no *Heathen*. Accordingly, the Bible was brought, nicely covered; and, on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am that you have come: here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these *three years*, and didn't know where to find 'em."

A certain well-known individual always recollects what is owing to him, but forgets what he owes himself. "Poor fellow," exclaimed Raikes, on hearing the circumstance, "he has lost *half his memory*."

Young B——, who has just arrived from his army at the Cape, was conversing the other evening at Lansdowne House, about the predilection which the lion always exhibits for the flesh of an Hottentot. "*A hot what?*" inquired Dowager Lady G——. "*A hottentot*, my dear Lady G." rejoined the young lieutenant. "Bless my soul," exclaimed her Ladyship, "this is the first time that I ever heard they *cooked* the lion's victuals abroad."

CONSOLATION.—Lord L., who suffered severely with the rheumatism, complained to Abernethy that he suffered excruciating pain whenever he lifted up his arm. "Then what a fool you must be," replied Abernethy, "to lift up your arm at all."

ON DRINKING.

Three cups of wine a prudent man may take :
 The first of these for constitution's sake ;
 The second to the girl he loves the best ;
 The third, and last, to lull him to his rest,—
 Then home to bed. But, if a fourth he pours,
 That is the cup of folly, and not ours ;
 Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends ;
 The sixth brings feuds, and falling out of friends ;
 Seventh begets blows, and faces stain'd with gore,—
 Eighth, and the police breaks ope the door.
 Mad with the ninth,—another cup goes round,
 And the swell'd sot drops senseless on the ground.

A GOURMAND at an ordinary had eaten so enormously, that the company were astonished and disgusted with his gluttony. The gentleman at the head of the table ironically pressed him to take another plateful, observing that he had actually eaten nothing. The gourmand declined taking any more, observing that his stomach was quite gone. Upon which an Irish gentleman opposite exclaimed, "It is your stomach that's gone, my honey ? you mean the bottom part of it."

Lord Kenyon, who has just resigned his *queue*, was in the habit, some years ago, of wearing it to a considerable length ; having omitted to say something particular to his steward one day, he rode after him, and meeting a countryman, inquired whether he had seen a stout gentleman upon a long-tailed horse ; "Noa, zur," replied the wondering bumpkin, "but I do zee a *long-tailed gentleman* on a stout horse."

A sturdy Milesian was the other day hawking about Bond Street a few blue and white dishes for sale, with a countenance which seemed to indicate no hope of a customer ; a gentleman observing him, said, "Why, Pat, you're *dished*." "Yes, your honor," replied Pat, "and, unless somebody will buy them, my ruin's *complate*."

A VILLAGE CASUIST.—A devout old townswoman of Dunse, in the Merse, presented her minister, on his "harmonious call to a new cure," with a fine fat hen. The clergyman sent her to a friend, in whose barn-yard he hoped her life would be long and happy. About a week after, the farmer met the minister, and asked him how a hen had come into his possession, which had been stolen from his own roost. The pious old dame was immediately sent for, and, being questioned, confessed the theft ; but added, "that she didna think there was any sin in stealing a thing that was to be given to sae usefu' and godly a minister."

THE WIFE OF THE POLISH PATRIOT.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON SHIP."

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—It was on the night of the memorable 14th September, 1812, that Aimée Ladoinski stood watching from her window the advancing troops of the great Emperor of the West, as they pushed their way through the silent and deserted streets of Moscow. The French were entering as victors; but it was not this circumstance—although Aimée was a native of France—which caused her bosom to throb high with expectation. Her husband had been a Polish settler at Moscow, but, on the first news of insurrection in his native land, had hastily, and in disguise, quitted the Russian capital, and repaired to what he deemed the scene of his country's political regeneration; and now, in the armed train of the conqueror, he was returning as a victor to the captured metropolis of his country's oppressor. To Aimée's inexperienced eye, it seemed as if those long files were interminable—as if Western Europe had poured her whole population into the drear and uninviting dominions of the Czars. It was almost night-fall ere the tread of arms in Aimée's dwelling, and the sound of a voice, commanding, in a stern tone of discipline, the orderly conduct of his military followers, announced the arrival of Captain Ladoinski. After the first emotions of meeting were over, and while the patriot still fondly eyed his wife and boy, the young Frenchwoman began to scan with anxious affection the tall form and manly features of her husband. "The helmet has worn the hair from my brow," said the Pole, unconsciously answering her looks, "and that gives a lengthened and sharp appearance to the features."—"Have I said that I mark a change in years?" asked his wife, keeping on him the same uneasy regard;—"but wherefore is this arm bound?"—"And thou askest a Polish soldier wherefore he wears a bandage!" said the husband, endeavoring to laugh; "ask him why he carries a lance or musket.—But you shall look to this awful wound, which casts such a cloud on that fair brow; and let my boy be present, that he may see betimes how lightly a patriot holds a patriot's wound; and that he may learn, like a soldier's son, to look boldly and unblanchingly on blood that is spilled in the cause of justice." The husband half-jested; but bandage, and lint, and linen were instantly in the wife's hand. "Now I grow dainty, and know not how to resist this temptation," said the soldier, as turning his back to Aimée he unrolled a binding of parchment, and removed a dressing of moss from his arm. They could not escape the vigilant observation of Aimée. "And these," she said, shuddering, "are all the alleviations which your wretched hospital provision affords to suffering bravery!"—"And enough, too," answered Roman Ladoinski; "soldiers are not the soft ware to fear a little rubbing in this world's wild warfare." He added, with an involuntary look of seriousness, if not gloom, "Would to Heaven that I had been the only, or even the worst sufferer, through that Scythian desert of Scythian monsters which we have traversed!—would to Heaven that the

* It is proper that the reader should be informed that this sketch is not a fictitious narrative of adventures, but that it is derived from a personal knowledge of the lady whose escape it records. Nor has the writer found it necessary to have the slightest recourse to *caricature*, in the description of the remarkable interview with two distinguished persons at Smolensk.

Russian sword had anticipated the weary work of famine which her hungry lands have beheld in our miserable hosts ! ”

Night fell, and the boy sunk to sleep in his father's arms ; while the soldier, as he sat by the expiring embers of the fire, conversing with his wife, sank his voice to a half-whisper, in order not to disturb the childish slumbers of his little son. The under-tone in which they spoke, the quiet of the chamber, and even the partial obscurity in which it was enveloped, seemed to impart repose to the spirit of the soldier, and confidence to that of his wife.

Suddenly, the ceiling of the apartment glowed with a momentary and ruddy light. Aimée started. The light died away, and she resumed her gentle-toned discourse. Again that fierce and lurid glow shone into the chamber, broader and redder than before, and so as to show in ruddy and minute brightness every article of furniture in the apartment, and the features of its wondering occupants. It shone on the roused and determined visage of the soldier, shed a ruddy hue on the ashy countenance of his wife, and played, like an infernal light round the cheek of a cherub, on that innocent, slumbering boy. Even the lance of the Pole, which stood in an angle of the apartment, glanced brightly in the sudden blaze. “ Well said—well said ! ” exclaimed Ladoinski, dauntlessly, and even gaily, addressing his characteristic weapon—“ thou hast not shone out thy appeal in vain ; thy hint is kindly given.” He was speedily armed, and preparing to sally forth, when an order from the French sovereign, commanding the troops in that direction to keep their quarters, relieved the fears of Aimée.

It is not necessary to inflict upon the reader a lengthened description of a scene so well known, and so often described, as the famous conflagration of Moscow. The blazing streets and palaces of the proud Russian capital are only here glanced at, as an introduction to the character of the humble Aimée Ladoinski.

With no reckless or unwondering eye, it may easily be imagined, did she stand gazing (on the fearful night of the 15th) over that awful city, which wildly blazed, like one unbroken sheet of fire, only varied by the inequalities of the buildings which fed its flames. “ Alas ! ” said Aimée, “ alas ! for the mad ambition of man, that can drag thousands of his fellow-beings over weary Scythian wastes—like those you have traversed—to behold, as their reward, the destruction of this fair city. Oh ! turn, my beloved Roman—turn, ere too late, from following the car of this heartless victor. Sheathe the sword, which may serve indeed for the despot's aggrandizement, but can hardly accomplish the liberty of your country.”—“ Oh, believe me, Aimée,” answered the soldier, “ it is no light cause that has roused your husband to arms ; no senseless admiration of the dazzling qualities of yon brilliant man ; no boyish transport at wielding a lance ; no egotistical ambition, cowering beneath the cloak of patriotism. The height of my personal ambition is to behold the day when I need not blush, and hang my head to call myself a Pole. Scarce have I been roused by the same rapturous and chivalrous spirit now abroad among my countrymen. No—mine is no awakening ; I have never slumbered, during my country's degradation. I have sleeplessly watched for the moment of her emancipation. But mark, mark, how yon sea of fire rises and roars, covering, as to us it now seems, the face of earth, and mingling with the clouds of heaven ! ”—“ Merciful God ! ” ejaculated Aimée, “ can even the judgment of the great and terrible day show more fear-

ful than this portentous night? Hark! the crackling and thundering come nearer and nearer, and the light waxes brighter and yet more bright. The whole atmosphere seems alive with lurid sparks and burning brands. See, see! they begin to fall, thick as snow-flakes, on our quarter!"—"The fire has assuredly reached us," said the Pole, calmly; "your safety, my Aimée, must be thought of. For me, I leave not the post assigned me without military orders."—"Then I remain with you," said Aimée, in a steady and immoveable voice.—"And the child," said the Pole, looking on his son—"shall I send him away, in this night of confusion, without a mother's protection?"—"Alas!" exclaimed the young mother, "he must not remain to perish—he must not go forth without a parent's guidance. God direct me!" She looked alternately at her husband and her boy, who was clinging to her garments, and screaming with childish terror—then said, in a tone from which there seemed no appeal, "We *all* remain!" Aimée's determination was happily only destined to prove to the Pole the strength of her conjugal devotion; for ere he could exercise a husband's authority over his gentle and delicate, but high-souled wife, an order for the evacuation of the city arrived from head-quarters.

With difficulty the party reached the suburbs through streets of flame, showers of burning brands, and an atmosphere which almost threatened suffocation. Ere they reached their destination, the Pole cast a farewell glance on the ruined and blazing capital. "Ha! proud Moscow," he said, "the hand of Heaven's vengeance hath slumbered long, but hath, at length, found thee. Go to—thou art visited for thy sins. Remember captured Warsaw; let her pillaged churches and slaughtered citizens come before thee. They who shall pass the heap of ashes that *was* Moscow, shall say, 'Here *once* stood the proud capital of the conquerors of Poland!'"—"Oh, imprecate not Heaven's vengeance!" said Aimée, anxiously.—"I deal not out God's vengeance; I mark his hand, and am wise: and for the fire that is devouring the capital of my country's foe,—O Aimée, Aimée! I see in it not the ruin of Russia, but of her invader; I mark in it the dark preface to a page written, within and without, with lamentations, and mourning, and bitter woe. Yon fires that heat this atmosphere to suffocation are but the prelude to a knell, which will be tolled by a fiercer element over the bodies of the brave that shall fall, not by the sword of the enemy, but by the piercing wintry blasts of this dear country."

In the fearful month of November, 1812, the gentle and delicate Aimée found herself seated in a baggage-waggon, amidst stores, and spoil, and wounded men, carelessly huddled together, while the latter craved in vain either for death or professional assistance. It is well known that most of the French residents in Moscow, either from dread of the indiscriminating vengeance of the Russians, or from divers motives, accompanied the French army in its disastrous retreat on Poland. Among these was Aimée Ladoinski, who, in the situation we have described, supported on her knees the head of her wounded and half-senseless husband, while she still pressed to her bosom the child, whose feeble cry of cold and hunger often died away into a sleep, from which even his mother was sometimes fain to arouse him, lest the merciless rigor of the night should produce the frozen slumber of death. Ladoinski had received a sabre cut in heading a brave skirmish on the preceding day. Sometimes she hoped it might be trivial—often she

feared it would prove mortal ; but still she busied herself in changing her husband's posture, in chafing his limbs, in listening to his intermittent respiration. The road they were traveling was encumbered by stragglers, unable to keep up with the main body, by abandoned artillery, and by baggage-waggons, whose horses were fast falling under cold, fatigue, and want of forage. Smolensko, whither they were destined, was, however, the watch-word which still kept alive the courage and hopes of the exhausted troops. At length the vehicle which contained the Pole and his family suddenly stopped. Aimée heard others still crawling on their miserable journey, but theirs moved not. A strange misgiving almost *crushed* for a moment the heart of Aimée. She listened, and at length all seemed silence around them. It is a well-known fact, that many of the wretched sufferers, whose wounded bodies were placed in the wains, laden with military stores, or the spoils of Moscow, met an untimely fate from the hands of the sordid drivers. These fiends, loitering behind in unfrequented places, relieved themselves, by murder, of the care of the helpless beings who only retarded their progress, and increased the weight of their waggons. Perhaps some faint report of those practices half-recurred to the mind of Aimée as the silence deepened around her. She listened yet more attentively. "Not yet," said a voice ; "perhaps there be others behind us." What the responsive voice uttered Aimée could not distinctly hear ; but the concluding words were—"a kinder act to *finish* them than to leave them to the tender mercies of such a night, or the pike of the Cossack." Aimée's blood ran cold ; she pressed her husband and child closer to her, and then softly looked out from the solitary wain to see if any aid yet remained in view. The moon, shining sickly through a northern haze, showed one drear sheet of snow, broken into inequalities only by the fallen bodies of men and horses, which the descending flakes were fast covering. Nothing was to be seen but here and there (at a distance that forbade the reach of a voice) a dark spot or two which might indicate a crawling wain, or body of re-collecting stragglers ; and nothing was to be heard save, from time to time, a faint and far-off yell of some descending cloud of Cossacks falling on the hapless, lagging remains of a French corps. The pitiless northern blast drove blinding storms of sleet and snow into the covered vehicle as Aimée looked forth. But her feelings of horror gradually sobered down. Aimée was surprised—at first almost startled—to find how little they affected her. She tried to rouse herself—to think of some appeal by which she might move the steeled bosom of the wain drivers ; but a languid dislike to exertion stole over her. Her attention to her beloved Roman changed to a feeling of indifference ; her hold on her boy loosened, and the devoted Aimée began to lapse into that cold and benumbing slumber which, in those frigid regions, so often precedes the deep and final repose of the sleeper.

Such might have proved the dreamless slumber of Aimée Ladoinski, but she was roused by the violent forcing of some cordial down her throat. Aimée once more opened her eyes. She was still seated in the wain ; but the rising sun was reddening with his slanting and wintry beams the drear and unbroken sheets of snow which stretched behind her, while its rays tinged with a cold and sickly crimson the minarets and half-ruined buildings of a partially-dismantled city which lay before her. This city was Smolensk, a *dépôt* of the French

army, and the longed-for object of its miserable and half-starved stragglers.

In a detachment which was sent out to reconnoitre the coming crowd of phantoms were several individuals who, with or without authority, visited the baggage-waggons of their newly-arrived compatriots.—“Why, here is a woman!” exclaimed a young French cornet, who, with a companion or two, had entered the wain where Aimée was sitting stiff, erect, and senseless. “Here is a young woman; and, by Heavens, a fair and delicate one. How came such commodity, I wonder, in this military wain; and a little boy—and alive too! How could so tender a thing weather out the last fearful night? But, soft—she breathes. ‘Gad, I am Frenchman enough not to leave such pretty stuff to perish for want of a taste of my pocket-pistol.” He tried to pour some brandy from a small bottle down her throat. “‘Gad, her white teeth are set as close as a French column. I am sorry to use force, Madam, but you shan’t die for want of a little muscular exertion on my part. So—there’s nothing like Cognac—she’s coming to, I perceive.”

Aimée and her boy were lifted from the wain, and quickly moved forward through the noisy and increasing throng. “Why, this is the wife of Captain Ladoinski,” said one of his companions; “I have seen her in better times and fitter company. I know her by her delicate features and complexion. She is certainly the wife of Roman Ladoinski.”—“Say rather his widow,” observed a passing straggler; “for I saw Captain Ladoinski thrown into the cart with her yester-even, and neither he nor his companions are now to be found.”—“Died of his wounds,” said the first speaker, carelessly, “or was perhaps disposed of by the wain-drivers, who had still enough French blood left, unfrozen by this savage climate, not to lay their hands on a woman—and such a fair one too.” The last words finished the work of resuscitation in the hapless wife. Arrived at the cornet’s quarters—“My husband, my husband!” she exclaimed, looking wildly round, yet still grasping her boy, as if he were rendered dearer by the fear of other bereavement. “Ye look like Frenchmen, and should be tender and pitiful to a despairing woman!” The young officers protested their ignorance of her husband’s fate, and declared that the wain-drivers had disappeared ere they commenced their search of the waggon, in which they had found no living creature save herself and the child. There was a something in Aimée’s appearance and manner, which, combined with the circumstance of her being the wife of an officer in the same service as themselves, imposed a sort of respect on the Frenchmen. They were, moreover, affected by her beauty, her singular situation, and deep distress; and in order to institute an inquiry as to the fate of Ladoinski, they succeeded in obtaining for their fair protégée an interview with two of the most potential personages who conducted the celebrated retreat from Moscow. Aimée had now spent two days of fear and anguish at Smolensk, and she received this news with grateful joy, not unmingled with surprise. It was, however, at this period of affairs generally seen, that the special protection of the Poles, in whose country France could now alone hope for friendly shelter, was a necessary and prime act of policy on the part of the French commanders.

With a beating heart, and still holding her boy in her arms, the delicate and timid, but morally courageous Aimée, was conducted to a

palace, the exterior of which was still black with recent conflagration, and its once strong towers evidently nodding to a speedy downfall. Not without ceremony Aimée was ushered into an apartment whose walls were partially consumed at one end, while at the other it was occupied by splendid, but disorderly and half-scorched furniture. In this apartment two general officers were standing, engaged, as it seemed, in the very undignified task of tearing from time to time some pieces of black bread from a single loaf which lay on a bare table, and beside which stood a flask of brandy, whose contents, as no cup or glass was visible, could only have been obtained by a direct application of the lips of the princely quaffers. One of these officers was considerably above the middle stature, and, at first sight, presented an exterior striking, and even noble; but on a minuter inspection, perhaps his face appeared rather showy than regularly handsome, and his mien and person more dashing than dignified. Both his figure and countenance had evidently experienced greater injury from recent fatigue and privation than their owner was either willing to think himself, or acknowledge to others. His dress was clearly still an object of attention, and was eminently calculated to show off to the best advantage the handsome and martial form it enveloped. The second personage, though far from undersized, was somewhat below the stature of his companion, and possessed a countenance comely, prepossessing, and of a milder expression than that of his compeer in arms. He had not the decidedly military and showy bearing of his brother mareschal—in whose countenance an air of audacity, and even effrontery, was mingled with the unquestionable bravery that characterized it; but in intellectuality of expression, and in a certain firmness, which seemed to result rather from greater depth of character than from any physical advantage, he was evidently the superior of his companion. To the air of one accustomed to martial authority was added a certain courteous suavity of manner, which indicated the gentleman as well as the soldier.

Aimée's conductor left her near the door of the apartment, and, approaching the personages just described, with uncovered head, announced her arrival. The taller officer magnificently motioned her to come forward, while the other made a courteous, but abortive, attempt to push towards her the crumbling, yet still heavy remains of a damask-covered chair. With mournful, but graceful self-possession, Aimée respectfully declined the proffered courtesy. "A pretty personage, i'faith," observed the taller mareschal aloud to his companion. Then beginning to address Aimée rapidly, and, as it seemed, in sentences which admitted of no periods,—“I think, good Madam,” he said, evidently forgetful of a story to which he had been a careless listener, “I think you are the widow of a Polish soldier, and come to beg at our hands the body of your late husband; we wish it lay in our power to serve you, but I own, my good Madam, I see not how that may be, unless our breath were strong enough to thaw the snow, that forms, I believe, an indifferently thick winding-sheet to all the fine fellows that have fallen between this town and Moscow; but courage, take heart, the frost will keep all whole and entire till next July—or whatever month a Russian summer may begin in—and by that time we shall be here again—at least” (rather sneeringly) “if we believe all that is said in a certain quarter—and then the country will be open, and you can pay what rites of sepulture you please to your brave fellow—always supposing that you are not better employed with another hus-

band, which—judging from your personal merits—may prove the likelier occupation of the two—and *outside*,” he added, stroking his vest rather complacently, “is, after all, the first thing we look to.”—The bold mareschal had here no intention of wounding the widow’s feelings, nor was he totally devoid of feeling himself; but he was naturally incapable of showing any delicate or acceptable sympathy towards those of others. His companion interrupted him. “This lady,” he said, with a benevolence slightly dashed by policy, “this lady is, we yet hope, the *wife*, and not the *widow* of the valiant Captain Ladoinski, whom we all remember as the brave officer that has so often shone in the van of our battles. If she will tell us what she demands at our hands, we will, as far as our now somewhat narrowing power may permit, endeavor to serve her.”

With trembling voice and limbs, but with the simple eloquence of truth and feeling, Aimée told her tale, and craved inquisition among the wain-drivers. The first mareschal, in whose handsome countenance was an incongruous mixture of fierceness, and even ferocity, with an odd kind of good nature, listened, not without a degree of gallant attention, to her story and her petition. “Madam, we will look to this,” he said, with some assumption of importance. “You interest us, and we will do something for you.—Egad,” he said, speaking aside, and winking, with not much dignity, to his companion, “a modest request this! Here are we cooped up for a poor half week’s rest and refreshment within this tumble-down Scythian hole, having more on our hands to be done in a few days than could be accomplished in a month, and this poor soul, thinks forsooth, that we shall turn Smolensk upside down to look after one dead Pole. Likely, i’faith! as if we died by units—as if a thousand or two a day was not a good come-off. Splash my uniform, though, if I am not inclined to serve the woman, so it be in a moderate and short way. What, ho! Danvers,” he said, calling to an orderly dragoon who waited on him, “bustle me up an aide-de-camp or two, and bid them go instantly inquire among the recently-arrived baggage-drivers, if they know aught of the body of one Cornet—Captain Dombrowninski—Ladobrowski, of the Fifth Polish Lancers; and tell the cattle-driving, dronish knaves, they shall answer with their frosty breath for the captain’s safety.” The other mareschal added some plainer and more precise directions. The dragoon’s answer—which to the first speaker was, “*Your Majesty* shall be obeyed”—to the second, “*Your Excellency* shall be served,” agitated the hopes and feelings of Aimée in a new and extraordinary degree. Forgetful for a moment of the descriptions of Napoleon’s person, she exclaimed, addressing the taller mareschal, with irrepressible emotion, “Am I then in the presence of the Emperor of the French?”—“Good, on my word!” answered the officer, laughing heartily. “Know, my good woman,” he added, gaily, and rather vauntingly, “that when I stretch out this good arm of mine (straight from my shoulder—thus), the emperor of all the French, and the sovereign of half Europe, might pass under it without deranging his *coiffure*. No (raising his eyebrows with rather an ironical shrug), no—the diadem of Naples encircles *my* brow—a somewhat warmer throne mine than that of the Czars; and if you visited my capital, it is probable I might be able to show you a palace indifferently better fitted up than the one I have the infinite honor to occupy at present, and, without gross exaggeration, perhaps I might add, situated in a somewhat more genial clime.” He cast, as he spoke,

a half gay, half bitter glance towards the driving snow-storm without, as if rendered more chilly by the remembrance of the bright sun that was, at that very moment, shining over his fair dominions of the south. Aimée made a suitable reverence to the brave, handsome, and unkingly sovereign of Naples, and then cast an involuntary glance of fear and doubt towards his companion. The latter smiled, somewhat amused, and, with a good-natured shake of the head, said—"No; I am no emperor."—"But, perhaps," observed Murat, in the same reckless tone, "he might claim some such title for a step-father, and what" (somewhat sneeringly) "if, to boot, he had an archduchess, in some sort, for his step-mother! Perhaps, too, he may have presided over a region a shade or two more inviting than the glowing landscape which we behold from the walls of fair Smolensk. Eh, vice-regal kinsman?"—"Your majesty would, perhaps, do well to be more guarded in your expressions," replied Eugene Beauharnois, to whom the fiery Murat's growing disaffection to the Russian enterprise was no secret. "And now, Madam," he added, courteously, "is there aught else in which we can serve you? By the trueness of your accent, I believe we may claim you as a compatriot?"—"I am, indeed, the daughter of the Count de Limoisin, who"—Aimée was meekly beginning, but the uncourtly Joachim interrupted—"O, in sooth, a royalist emigrée! I warrant me well, now, thou art no lover of thy husband's military master. Nay, tremble not—we are not perhaps at this moment in such a topping humor of affection towards a certain quarter, as that we would withdraw our protection: from, or denounce, every one who dared venture to see a mad head in a mad act. Besides, you have been educated in the old school. All with you are usurpers that cannot count a whole muster-roll of ancestors as far back as *Socrates, king of Egypt!* Eh?"—"I have heard," said Aimée, in a conciliatory tone, but rather puzzled—"I have heard that the Emperor of France hath gentle blood in his veins." The regal son of a pastrycook colored high, and the viceroi smiled in spite of himself.

Aimée saw that something was wrong, and was preparing to prefer one more petition and depart, when an aide-de-camp of the Neapolitan Sovereign made his appearance. "So please your Majesty," he said, "I received your gracious orders, and only failed to execute them because—" "Oh, sirrah, you found it convenient to disobey orders—perhaps then I shall find it convenient to send a brace of bullets through your head to inquire your gracious reasons." The officer, apparently accustomed to such ebullitions, seemed to wait with an air equally removed from fear or boldness, to see whether this dignified burst were ended, and then continued in the same tone as if the last sentence had not been dismembered from his first address—"because your majesty's orders reached me not until my brother officers had examined such wain-drivers as they could fall in with, who protest that Captain Ladoinski died of cold and of his wounds on the night of the 7th, and was, consequently, ejected from the baggage-waggon. This they are ready to swear before your highness."—"Let them keep their swearing to warm their own frosty breath," said King Joachim.—"You perceive how it is, Madam—splash my uniform, if I would not have these wain-driving knaves complimented with a retributive shot or two, on mere suspicion, and out of respect to you, but you see there is no coming at the truth; and as our captain is surely gone, and the frost will proba-

bly take all vengeance into its own hands, I discern not (I say it with regret) aught else in which we can serve you."

"Then God's will be done," said Aimée, sinking pale and powerless on the chair that had been proffered her. The benevolent Viceroy of Italy supported her, and cast a wistful glance or two towards the potent spirit on the table, as if naught but the absence of any intermediate mode of conveyance between the flask and the lips prevented his humanely tendering a cordial to the half-fainting wife. She recovered herself, however, almost immediately, and quickly rising, said, with great self-command, "I thank your highness—your Majesty—" (she involuntarily paid the first homage to Eugene) "for the humanity which has turned your eye, for an instant, on a grieved and powerless woman. I feel at this moment all the courage of one who has little left to fear of evil in this world. For me, it now holds nothing—nothing that belongs to me, save this frail creature." She drew the child towards her, and the feelings she had hitherto controlled began to force their natural vent. Tear after tear fell on the wan cheek of that fading child. She held him towards the princes, as if his helpless infancy might better plead for him than the words for which she found no utterance. Both potentates were as much affected as we can possibly conceive those to be whose feelings must necessarily become blunted by the frequent sight of human woe. "And now," said the lovely woman, "I would only be bold to crave a safe conduct for this helpless being, and the solitary parent God hath left him, through a country which, to a Frenchwoman, and the widow of a Polish rebel, would afford nothing but a grave. Ladoinski fought under the banners of France—his boy claims French protection. Ladoinski took up the sword of the patriot under the smile of your emperor—shall his son, generous princes, ask in vain a passage to the country in defence of whose rights his father found an untimely grave?"—"No, by Heavens!" said Murat, answering rather his own feelings than any plan he had conceived for the unfortunate widow's safety. "The King of Naples," observed Eugene, kingly explaining, "heads our cavalry, and, therefore, must be in the van of our army. The emperor's division leaves Smolensk on the 13th, mine will follow on the 14th; I offer you such protection as the commander of soldiers drooping with fatigue, shivering with cold, and harassed by a sleepless enemy, may tender. The divisions of Davoust and Ney will leave Smolensk yet later. You will thus gain a few days farther shelter, but will be more exposed in the march that follows. The rear of a retreating army holds out small guarantee for female safety. You have your choice." The helpless young mother instantly closed with the prince's offer; and unaccustomed to the world, or to camps, excited a smile in both potentates, by seeming to suppose that she was to prosecute her journey in the immediate company of the viceroy. "Good, on my word," said the unkingly sovereign of Naples, laughing aloud. "Tête-à-tête, I suppose, all the way to Wilna—give you joy, Viceroy. Not a bad thing, by St. Denis—though, now I bethink me, *San Gennaro* were the more fitting saint in my mouth—forget all my Neapolitan good habits among these Scythian snows." The viceroy, without paying much attention to the mirth of his regal companion, delivered, in Murat's presence, orders to his followers for the conveyance of his delicate young protégée in one of the military baggage-waggons, and authoritatively gave out, that he would hold both soldier and driver responsible for her safety and fair

treatment. "There are other female refugees from Moscow in Smolensk," he added; "let two or three of those hapless women find a place in the same vehicle with this lady; and if they reach Poland in safety, I will give five hundred francs with my own hand to each driver. Look to it." The grateful mother clasped her hands, and solemnly invoked a blessing on the generous prince. "God return your Highness's kindness tenfold into your bosom," she ejaculated. "Amid public trouble and personal danger you have not closed your heart to the cry of the fatherless. May the Sovereign of earthly princes bring you in safety through the dangers that throng your path—may your dying bed be far from the field of blood, surrounded by faces of love, and smoothed by domestic tenderness—and when the son you best love clasps his father's knees, and looks up in his face for a blessing, let the boy whom you have saved return pleasantly on your memory." Eugene took the boy, and stooped over him for a moment, perhaps to hide the feelings which the unaffected warmth of this half-prophetic address excited. "Alas! good madam," he said, not without emotion, "I were worse than cruel to excite a confidence in your bosom which my want of power (for my will I dare boldly answer) may render groundless. I have said that I can only tender you the protecting swords of enfeebled arms, the shield of a tottering general, the precarious shelter of heavy vehicles, that may be abandoned in the persecuted and tantalized retreat we are entering on. To the God you have so feelingly invoked on my behalf, and to the waning power of an unfortunate general, you must trust yourself. Farewell." He courteously walked with her to the door of the apartment as he spoke.

"We must at all costs keep the Poles in good humor," he said, speaking half apologetically to his regal companion, and perhaps not unwilling to give an air of policy to an action which mainly resulted from feelings of humanity and benevolence. Alas! for human nature, which is only fairly drawn when either predominant selfishness, or alloyed benevolence, forms the picture. "And now," added the viceroy, "adieu to your Majesty. I go to see the rations given out to my soldiers. This is no time to play the prince—scarcely the general—Eugene, at this moment, is only a soldier."—"Half-starved like all his comrades," replied the fiery king. "Now, by my good sword and uniform (and I have none oath more solemn), I swear, that were I in the place of these gallant Frenchmen, dragged—all flushed with victory—to lose laurel after laurel amid these white wastes, I would take off my cockade, thus, and trample on it." He trampled indignantly as he spoke. "*Joachim Murat*," said the viceroy, firmly, and with an air of superiority, "there be fitter ears than mine for these ebullitions." As he was quitting the apartment, the good-humored and unregal monarch, half gaily, half bitterly, called after him—"Nay, viceregal kinsman, dine in *palace* with me to-day on regal viands—a fillet of horse-flesh, à-la-Moscow, seasoned with gunpowder, and fricassée cats, are not fare to be run away from."

It would be tedious to give a detailed account of the sufferings and privations of Aimée through the perilous journey she had undertaken. The Grand French Army—or rather its miserable and ghastly phantom—was now traversing snow-clogged and dismal forests, in order to attempt the famous, but fatal passage of the Beresina. The imperial order for the destruction of half the baggage waggons, and the large demand for draught horses and oxen, destined to the higher task of

bringing forward artillery, were so many obstructions to the progress of our young widow. But Eugene's protection still secured her a vehicle ; and the knowledge that they were fast nearing the frontiers of Poland, where she hoped to find friends, and a home for her boy, shed a sickly gleam of hope into a heart where earthly desires and expectations had one by one set in a night of the thickest dejection, yet the meekest resignation. Aimée sat erect in her heavy vehicle, listening to the shouts which hailed the arrival of the unexpected reinforcement of the army of Mareschal Victor. She administered a slight refreshment of black bread to her boy, whose sharp and lengthening features had lost the cherub roundness that formerly excited a mother's pride. The child began to take his untempting food with the eagerness of hunger, which for several weeks had rarely received complete gratification, but, pausing for a moment, he looked his mother wistfully in the face, and laying his little emaciated hand on her wan cheek, said, fondly, "How is it that *you* are never hungry ? I never see you eat. Surely God did not send *all* the food to me. Try to be hungry, and eat this morsel. See, it is as thick as your hand, and so good, that I am obliged to turn away my face lest I should eat it myself." The mother's tears, which had hitherto been a dried fountain, began to flow, like a released stream, at this childish proof of affection and self-denial. While they were thus engaged, the grand army continued to file in spectral procession along the ranks of the newly-arrived battalions of Mareschal Victor. As they passed, a voice said, in *Polish*, "Forward, lancers !" Aimée started—she looked from the wain—then re-seating herself, murmured, "What a delusion !" But the sight of the child—his food dropped, his head thrown back, and his finger on his lips, in the attitude of a listener—was even more strangely startling to Aimée. She addressed the child, but he motioned silence, and with an ear still bent towards the passing troops, softly ejaculated, "*Father !*" The columns quickly marched on. The boy, with childish forgetfulness, resumed his food ; and Aimée, after vainly essaying to question the drivers, or the passers, could only say, "Never did accents of the living sound so like the voice which is stilled in yon grave of snow-wreaths." She paused for a moment ; then, evidently answering her own thoughts, said again, "No—no—it is impossible. By what miracle could he have reached the army of Victor ? The fortunate mareschal had left Smolensk ere our straggling, wretched hosts entered it."

The French reached Studzianka, on the left bank of the Beresina. Aimée felt that the turning-point which must decide the fate of herself and her boy, was arrived. On the effecting of that passage depended all her hopes of freedom—of life ; but still the thoughts of that voice haunted her mind. Unable to obtain any information from those wholly uninterested in her queries, she prepared her usual couch in the comfortless wain. All that night she could hear the noise of the workmen engaged in the fabrication of those bridges over which the troops were to effect their dangerous passage on the succeeding days. Aimée's dreams were naturally of terror and blood ; and, as a shout of triumph at length aroused her senses, her arms were instinctively twined round her child. She eagerly looked forth from their vehicle. The sun had scarcely risen ; but by the faint rays of a dawning, whose twilight was rendered stronger by drear sheets of snow which covered the ground, she could descry the dreaded forces of the enemy in full re-

treat from the opposite bank of the river. Aimée fell on her knees ; she poured out her heart in thankfulness ; and taking the little wan hands of that wasted child, clasped them between her own, and held them together towards heaven with a speechless fervency of gratitude, which awed the boy into innocent and wondering silence. She continued to gaze on the hosts of cavalry who were crowding towards the Beresina, and, without waiting for the completion of the bridges, were swimming their horses across the river, in order to obtain such a footing on the opposite bank as should enable them to protect the passage of their comrades. At length the bridges were completed ; and ceaseless files of soldiers continued to pass over them. Aimée watched them with a beating heart, hoping that the safe transfer of each column rendered so much nearer the time of her own passage. About noon, a shout proclaimed that the Emperor and his guard had gained the right bank of the Beresina. At this moment, the vanguard of the diminished army of Prince Eugene pressed towards the river ; but ere their generous chief prepared for his own passage, he appeared for a moment at Aimée's vehicle. Even in the hurry of that crisis, his brief word of inquiry after her welfare was addressed with his usual easy yet respectful courtesy ; but there was less of the proud, military gloom of a defeated Frenchman, and more of hope and animation on his countenance, than Aimée had ever before marked in it. "A few hours of farther privation, Madam—a little more patience," he said, in a tone of manly encouragement—"and your troubles will, I hope, be ended. Yonder is the country of your brave husband's friends. Our adversaries have left the way to it clear. Ere sunset, I trust you may find a situation better fitting your sex and rank. At present, farewell !—And do you, as French drivers, look to your conduct, and count on your promised reward."

The unexpected and impolitic retreat of the Russians, and the hitherto successful passage of the troops, now caused many a heart, which, on the preceding night had sunk in despondency, to beat with the renewed animation of hope. But these hopes became trembling and confused, when news arrived that the Russians, aware of their error in abandoning the advantageous point of the Beresina they had so recently occupied, were advancing in full force on *both* sides of the river. Terror now overpowered every consideration, either of cupidity or humanity, in the bosoms of Aimée's protectors. Several drivers entered the wain, and forcibly dragged from it all those shivering beings who had so long found it a refuge. Aimée remonstrated, and spoke of Prince Eugene ; but was told that he was with his imperial father on the other side of the river, and had other things to do than to look after those who only encumbered the march of the army. Aimée, who had so often, either directly or indirectly, experienced the benefits of the Viceroy's protection, now began to feel herself wholly abandoned. She saw that it was idle to expect that the princely general, called on as he was by the imperious duties of his military office, could do more than issue orders for her safety, which, in the increasing confusion of the moment, might be disobeyed with impunity. Brutally forced from the refuge Eugene had assigned her, Aimée joined that crowd of hapless and despairing stragglers, of every age and sex, who thronged behind the forces of Victor, and, afraid either to remain on the fatal left bank, or attempt the crushed passage of the bridges, wandered, in shivering and desponding uncertainty, along the borders of the river.

At this moment there was a peculiar and ominous movement in the French rear-guard. The yells of the approaching enemy were distinctly heard. Then came the heavy fire of the charging columns, returned in rolling thunder by the French lines of defence. These lines, however, still formed a barrier between the fugitives and the advance-guard of the Russians; and it was not until the former began evidently to give way, that Aimée deemed all lost. The Russian cannon became nearer, deeper, and more incessant. To Aimée it seemed as if she were herself in the midst of the combat. The balls which passed through the French host whistled by her, and the shrieks of falling wretches rang in her ears.

It was now that that fearful and fatal rush of passengers to the bridges took place. Aimée saw crowds of fugitives, abandoned by every feeling save that of wild personal terror, throng on those treacherous passages. Then came the well-remembered tempest, which—after slowly collecting its elementary fury in the early part of the day—at length burst from the indignant heavens, and held, as it seemed, a wild conflict for superiority with the rage of the battle-storm beneath. Each moment, when the hurricane, in its wild career, swept away the smoke of the contending armies, Aimée could see the feeble victims which choked the bridges gasping beneath the feet of the stronger passengers, crushed among heavy wains and artillery, or—more fearful still—hurled into the waters by the half-cruel, half-madly despairing struggles of those whose physical strength enabled them to fling aside all obstacles to their own passage. With the resolution of one who held life forfeited, Aimée resolved to remain in her present awful situation, rather than venture amid that despairing throng. She laid the boy down to avoid the balls, which fell thicker and thicker among the dispersing crowd, and threw herself almost upon the child. At this moment, the same voice that had before made Aimée's heart leap within her bosom, again reached her ear:—"Stand, Lancers, stand! Let not yon wretched dogs drive your horses over these miserable fugitives." Aimée looked up. Another fierce sweep of the tempest dispersed, as if in haughty scorn, the dense volumes of smoke which hung, like a black cloud, on the charging columns. God of mercy! Aimée beheld either the phantom or the living form of her husband! He was endeavoring to rally a regiment of his compatriots; and called on them, in the voice of military eloquence and high courage, to stand by their colors. His helm was up—his face warm with exertion; his eye shone—keen, bright, and stern, as if no gentler thoughts than those of war had ever animated that bosom. The flush of military spirit and physical exertion had banished, for the moment, the traces of wounds, fatigue, and privation. That eye alone was changed, and its stern, warrior glance almost inspired with fear the gentle and enduring being who now strove to make her voice heard through the din of the fight, and the wild uproar of the elements.—"O Ladoinski—my love—my husband!—turn—turn! It is I—it is Aimée—it is your wife who calls on you!" She called in vain. Roman turned not—gazed not. The spirit of the soldier seemed alone awake in the Pole. He looked, at that moment, as if no tender feeling—no thought of Aimée, occupied his bosom. For one instant, it almost seemed to the wife as if her husband would not hear. He rallied his broken forces, and called out gallantly, "Lancers! forward. For God and Poland! Remember her who now lies

with a Cossack's pike in her breast beneath the snow-wreaths !"—and he disappeared in the re-thickening smoke.

Day now waned ; and the troops of Victor, after having nearly accomplished their unparalleled task of protecting the famous retreat across the Beresina, at length began to give ground. Aimée saw that she must now, at all hazards, attempt the perilous passage, or remain behind a prey to the lawless Russian victor. With trembling and uncertain step, she endeavored to gain the largest bridge ; but the banks of the river were here so crowded that she drew back in consternation ; and, again throwing the child on the ground, watched beside it, rather with the instinct of maternal tenderness, than with any fixed hope of ultimately preserving its life. Suddenly the largest bridge was seen to give a fearful swerve—then a portentous bend towards the waters. A noise of rending, which made the ground tremble, succeeded ; and Aimée beheld the fatal bridge, and all its living, shrieking burden, descend with crashing violence into the icy waters of the Beresina, while a stifled cry of wailing arose from those living descendants to a watery tomb—so wild, despairing, and fearful, that, for a moment, Aimée deemed the hour of man's final retribution at hand.

Night closed on the slayer and the slain—on the victor and the vanquished ; but the thunder of the Russian artillery ceased not its dismal roll ; while the noise of the French troops, still pouring in restless files over the remaining bridge, showed Aimée that the desperate passage was still continued. She began to fear that her senses were fast yielding to the horrors that surrounded her ; and she now no longer prayed for preservation, but for death.

A streak or two of dawn at length began faintly to light up the snow-covered margin of the river. The Russian forces were now so near the bridge that, perhaps, but a short half-hour's remaining opportunity of passage might be afforded her. Aimée once more endeavored to gain the bridge ; the falling balls of the foe again arrested her progress. Still—aware that the hour of irrevocable decision was arrived—she pressed forward. And now, mingled with the diminished fugitives, her foot was half on the bridge ; but a sudden cry of warning arose from the last column of French which had gained the opposite banks : "Back—back ! Yield yourselves to the Russians ! Back—back !" Perhaps aware of the fatal meaning of their compatriots, or easily subjected to every new terror, the wretched refugees, cut off from their last hope, fell back with mechanic simultaneousness on the enemy ; while a sound of grounding arms—voices imploring mercy—stifled moans of victims who found none—and the close yells of triumph, told Aimée that they were at length *among* the Cossacks. She gave a last, a despairing look, towards the bridge ; it was crackling and blazing in the flames, by which the French had endeavored to cut off the pursuit of their enemy. In the unutterable hurly-burly which followed, Aimée, still pressing the child to her bosom, endeavored to extricate herself from the shrieking victims and the ruthless conquerors ; and, rushing precipitately along the borders of the river, sought a vain refuge in flight. The Cossacks, instead of pressing on their enemy, dispersed in every direction, more anxious to obtain solid booty than empty honor. Aimée, scarcely knowing what she sought—what she hoped for—continued, with some other hapless fugitives, her panting and useless flight along the margin of the Beresina. They were naturally pursued by the Scythian victor. Aimée, with despe-

rate resolution, tied the child to her, and made towards the waters. They were deep;—no matter. The stoutest might scarce hope to gain the opposite bank;—she recked not. Anything was better than becoming the prey of the victor—anything preferable to life and separation from her child. She had nearly gained the fatal stream. Two other lives would that morning have been added to its fearful host of victims; but, overpowered by her own exertions and the weight of her precious burden, Aimée sank to the earth. Her person was rudely seized. Words which seemed more appallingly barbarous from their utterance in a foreign tongue, sounded in her ears. She shrieked with a wild agony of terror to which she had hitherto been comparatively a stranger. Perhaps her cries reached the chief of a small body of French cavalry, which had been the last in quitting the dangerous post of protecting the retreat, and were now plunging their horses into the Beresina, apparently preferring the danger of a swimming passage to the alternative of surrender and captivity. "What, ho, comrades!" exclaimed the voice of their chief, as wheeling his charger, he forced it, with returning steps, up the left bank of the river;—"what, ho! charge these scattered plunderers! To the rescue! They are women that cry to us;—our horses are strong enough to bear such light burdens.—Back, back, lawless bandits!—To the river, brave comrades—to the river!" Like one in a dream, Aimée heard the parting hoofs of the dispersed Cossack-chargers—found herself placed on a horse before that gallant captain—and discovered, by a heavy plunge in the water, that she was about to make that fearful passage of the Beresina from which she had all night recoiled with horror. Aimée's cloak had half fallen from her shoulders. Her own countenance and the face of the boy who was bound to her bosom, were revealed to her brave deliverer. She was deprived of speech—of motion. Shots rattled around her like hail-stones, and fell with ceaseless pattering into the waters; while, from time to time, a heavier plash announced the sinking of some hapless being, the victim either of the enemy's fire, or of his own steed's exhaustion. The noble but half-worn-down charger of Aimée's protector sometimes gallantly battled with the current; sometimes so nearly sank beneath his burden, that the waters broke over his saddle-bow, and almost enveloped the persons of the mother and her boy. But Aimée—powerless, motionless—scarcely alive save to one absorbing emotion—felt that that swimming steed supported with its failing strength the *whole* family of Ladoinski; she felt that she was pressed to the bosom of her husband, while the child of so much care and anxiety reclined against her own. A consciousness of more straining exertion on the part of the animal that bore her, at length convinced Aimée that he was pushing his way up the long-desired *right* bank of the Beresina! The sound of plashing died away; and she felt that they were quitting its fatal margin forever.

It was about seven years after this period that the narrator, traveling in one of the smaller principalities of Germany, obtained an introduction to Eugene de Beauharnois, the son-in-law of the mighty Emperor of the West, and the former vice-regal possessor of the fair provinces of northern Italy. The prince was then residing in a private situation, but honored with the respect and consideration of all parties. At his residence I met the Pole, his devoted wife, and their precociously

intelligent son. From their own lips I received the particulars here related. They were given with glowing gratitude of expression, in the presence of the ex-Viceroy himself, through whose farther intervention Ladoinski and Aimée reached the Prussian frontier in safety. I have deemed it an act of justice to the fallen potentate to relate a circumstance, so honorable to his character, with as little departure from the dryness of truth as possible. Perhaps it is a fact not unworthy of record, that the drivers with the wain which should have conveyed Aimée across the Beresina, perished in that fatal crash of the larger bridge which precipitated such numbers into an icy grave. The manner in which Roman (left for dead on the road to Smolensk) was resuscitated by a party of compatriots, and the mode by which he contrived to join Victor's division, would of themselves make a much better romance than the narrative just related. It is a singular fact, however, that Ladoinski was in Smolensk *before* the arrival of Aimée, and only consented to leave it when informed that her murdered body, with the corpse of his little son, was stretched, cold and stiff, on the fatal high-road from Moscow.—Roman followed the standard of his wife's protector, when Eugene, in his viceregal dominions, made head against the Austrians, whom Ladoinski regarded as the joint-enemies with Russia of Polish independence; and when Beauharnois' successful campaign drove that prince into obscurity, Roman retired with him to the same privacy, and, peacefully occupied in the bosom of his family, determined only to resume his lance when it could immediately, and with rational prospect of success, serve the cause of his country.

THE POETRY OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—We will merely premise that we love our readers too sincerely to think of placing before them the unpronounceable names of the Hawaiian bards. Their names have nothing to do with the business. Their poetry is what is wanted, and that we are prepared to give—here it is; and, thanks to our gifted correspondent, these beautiful touches of thought and feeling have now a fair chance of finding their way into the world.

We shall set out with a burst by a reckless sort of bard, who commenced his poetical career as follows:

"RESOLUTION.

"Now, boys, I'll go it!
 I'm sure I'm a Poet!
 The gauntlet I throw it
 Down—yet why show it?
 'Tis enough that I *know* it,
 I merely cry 'blow it!'
 'T has been so—and so it
 Will be till I die!
 Here's to you, Ko-pu!
 And to you, Ko-ku!

And know that a fathomless depth may lie
 'Neath a sunlit sea, or a laughing eye!"

His next effusions prove him to have been a mad wag :

“NIGHT THOUGHTS. NO. 1.

“My wig ! how dark it is !
Now, what a lark it is
To rattle a chain,
And smash through the pane,
Bewild’ring the brain
Of the valiant and vain,
With the thought of a Vampire—
See—how they scamper !
And the old ones are hobbling,
They think, from a goblin ;
But, no ! ’tis from me,
Ha—fiddle-de-dee !
Look here !
Depend on it, terror
Is always an error :
That is, sirs, unless,
As I wish to express,
There be something to fear !”

“No. 2.

“Oft, as I lay with my head on my pillow,
I dream of the dead people under the billow,
All busy in making up baskets of willow ;
’Till, starting with terror, I roar a loud ‘hilloah !’
Then giggle to find I’ve my nose in my pillow !”

“No. 3.

“Confound the God of Love !
The odds I ne’er could know
’Twixt the cooing of a dove,
And the cawing of a crow !
But prog, if frog, or dog, or hog,
Wash’d down with any kind of grog,
Is highly interesting,
And favors freaks and jesting.
Then heedless let us rove,
Till gout is in the toe,
And our co-existent drove
Stands still, while on the go.”

By way of contrast to this facetious bard, we shall give a specimen from one whose deep pathos, and deeper bathos, demand attention from all chirping chatterers and critics—an attention hinted at by an Italian poet, who, foreseeing the fiddle-faddle hubbub which would be made in our day against the crowned chief of all the *Magazines*, has recorded, that “when Hercules lay down to rest, he ordered the grasshoppers to be silent.”

“THE END OF A JOURNEY.

“On a summer evening, when the autumn tints of vernal brilliancy lit the cloudy clearness of a winter sky, a traveller, in all the youthful energy of enfeebled age, bent his eastward gaze to the setting sun.

Venting a suppressed sigh of sorrowful exultation, he silently exclaimed as follows :

In the orient splendor of the dying eve,
When the morning dews are falling ;
The stagnant course of the meandering stream,
Murmuring soundless music,
Chimes with the sably snowy swan,
Singing her birth-day dirge ;
And 'bofe tgedder' tune the jarring soul,
To soft, discordant harmony !
What is th' unvisionary dream of life,
Where only lamentation smiles ?
The unremaining remnant of dull life,
Is like out-smoked tobacco :
Adustion, from combustion of a reeky root,
Grey, sad, and cineritious !
What profit yields mortality's sad tax ?
Voiceless Echo answers 'ax !'
The flowers are dead—and yet they stalk
About life's lifeless garden !
And now, naught blesses *all my eye*
But one vast *Betty Martin* !

Here the traveller breathed his last in an expiring groan."

" AN ADDRESS TO THE INNOCENT.

" All hail ye piggy-wiggies ! a pretty sight I vow !
To see you all surrounding the fond maternal sow !
With pardonable pride methinks I see her tittering,
To think she's made her sty, so very great a litter in !
O may these sinless little things be careful what they're at !
And imitate their mother in becoming mighty fat !
They needn't mind their minds—'tis said, although by whom I
Quite forget, the law is fixed of *sus procumbit humi*.
Farewell, ye piggy-wiggies !—farewell, a long farewell !
I really feel an appetite to see ye look so well !
And, when your treble squeak hath deepen'd to a grunt,
May no torturer or slaughterer employ a knife that's blunt !"

The same poet addresses a Cat in terms of equal beauty :—

" MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS.

" Pure spectacle of bliss maternal !
Unrivall'd, save in realms supernal !
How cheerfully could I now spurn all
Blandishments, for which men yearn all,
And scorn all crowns, except Great Britain's,
To be a Cat with fourteen kittens !"

Many abstruse, black-letter boobies may possibly sneer at these expressions of a feeling and delicate heart. But would any one of them

be able to produce anything like the poetry just quoted ? No ! Then let us hear no more complaints till we can show a poet of half the merit evinced by the Sandwichian.

“ CONJECTURES.

“ A horse, with his nose in a bag,
Is probably thinking of corn ;
A vestment, reduced to a rag,
Is likely enough t’ have been worn ;
A sceptic, who boggles at doubts,
May silently swallow a sin ;
And in politics, they who are ‘ outs,’
May possibly wish to get in.
A lady, when dressing for church,
May, perhaps, have a thought of this earth ;
A lover, when left in the lurch,
With maudlin may bother your mirth ;
A lawyer, who frowns at a fee,
May be moved by some deeper pretence ;
And a man who is hanging, can be
In a state of most painful *suspense* ! ”

“ A QUICK TRANSITION.

“ This song is a great favorite with the young girls of the Sandwich Islands. Their manner of singing it is by vocal execution, all present joining in the chorus. The air very much resembles a similar one, played by Orpheus on the Scotch bagpipe.

“ Thy Nose is the nose of all noses,
Tremendous Miss Fiddledidee !
And the spot that’s once blest by thy toes, is
Made sacred forever to me !
Behold me, low-bending before thee,
A smartly made fellow and young,
I should really be sorry to bore thee,
But love is the lord of my tongue.
Isn’t love the great business of Nature ?
Then hear this avowal from me—
By Jove ! you’re a capital creature,
Most splendid Miss Fiddledidee !
In the garden, I thought you were mateful,
But there I was out, by the Powers !
Of suicide thoughts I’ve my pate full,
I shall die in a couple of hours !
You saw me of late, when young Alice
Sate close at my side, cheek-by-jowl !
She ne’er would indulge shilly-shallies,
Or puzzle the brains of my soul !
Botheration now ! don’t I adore thee ?
Then come, thy consent let me crave ;
Or refuse, and I vow here before thee,
My beard never more will I shave.

As a man who ne'er joins in the dances,
Beholds in a ball but a bore,
So thou dost regard my advances—
Well!—my misery soon will be o'er!
Already my stomach feels queerish,
As a boy's when he's learning to spell—
Yet up! I'll forget all that's fearish—
I can splice with another as well!
Now, hated thy nondescript nose is,
Outrageous Miss Fiddledidee!
And the spot, that's once touch'd by thy toes, is
The devil's own desert to me!"

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN, K.C.B.

PART I.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—You are aware that I am in possession of what the world generally considers the highest favors of fortune. I have risen to a distinguished rank in my profession, my wealth is more than commensurate with my desires, my friends, I may say without presumption, are zealously attached to me, and all these blessings are enhanced by the enjoyment of uninterrupted good health. In the enumeration of my advantages, it may be necessary also to remind you, that my actions have not been altogether unknown. Reputation, and an honorary addition to my name, are the rewards of my achievements. Crowning "a youth of labor with an age of ease," with every comfort which can rationally be desired, it might be thought there was nothing wanting to my entire felicity. But alas! there is always something to mar our enjoyments—"some fatal remembrance—some sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike over our joys and our woes,"—and by one overwhelming evil all my blessings are rendered of no avail. When I look around me, and see my fields rich with harvests, my lawns green with verdure, and remember that they were acquired from a generous and grateful country, a pang shoots through my heart, and I feel with the writhings of humiliation and remorse, that I have not deserved its favors; that I have raised myself by a life of hypocrisy, and in short, that these honors and riches which were heaped upon me as the rewards of my bravery and resolution, have been bestowed—upon a coward—Yes, on one of the most nerveless and pusillanimous of human beings. The praises of the public, the compliments of my friends, the whole paraphernalia of my stars and ribbons, fill me with a loathing of myself. If I had really merited such encomiums, I might have felt gratified by their being so universally accorded; but as it is!—You shall hear:

My youth was the most miserable period of my existence. My unresisting and easily intimidated character, made me the slave of any one who chose to domineer over me. The school at which I was educated was to me a collection of tyrants, rather than playmates, and though I was good-tempered and attentive, and consequently a favorite with the master, I was buffeted and despised by the very youngest of the boys. The name Miss Molly, by which I was known throughout the school, sufficiently shows the estimation in which I was held; and if any trick was to be played, any ghost to be raised, any

toes to be tied at night, or any one tossed in a blanket for the amusement of the bedroom, Frizzle Pumpkin was sure to be the victim. Amidst scenes such as these, with any spirit which at first I might have possessed, entirely broken, I arrived at the age of sixteen. Thin as a whipping-post, and remarkably tall for my years, I left the scene of my miseries, and resided for some months at home. Many consultations were held as to my future destination. My father, a good easy man, spoke in favor of the church ; but my mother, who was a woman of spirit, and whose father had been an officer of considerable reputation, would hear of no other profession for me but the army. Their difference of opinion produced the result which might naturally have been expected, namely, complete submission on the part of my father ; and at last it was decided that their only hope should gain everlasting laurels as a soldier. This resolution took me entirely by surprise. My dreams at night were of nothing but wounds and blood. I thought of the certainty of being cut to pieces by some tremendous Frenchman ; resistance never entered into my calculations, and as for glory I never could imagine what was the meaning of the word. In this state of dismal foreboding my time was passed, and although I dreaded the profession to which I was doomed, still I was too much afraid of my mother's domineering temper, to protest against the choice she had made for me. A commission was speedily procured, and my fears as the day of my departure approached, amounted to agony. My uniform itself failed to animate my courage, and my sword would have remained undrawn forever, so great was my repugnance to cold iron. My mother, however, extricated it from its sheath with an impetuosity that made me tremble, and praised its make and temper with all the warmth of approval. My military troubles oppressed me beyond expression even before I left my home. The trepidation of my mind on first discharging a pistol, it is impossible to describe ; if any one has suffered shipwreck, or been spectator of an earthquake, or been bitten by a dog notoriously mad, he may form some slight idea of my feelings when I touched the trigger. Earth swam around me as I listened for the report, and a thousand lights danced before my closely-shut eyes as my senses seemed to expire in a kind of mental delirium.

All this time I must, however, inform you, my fear rested almost entirely in my mind. My outward man showed few symptoms of the internal struggle ; and I am not aware of having betrayed the intensity of my terrors on any occasion, unless by an additional paleness, and a total incapacity to speak. The day fixed for my joining the *dépôt* at last came on ; and my courage was, if possible, diminished by every hour that passed. My father, who evidently participated in my alarms, but did not dare to show them, talked, with a faltering voice and a tear in his eye, about Westminster Abbey and a peerage, and made convulsive efforts to be facetious, while it was evident his fears for my safety were only repressed by his fears of his spouse's displeasure. However, at length the moment arrived, and, after ascertaining of the driver the steadiness and good-temper of his horses, I stepped into a post-chaise, and soon found myself in the small country-town of —, where the *dépôt* of my regiment was stationed. The introduction to my brother officers it is useless to describe. Most of them were young and inexperienced like myself ; but, unlike me, they were all filled, to overflowing, with enthusiasm for the service, and anticipations of future glory. Our time was spent in the usual way that time is spent by military officers in a

country town. The post-office was regularly visited after parade ; an old billiard-table, with a considerable part of the cloth remaining, was a resource for two or three hours ; and lounging from one end of the main street to the other, showing ourselves and feathers to the best advantage, constituted all the rest of our employment. My fears now began gradually to abate. There was no immediate prospect of our being ordered on foreign service, and the routine of my existence became more agreeable in the exact proportion that I found it less dangerous than I had expected.

As the town of — is situated on a river, many parties were of course formed for boating, and when the weather grew warm, for bathing also. I had always had a horror of the water ; but as I was aware that accidents might occur, however carefully guarded against, I lost no time in providing myself with a sustaining belt. In spite, however, of this precaution—and I was assured it was amply sufficient to support two men in the water—I most sedulously avoided joining my messmates in any of their excursions. I was considered quiet and shy, but in general, I believe, I was rather liked than otherwise—so my excuses were taken, and I was left to follow my own inclinations in peace. One day, when I was walking quietly by the side of the river, in considerable dread that some cows which were feeding in the meadow might be attracted by my coat, I came on a branch of the stream, forming a large water tank through the field ; and over this, which was of considerable width, a plank laid across, acted as a bridge. As I was carefully stepping along this rickety pathway, I was arrested by the shouts of my regimental friends, who were amusing themselves, as the day was oppressively warm, by bathing in this secluded part of the river. I stopped on the plank, and watched their motions for some time, and I could not help envying them their courage in trusting themselves so carelessly as they did into the very deepest part of the stream. Not for all the wealth of India could I have prevailed on myself (guarded as I was with the sustaining belt, which I constantly wore) to have done the same. There was horror in the very thought ; and I was going to continue my walk across the ditch, and retire from so dangerous a vicinity, when I was thrilled by a cry of agony from the water beneath where I stood. I looked down, and in the very mouth of the ditch of which I have spoken, I saw Jack Wharton, the liveliest and kindest-hearted of our set, evidently in the greatest danger. He had crept quietly under the sedges at the side, in order to come upon me by surprise ; but unluckily, on arriving almost under the bridge, he was seized with the cramp in both legs. He looked up to me in the greatest despair.—“ Save me, save me ! ” he cried in an agony—“ Oh ! save me ! ” and sunk below the water, apparently quite exhausted. A thousand thoughts rushed into my brain—I saw his head and pale brow, after coming up for a moment, go down a second time,—a dimness fell upon my eyes, a faintness came over my spirit, and, in the intensity of my apprehension, I lost my balance and fell into the hole where my poor friend was struggling. A little recalled to my recollection by the plunge, I grasped convulsively at the nearest object, and, supported by my belt, I made directly for the land. Instinctively I clambered up the bank, still clenching the object I had seized in the water. I just saw it was the arm of poor Wharton, and that I had saved him—when again my terrors overcame me, and I fainted.

When I recovered my senses, I was saluted with shouts of “ bravo, •

bravo !” Slowly I opened my eyes, and found myself surrounded by my friends ; Wharton was still chafing my temples, and calling me his deliverer, and pouring forth the most profuse expressions of his gratitude. Though still shuddering at my narrow escape, I expressed in a few words my happiness at having been the instrument of his preservation, but I told him at the same time, with truth, that my exertions had scarcely been voluntary, and that as I was quite unable to swim, it was only overpowering necessity which obliged me to plunge into the river. The fame of this exploit soon spread through the somewhat contracted circle of the town of — ; my total ignorance of swimming enhanced the merit of my heroic contempt of danger, and for a week or two I was quite the lion of all the parties in the neighborhood. But my gallantry, as it was termed, had a more enduring memorial than the applauses of the beaux and belles of —. The officers, at that time in the dépôt, presented me with a handsome snuff-box, on which is an inscription, testifying their high opinion of my merit in plunging in, at the imminent risk of my life, to the assistance of a brother officer.— This box I of course still preserve, and although it is nearly thirty years since the adventure took place, I can scarcely now look on that complimentary testimony to my courage without a blush.

Young Wharton after that became the warmest of my friends ; but in my intercourse with him, there was always on my side a feeling of embarrassment. My conscience would not allow me to accept the gratitude which he offered, and my pride would not allow me to confess to him the real circumstances of the case. This struggle within myself produced a coldness in my behavior, and I saw that the boy was mortified and disappointed, that his warm advances were so indifferently received. At length, though it was evident he longed for an opportunity to show his affection for his preserver, as he still thought and called me, he desisted from cultivating any greater intimacy than had previously subsisted between us. I was now considered among my friends a person whose courage was only equaled by his modesty ; and an idea began to be spread that I was so reckless of life, in the pursuit of fame, that under the melancholy and quietness of a Jacques, I concealed the spirit and ambition of a Hotspur.

I shall not trouble you with the further details of our residence at —, nor need I describe to you the terror which fell upon me with threefold force from the hopes I had fondly indulged of security, when a despatch came down for us to join our regiment, which was just ordered abroad. Our march was conducted without any remarkable occurrence ; and in the highest possible order, with the steadiness and regularity of veteran campaigners, our new levies made a most imposing appearance when united for the first time to the main body of the regiment, upon parade. Forces had been collected from all quarters, and concentrated at Portsmouth. Our destination was not as yet known, and my fears were accordingly divided between the sabres of the French and the murderous rifles of the Yankees. We were detained for upwards of a fortnight by contrary winds, and I confess to you that my prayers were most fervent and sincere, that the weathercock might never change its direction. At last, however, a calm succeeded to the tempest which had restrained us so long ; the transports were anchored as near to the shore as possible, and on the 17th day of —, in the year —, for I love to be particular in my dates, I bade adieu to the shores of England. The voyage left me ample time for

serious reflection. I was conscious of my own utter cowardice ; I was aware that on the very first occasion of danger I should disgrace myself ; and I need scarcely inform you that my spirits, naturally placid, were by no means elevated by the contemplation of my future prospects. The mirth of my companions grated harshly on my ears. I could scarcely believe that their anxiety to meet the enemy was not feigned,—and yet disagreeable as the passage was, I could never persuade myself to wish for its conclusion. Our destination we now found was——. The enemy were known to have made every preparation for our approach, and even the bravest of my messmates, though they were doubtful for a moment of ultimate success, expressed their anticipations of tremendous loss in forcing our way to land. The night before we expected to come to an anchor, my forebodings of evil would not allow me to rest in my cot ; I therefore went on deck, and leant despondingly against the mast. The moon was high in heaven, groups of soldiers were lying on the boards, apparently asleep, and the only moving objects on the scene were the few sailors attending to the necessary operations of the vessel. With a sort of desperate resolution I had determined to rush upon death and put an end to my tormenting fears at once,—I had summoned to my aid all that I had ever heard or read of heroic achievement, and having thus made up my mind for the worst that could befall me, I sunk into a state of calm and almost self-devoting despair. I was interrupted in my reverie by a voice at my side—"Pumpkin !" it said, "what a glorious moon !" I turned round, and saw young Wharton gazing intently upon the bright planet ; and in my life I think I never saw so beautiful an expression in any one's face as at that moment in his. Languidly I looked upwards to the same object, and said in a low and subsided whisper, "Yes, very."—"Why, you seem in low spirits, considering the noble prospect we have before us."

Never, you will believe me, could it enter into my calculations, that any one would describe the hateful certainty of going into battle as a noble prospect. I accordingly thought he was expressing his admiration of the scenery.

"Such contemplations," I said, "are by no means calculated to raise the spirits. There is something so awful and sublime in the motions of the mighty host now marshaled in such beautiful array within our view, that the mind sinks under it, and admiration is strongly mingled with awe."

"That may be the case," he replied, "to a philosopher, but I never knew anything of philosophy, and never shall. All that I know or care for is this—that all our operations are regulated by the commander-in-chief ; obedience is all we can give, and if you and I are lucky, we shall perhaps be captains within the week."

This soon recalled me to the horrors of my situation ; I painted to myself the contempt with which every one, even the warm-hearted boy who looked to me now with admiration and esteem, would regard me after to-morrow's fight. My dogged resolution, prompted by my despair, almost gave way, and I was undecided whether or not it would be better to ease my conscience by confessing the truth to my friend, and rushing at once upon the disclosure which every hour became more hideous to me by delay. That it was inevitable, I did not doubt. I had no high feeling to support me, and I would gladly have exchanged honor, hopes, and reputation, for safety and oblivion. If I could

have instantly got to a distance after the confession, I should not have put it off one moment,—but to be pointed at, jeered, laughed at, ridiculed, spurned, despised,—it was too much,—and I resolved to wait patiently the course of events, and not precipitate my disgrace by a premature discovery.

“We shall have bloody work of it at all events, and a glorious victory, whoever lives to see it. We shall first have to stand the fire of all the batteries in going ashore; and after we land, we shall be attacked by the whole army of the enemy drawn up on the coast,—bullets will be as plentiful as peas in August, and our regiment will have its full share, as we shall most likely be pushed first to land.”

“Indeed?” I said, as you may imagine with no diminution of my dislike to honorable service—“that arrangement strikes me to be very unfair. The rest of the troops”——

“Spoken like yourself: you are always so kind and considerate—why, it may be their turn next time, and they should not grumble if we step for once before them, into the field of glory.”

“Oh no, I have no doubt they don’t envy our situation in the least. For my own part, if I were in their place”——

“You would be in a devil of a passion at being kept behind—But however I expect great things from you to-morrow. I shall be very happy if I can only follow your example. The eyes of the whole regiment are upon you, and all of us expect something quite out of the way.”

“They will most probably not be disappointed,” I said with a bitter consciousness—“I have no doubt they will see many things to amaze them.”

“How? have you fixed on any plan? That you will distinguish yourself, I have no doubt; but if in doing so you require the assistance of another, my sword, my life, which I owe to your intrepidity, is at your service.”

My feelings became bitterer and more irritable every instant that our conference lasted. I hated the brave young fellow who thus offered everything in his power to aid my reputation; for you may be sure your true coward hates no man for anything so much as for his courage. While I was musing on the difference between our dispositions, he again asked me most earnestly by what means I hoped to render myself distinguished?

Worked into a state of frenzy by this harping on what was to me the most disagreeable subject in the world; hating the army, him, myself, and all the universe, I grasped him by the arm, and said slowly and distinctly—“By exposing myself! Mark my words, and remember that I have told you.”

Having made this confession, I let his arm go; and as I slowly turned away to hide my agony and humiliation, instead of his eyes being turned on me with the contempt I deserved, they were fixed with look of generous enthusiasm.

“For God’s sake,” he whispered, “do not expose yourself too much—but wherever you are, I shall be at your side. God bless you, good night.”

Day came at length, and land was descried at the distance of less than twenty miles. Expectation was raised to the utmost height. Officers were busied in all parts of the vessel gazing intently through their telescopes. For myself, I felt no curiosity. I knew that all

places were alike to me, and I remained amidst that busy and inspiring scene, in apathy and silence. Every minute revealed to us more distinctly the features of the shore. An abrupt hill, at a little distance from the sea, thickly studded with trees and brushwood, was crowned by a battery apparently of considerable size. To the right of this a thickly-wooded district stretched out as far as the eye could reach, while on the left a level country was spread to an immense extent, and admirably adapted for the manœuvres of an army. The object of our chiefs, we could easily divine, would be to seize the commanding height, and we could not doubt that so important a station would be defended to the last. Exclamations of joy and delight burst from the gazers as the scene gradually unfolded its beauties. The height was evidently manned by a very strong detachment, while large masses of infantry were distinguishable on the plain. To an unprejudiced eye the coup-d'œil would have been wonderfully striking, while no inconsiderable part of the beauty of the prospect would have been derived from the transports and ships of war covering the whole sea with a white cloud of canvass. Every heart except my own bounded with animation ; but, alas ! with me the sensation was only one of increased misery and despondence.

Two frigates were sent forward to demolish the battery, and cover the landing of the troops. How nobly this service was performed it is needless for me to mention,—the noise of the cannon sunk me into tenfold confusion ; the smoke rose in dense wreaths, and under cover of the bombardment, the boats pushed to land. Of my own behavior, I can give you no account. Listening only to the thunder of the artillery, thinking, I suppose, of nothing, but in a state of complete torpor and bewilderment, I took my station in the boat. We soon found ourselves drawn up on the shore ; and a shout, which for a moment drowned the roaring of the guns, showed the enthusiasm of our men, and the success of our enterprise.

Mechanically I marched along with the others — rushed up the hillock of which I have spoken, and after a melee mingled with many horrid sounds, half-maddened with groans, shrieks, shoutings, and exclamations of every tone and nature, I found myself alone. Awakened a little from my amazement, by this appalling discovery, I looked around me. Our troops had pushed most gallantly up the hill, but just as some of the foremost had crowned it, a large reinforcement of the enemy met them at the top, and by overwhelming numbers, repulsed us with incredible slaughter. How it occurred I have never been able to guess—but alone, on the hostile side of the hillock, cut off from our own forces, the bravest might have been excused for giving himself up for lost. I saw no possibility of escape, unless by concealing myself in the thicket to the right, and I accordingly directed my course to the nearest clump. Suddenly the earth was shaken beneath my feet, and on looking round to the place from which the noise proceeded, I saw a charge of our own cavalry which had deployed round the base of the height, upon a regiment of the enemy's light horse, stationed under its cover. The fate of the attack was not long doubtful. The enemy began to waver, and in a short time a complete rout took place. Horses in great numbers, wild and unmanageable, rushed past me on every side. In momentary expectation of being cleft by some retreating horseman, or trodden to death by the hoofs of his charger,

I shrieked and hallooed, but luckily the enemy were generally more frightened than myself.

In the despair of the moment, although from my childhood in the utmost terror of trusting myself on horseback, I determined, as the only chance of avoiding being ridden over, to seize some masterless charger, and trust to good fortune for the rest. I luckily soon caught one as it galloped past me, and climbed into the saddle. In an instant the horse continued its flight, and badly as at all times I rode, and half delirious as I was with alarm, I rejoiced to see that its speed would soon get me out of the crowd. Intently anxious to preserve my seat, I clung with desperate energy to the mane, and unfortunately my sword, which I still retained in my hand, was jerked by the tossing of my career against my face, and inflicted this ghastly wound, of which you see the mark upon my brow. My horse with untired speed continued its flight, and was evidently gaining rapidly upon those who had fled before. In particular, I saw I was following exactly in the track of an old officer, evidently of distinction, whose horse gave tokens of fatigue. The blood, I perceived, was trickling from several wounds it had received, and I began to be dreadfully alarmed that its rider, when I should overtake him, would blow out my brains with the pistols at his holsters. In this state I managed to catch hold of the reins, but alas ! I found that I had little power in reducing my horse's speed. Just, however, as I got up with the officer I so much dreaded, I succeeded in checking my terrified animal, and assumed something approaching to an upright seat. The officer seeing me at his side, and recognising the English uniform, pulled up his horse at the same time. "The fortune of war is yours," he said,—“I yield myself prisoner.” Saying this, he bowed, and presented me his sword. Bewildered with the whole adventure, and scarcely believing the reality of my safety, I bowed in return, and took advantage of the stop to which my horse had come to turn him round in hopes of rejoining our own forces. My prisoner, who was wounded and fatigued, rode dejectedly at my side. I confess I was under considerable alarm lest he should retract his surrender, and perhaps turn the tables upon his captor. But luckily he entertained no such idea. Our cavalry had gone on in pursuit of the main body of the fugitives, and we still saw them, though at a great distance, furiously engaged. Of the fate of the battery and forces on the hillock, I was of course ignorant, and was in prodigious alarm lest I should fall into the enemy's hands before rejoining our army on the beach. My fears, however, were vain. On rounding the eminence, still accompanied by my prisoner, we found ourselves in presence of the victorious British force. My face being covered with clotted gore, and being altogether excited by my terrors to a degree of fever, my appearance must have created some surprise among our troops. By good fortune I rode up to the station of my own regiment, where I had been long given up for lost. The joy of my companions was warmly and loudly expressed, and I soon was observed by the General, who happened at that moment to be passing along the line. His acute eye saw immediately how affairs were placed. He called me to him, inquired my name and rank, and complimented me highly on my behavior. My prisoner, in order I suppose to account for his own surrender, related some wonderful instances of my valor ; and his rank being no less than lieutenant-general of the enemy, added no little reputation to my exploit. The issue of this battle, so far as I am

concerned, is soon told. I was raised to a captaincy on the spot, and sent home with the despatches. In the general's account of the engagement, the following passage occurred:—"Allow me also to recommend to your notice Captain Frizzle Pumpkin, the bearer of this despatch. Throughout the affair his conduct was the admiration of the whole army. Alone and surrounded by the enemy, he dismounted a trooper, sprung on his charger, and succeeded, in the face of his own forces, in capturing and securing Lieutenant-General the Baron De ——. I consider myself indebted to his calm yet daring courage, for raising the spirits of the troops to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and I regret it is not in my power to bestow on him a reward adequate to his transcendent merits."

MY FIRST CONFESSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD," ETC.

[LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.]—Yes! said I one morning, as I whisked off my *bonnet de nuit*, and jumped out of bed; great men have written confessions ere now, and given them to the world to be read over, and why should not I? Am I not a great man? Am I not Peter Peregrine Periwinkle, Esq., five feet eight inches without shoes, the *beau idéal* height of frail humanity? Do not my intellectual faculties rise superior to my animal ones! and if my Number One is rather large, will not my Number Two look with affectionate kindness on its excesses? Have I not a head like other men, and, barring brains, which now-a-days are not requisite, why should not I confess with the best of them, dream with the best of them, romance with the best, and fib with the best of them? By Jupiter's brows, but I will. If my head is empty, my heart is full: and my tongue has at the last thirteen parts out of fourteen to prattle. Everything that is necessary for writing I possess. If I'm not nervous, I'm noisy. If I'm not fluent, I'm fluid, and write I will, so help me the "gentleman in black"—or the lawyer that outwitted the said "gentleman," by throwing him into Chancery! But what shall I confess?—ay, there lies the rub!

The world affects at this period to be particularly honest and humble-minded: every man prefaces a piece of special impertinence with, "according to my humble opinion;" and boasts whilst he is attempting to pick your pockets, "that though he's poor, he's honest." So I will do the same—I will confess that I am like the rest of mankind, the son of a woman—that I'll simper, growl, fight, and pick pockets with any one, because, according to my "humble opinion," "though I'm poor, I'm honest." Here goes then—but, firstly, let me state, I will disclose no immoral delinquencies; no, my confessions will be of a rambling scrambling nature, youthful follies, fancies, and propensities; therefore to those who may expect any anecdotes of scandal, I say—"go about your business;" they who expect journeys to the moon, may go there themselves; and all other sort of star-gazers, moon-rakers, and heaven disturbers, may muffle their heads in the clouds, and tickle their imaginations with the tail of the comet that lately made its appearance.

This my first confession is a foolish one (I doubt whether all are not so). Love, the universal passion, was the cause; and a moping, melancholy, inconsiderate attachment to six beautiful faces almost drove

me to distraction. Shall I describe them?—No! My pen must be dipt in the sun-beams ere it could be sufficiently warm or glowing. Their names were Mary! Maria! Martha! Isadore! Isabella! and Inez! Mary was a brunette, Maria a coquette, and Martha a pirouette, for she almost danced my life out! Isadore was languishing, Isabella stately and sentimental, and Inez somewhat dull in the upper story, as I could never make her understand any of the hints I gave her, and they were as hot as salamanders at times. Six loves! all at one time, were enough for any reasonable man; but the fact was, I thought six strings to the bow better than one; what the ladies thought of their beau the sequel will inform you. I was sadly puzzled at times how to act; I luted to one, sang to another, vowed to a third, swore to a fourth, fell on my knees to a fifth, and almost sighed my soul away to the sixth. I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, nor wake: I was between dreaming and reality; or, like Garrick, between tragedy and comedy: constant fear and trembling were my portion, for I expected every moment a thunder storm, lest some one of the six should find me out waiving vows to any one of the others. Unfortunately this never took place; unfortunately, I say, and you will think so too ere the conclusion. Well, I did not get on very fast in the affections of any of them. I swore to Mary! the golden hue of her countenance was perfection; to Maria! that I detested flirting, and loved constancy; to Martha! that beautiful ankles ought to be made use of, and that dancing was my delight, although I hated it most cordially; with Isadore! I was billing and cooing; with Isabelle! most devoted and full of reverence; and with Inez! everything, and all to no purpose. No; these “ways and means” had no visible effect. I was a favorite, but nothing more. Heaven knows I would have married any, or, like the Irishman, all of them; but had I obtained one, I should have “ceased my funning,” and been a very constant swain. It is necessary that I should inform you that I am very bashful! “*mauvaise honte*” is the spell that prevents my promotion in life; and in this case it did particularly prevent it. I looked a thousand unutterable things; but as ladies like them *uttered*, as well as *looked*, my destiny was doubtful—what could I do? How should I act? Every hour was growing more serious, for the whole six had formed a most singular attachment to each other, and I was fearful the secret would soon be elicited. I became desperate, and was determined to pop the question to one of them at least. But in the mean time a lucky day arrived, the day so celebrated in the annals of love, and for the maledictions of the post-office assistants; Valentine’s day arrived! “O, Valentine! thou God of courting,” said I, “I never could write a line of poetry in my life, but by Cupid, I will, I’ll write to all six!” I tried—the first line I wrote had a foot minus—the next had one too many! By dint of perseverance I managed the matter more decently; and at last wrote six valentines, six whole valentines! reader, and here they are to any tune you may be pleased to sing them:—

TO MARY.

Mary! are not thine eyes divine?
 They shine like suns upon me;
 I needs must worship at their shrine,
 For ah! they have undone me.
 Mary! thy gentle cheek that glows,
 And brow that burns upon me,

My First Confession.

Have told me that my heart o'erflows
With love that has undone me !

Mary ! thy glossy ringlets stray
Across thy bosom's whiteness,
Which, radiant as the starry ray,
Glow with celestial brightness.
And Mary ! I must e'en confess,
My lip longs to be prest to thine,
Be blest by thee, as it would bless
Thee ever, my sweet Valentine !

P. P. P.

TO MARIA.

May every day and every hour
Fade fast and fleet away,
May every fragrant summer flower
Fade, fade as fast as they !
May all things fade, if they but bring
A day so blest as this to me,
When, buoyant on Love's sunny wing,
I waft my ardent thoughts to thee !
And tell thee, in these lines of mine,
Thou art my gentle Valentine !

Thou know'st I've loved, oh ! long and true
As sunlight is to summer skies,
To worship but thy rosy hue,
To bask me in thy starry eyes !
Thou know'st I've long'd like any bee
To taste those ruby lips of thine ;
Then, blest and bright one ! haste to me,
My own, true, virgin Valentine !

P. P. P.

TO MARTHA.

Let the bee sip every flower that blooms,
And steal its sweetness all away,
Let every star the night illumines
Refuse to shed its crystal ray,
I should not care so thou wast given
To give thy precious sweets to me ;
Thou'dst be my star, my flower, my heaven,
As, Martha ! I would be to thee !
Then turn thee, turn thee to my arms,
Nor let me for thy favor pine,
But folding close thy hallow'd charms,
Exclaim, " my own true Valentine !"
Think on the waltz in which we twined
In unison the limb and soul,
Think on the looks which were design'd
To captivate with bliss the whole.
Think on the circling maze we ran,
The elastic bound, the pirouette !
The "*j' ne sçais quoi*" behind the fan,
The—what I never can forget—

Love beckons ! hither haste away !
 Young Hymen waves his torch divine,
 Can'st thou the summons disobey ?
 Ah, no ! my own loved Valentine !

P. P. P.

So far, thought we, very well ! Mind, I say *we*, from a sense of modesty—merely to avoid the charge of egotism. We flattered ourselves that three of them, all ending in “Valentine,” were done in no ordinary style, capital hits, in good taste, and quite uncommon. But, ye gods ! three more are still behind, and all to end—no, not all in “Valentine” neither, and all on the same subject ; it would exhaust the nine muses ! What shall we do ? Do our best, to be sure, and leave the rest to fortune ; stick to bees and flowers, and lips and eyes, and cheeks and kisses, and brows and bosoms ; talk of Cupid's gunpowder, Hymen's patent percussion and copper caps : no determination could be better, so we went to work again as follows :—

TO ISADORE.

O Isadore ! O Isadore !
 'Tis thou that must impart
 E'en sunshine on a desert shore,
 To warm the desert heart.
 Yea, shed around, beneath, above,
 Thy form, thy voice, thy look of love,
 And blunt the barbed dart,
 With which thou'st wounded me full sore ;
 O heal the wound, sweet Isadore !

The flowers may shed their fragrance round,
 But oh ! in vain for me,
 Fragrance and bloom alone abound,
 Sweet Isadore, with thee !
 I care not whether madness come
 To sear my strength, destroy my bloom,
 Frantic and fearfully,
 If thou should'st ever, in thy wrath,
 Strew dust and ashes in my path.

I love to muse on thee by night,
 When stars are up on high ;
 It is my solace and delight
 To think thou'rt ever nigh—
 For all the bright, the beautiful,
 Makes memory e'er of thee so full,
 'Tis blissful, though I sigh ;
 Oh ! I will talk, dream, find relief
 “E'en in my bitterness of grief.”

P. P. P.

Thus much for our languishing heroine, thought we—'twill just do ; all love, madness, and melancholy—dust and ashes, grief and relief ! Bravo ! here goes for the fifth time of—no, no, 'twill be too much of a good thing, and I shall leave my reader to guess at the nature of the remaining two. When we came to the sixth and last, we exclaimed, “thank Heaven ! this is a finisher ;” and they finished us surely enough.

Pray, reader, didst thou ever experience the delights of a lover's expectations? Such palpitations and tremblings, anticipations and heart-burnings! Such visionary dreams of happiness, such quaffings of the delicious nectar of bliss in our own imagination; such passionate exclamations of "Oh!" that ponderous monosyllable, with our hearts at the end of it; such a want of appetite and want of sleep; such low spirits and high hopes; such melancholy mopings with the owls; such optical surveys of the moon and the stars, of the butcher's cleaver and Orion's belt; of the planet Mars (ourselves of course), and of Venus (our beloved); such languid looks, and love-lorn longings; such, such,—

It was exactly two days and six hours after despatching our said epistles, when we received a most enchanting note from Maria. We kissed the seal ere we broke it, and read, almost overpowered with rapture, an invitation for a Vesperian *tête-à-tête*, with a tender compliment for our poetical address. To dress was the work of a moment, and to get well-dressed the work of another. We made use of our "union" hair-brush with the hand of a Hyppolite; we put the white stock on our neck with trembling nerves, tied the ribbons of our shoes in true lovers' knots, and with a palpitating heart were ushered into the "boudoir" of our beloved and adored Maria, where she received us, surrounded by the solitude of her own beauty, dispensing her smiles upon us, till we blushed as crimson as the cleft pomegranate. "Peregrine," said she, "you are a flattering fellow, but I don't believe you; you men were born to—" here her speech was cut short by the entrance of Martha; she bowed profoundly, rosed charmingly, and looked tenderly. About a minute after entered Mary; she nodded to me playfully—we began to grow a little nervous; and when three more, like minute guns, came into the room, we turned very white about the gills, felt a little uncomfortable; remarked that "the room was rather warm;" could not help thinking of Falstaff and his horns in Windsor Forest, but were relieved a little by Inez, who looked unutterable things—thought her vastly stupid, nevertheless, and wished any five of them in Abraham's bosom. An awful silence ensued, sly smiles played like summer lightnings about, but we expected them forked every moment. At last Maria asked Martha "whether the day so celebrated in the annals of love had passed away harmless as far as she was concerned?" She simpered, and smiled, and smirked, and giggled, and laughed, and tittered, and trifled, and paused, and, and, and at last brought forth a little poetical "*billet doux*," which she said she had received from an impertinent swain; and volunteered to read it to them, which she did in the most wily manner imaginable, till she came to our name, when she exclaimed, "Is this from you, Mr. Peter Peregrine Periwinkle—I perceive your signature subscribed to it?" We looked with the most consummate effrontery, begged to be spared expressing the sensibility of our feelings. A general exclamation of "humph!" was the reply, and out popped another "*billet*" from the reticule of Mary; 'twas read, and the unfortunate name of *Peter Peregrine Periwinkle* at the bottom of it. Not a word was spoken—we stood and stared, like a statue immovable: we saw the stratagem in a moment; we had made game of them, and now they made game of us, and well kept we were ere the other four epistles were read, for they were read, and when concluded, a general laugh ensued. "You monster!" exclaimed one; "You fiddlestick!" cried another; "You

barbarous deceiver !” voiced a third ; “ You man ! ” (we knew that) shouted a fourth ; “ You, you, you ! ” screamed a fifth ; and “ Be-gone ! ” exclaimed a sixth ; and no sooner said than done—we were “ gone in a moment.” One stride to the door—another through the hall, and a third into the street, and home we shot in true Bertram fashion. We threw ourselves on a sofa, and exclaimed, “ done brown by Jove ! ” We soon recovered this, but not so quickly the eternal roastings of our friends. The fair ladies, we must say, treated us with the greatest mercy ; but ’twas no longer “ Peregrine Periwinkle,” the favored “ Peregrine”—it was “ Mr. P. P. Periwinkle,” with the most cautionary emphasis. How long this would have continued we know not, as we soon after left the scene of our disgrace. This was our first folly, and ’tis our first confession ; and may you, dear reader, reap the benefit of it ; for depend upon it, six at a time are too much for the most ambitious. There is wisdom in a multitude of counsellors, but not so in the tender affections. The sun may have many rays, and dispense his ardent glances on all. He was made for many, not for one ! But man must just be the reverse. He must concentrate the rays of his heart into a focus, which is the solitary and undivided affection of a woman’s. Let him do this, and he will be respected and happy. Let him do the contrary, and he will become the wild Arab of society ; his eye upon every one, and every one’s eye in contempt upon him.

WEBER AND DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

[QUARTERLY REVIEW.]—In 1821, the newly-erected Royal Opera at Berlin was opened with “ Der Freyschütz.” The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic opera, which we shall never cease to regard as one of the proudest achievements of genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised Weber’s name at once to the first eminence in operatic composition. In January it was played in Dresden, in February at Vienna, and everywhere with the same success.—Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amid the general enthusiasm. He pursued his studies quietly, and was already deeply engaged in the composition of a comic opera, “ The Three Pintos,” never completed, and had accepted a commission for another of a romantic cast for the Vienna stage. The text was at first to have been furnished by Rellstab, but was ultimately written by Madame de Chezy, and written in so imperfect and impracticable a style, that, with all Rellstab’s alterations, never had a musician more to contend with than poor Weber had to do with this old French story. As it is, however, he has caught the spirit of the tale.

“ Dance and Provençal song, and vintage mirth,”

breathed in his melodies ; and although a perplexed plot and want of interest in the scene greatly impaired its theatrical effect, the approbation with which it was notwithstanding received by all judges of music on its first representation in Vienna (10th Oct., 1823), sufficiently attested the triumph of the composer over his difficulties. He was repeatedly called for and received with the loudest acclamations. From Vienna, where he was conducting his *Euryanthe*, he was summoned to Prague, to superintend the fiftieth representation of his “ Freyschütz.” His tour resembled a triumphal procession ; for, on

his return to Dresden, he was greeted with a formal public reception in the theatre.

But while increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst his anxious and multiplied duties. "Would to God," says he in a letter written shortly afterwards—"Would to God that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday!" Meantime a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him, and "the slow minings of the hectic fire" within began to manifest themselves more visibly in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an opera for Covent Garden Theatre. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the north of Germany (where his *Freyschütz* was played in 1823) to England, induced the managers to offer him liberal terms for an opera on the subject of *Oberon*, the well-known fairy tale on which Wieland has reared his fantastic, but beautiful and touching comic Epos. He received the first act of Planché's manuscript in December, 1824, and forthwith began his labors, though he seems to have thought that the worthy managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step towards its composition, on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which, Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr. Planché's ephemeral verses to his own immortal music. These exertions increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering-place in the summer of 1825. In December he returned to Berlin, to bring out his *Euryanthe* there in person. It was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the *Freyschütz*, the wild and characteristic music of which, came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labors at *Oberon*.

The work, finally, having been completed, Weber determined himself to be present at the representation of this his last production. He hoped, by his visit to London, to realize something for his wife and family; for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had, indeed, by unceasing exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering near him, and threatening with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a nearer and nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definitive arrangement relative to an opera which the Parisians had long requested from him.

On the 2d of March he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th amidst a heavy shower of rain—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited on by the officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as everything would be managed for him. On the 6th he writes to his wife from London:

"God be thanked! here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at

home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well ; what more or what better could I wish for ? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage, drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning, through this inexpressibly beautiful country : meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes (among others, the largest ship of the line, of 143 guns), the graceful country houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where everything that could add to his comfort, or soothe his illness, had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visitors who had called before his arrival, and a splendid pianoforte in his room from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine till five—then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly ; and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (*Oberon*), I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the *Oberon* is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later ; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more done for him out of love ; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one ; for eight days it disappeared entirely ; then, upon the 3d (of March), a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink everything, and it does not come. But be it as God will.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent Garden, where *Rob Roy*, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, Weber ! Weber is here !—and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamor of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the *Freyschütz* was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again. Fortunately, soon after the overture, *Rob Roy* began, and gradually things became quiet.—Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love ? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honor. And now, my dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play *Reiza* divinely ; Braham not

less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors ; and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of Oberon."

The final production of the drama, however, was attended with more difficulty than he had anticipated. He had the usual prejudices to overcome, particular singers to conciliate, alterations to make, and repeated rehearsals to superintend, before he could inspire the performers with the proper spirit of the piece.

"Braham," says he, "in another of his confidential letters to his wife (29th March, 1826), "begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible ; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done ; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do ? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle. * * * * So, the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out victory !"

The battle was, indeed, nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had long been wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. He records his triumph with a mixture of humility, gratitude, affection, and piety.

12th April, 1826.—"My best beloved Caroline ! Through God's grace and assistance, I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it ! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted with huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on enacting the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. * * * So much for this night, dear life. From your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace until he had communicated to you this new blessing of heaven. Good night."

But his joy was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his traveling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his Oberon in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited.—His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which, from causes which we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone.

17th April, 1826.—"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark, yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a

ruddy point, in the clouds. No : there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz, and the clear air, is indescribable. But patience,—patience,—one day rolls on after another ; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr. Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it. * * * * *

"To-morrow is the first representation of my (so called) rival's opera, 'Aladdin.' I am very curious to see it. Bishop is a man of talent, though of no peculiar invention. I wish him every success. There is room enough for all of us in the world."

"30th May.—Dearest Lina, excuse the shortness and hurry of this. I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already too impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort—*poste restante*. You are surprised ? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there—I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms.

"If God will, we shall leave this on the 12th of June, if Heaven will vouchsafe to me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father Charles."

This letter, the last but one he ever wrote, shows the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavors to keep up the spirits of his family by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th of June he was to have been present at the Freyschütz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London forever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England, was dated the 2d of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavors to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

"As this letter will need no answer, it will be short enough. Need no answer ! Think of that ! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner—huzza ! God bless you all and keep you well ! O were I only among you ! I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On Friday, the 3d of June, he felt so ill that the idea of his attending at the representation of "Der Freyschütz" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at 11 o'clock in good spirits, and at 7 next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

He was interred on the 21st, with the accustomed solemnities of the Catholic Church, in the chapel at Moorsfield, the Requiem of Mozart being introduced into the service.

In person, Weber is described as having been of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and full. His usual look was one of calm placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.

CONFESSIONS OF A COWARD.

"A coward! a most devout coward! religious in it!"—*Twelfth Night*.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Anything in reason will I adventure for a lady's love—circumnavigate the terraqueous globe with Mr. Buckingham—sail with Captain Parry to the North Pole—fast with Mr. Perceval—pass an hour in an oven with M. Chabert—suffer myself to be rubbed by Mr. St. John Long—or read Moore's *Life of Byron* from cover to cover—but stand an adversary's fire at Battersea Fields, or Chalk Farm—that I will not do! No!—the power of woman I own, but her omnipotence I deny; or, as I once poetically expressed it—

Beauty's bright heaven has many a starry eye,
Shines many a radiant orb in Beauty's sky;
But well I ween there glitters not the dame,
Whose glance could fire me with a warrior's flame;
Not Loveliness herself, with all her charms,
Could nerve my spirit to a deed of arms.

Yes, truly! such are my sentiments; and you see they can be couched in rhyme, as well as the most valorous and knightly. Were Venus to be the guerdon of the achievement, I would not exchange a shot with any lord or gentleman in the king's dominions. I will do anything for Beatrice but challenge Claudio. Whether I shall ever be "crowned," or not, is uncertain; but certes it will never be for "deserts in arms;" and as to the "bubble reputation," if ever I seek it, rely on it, it will be somewhere else than "in the cannon's mouth"—ay, or the pistol's mouth either. A pistol differs from a cannon only as a young lion differs from an old one; and I would just as soon be devoured by the king of the forest himself, as by a younger branch of the royal family. No pistol for me! I hold it, with honest David in the play, to be a "bloody-minded animal;" and the much-abused nobleman, who several hundred years ago remarked,

—that it was great pity—so it was—
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly—

took a view of military affairs in which I concur with all my heart, soul, and strength.

It may be asked, how I dare to make an avowal so certain to bring down upon my head the sentence of outlawry from every fashionable

circle. "Do I not know," it will be said, "that to the lovely and the brave the character I give of myself is equally detestable?—that I had better be known in polite society as a traitor or a parricide, than as a craven in the field, much less a person who would prefer the most inglorious compromise imaginable to a mortal arbitrement at twelve paces?" A reasonable question, gentle reader! But, if you wait to the end of these Confessions, you will find an answer; you will see that, communicative as I am on other points, with respect to my "local habitation and my name" I am as mysterious as the Man in the Iron Mask, or one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes. This, however, I assure you—I am not the First Lord of the Admiralty.

In perfect confidence, then, I proceed to inform you, that courage is to me the most inexplicable phenomenon in the constitution of man. I was born, without doubt, under a pusillanimous planet; or rather under one of those *flying* stars, which scamper so fast across the ethereal fields, that there is no way to account for their immediate hurry, but on the hypothesis that there is a comet at their heels. No remark is more common than that Fact is continually outdoing Fiction. The wildest freaks of imagination never bodied forth a Cromwell or a Buonaparte. Nature, as she moulded these giant characters, smiled at the dwarfish creations of romance and poetry, and rebuked the presumption of the Homers, the Dantes, and the Shakspeares. Now it is with cowardice precisely as it is with heroism. Both are natural gifts; and nature, when she is disposed, can be as munificent of the former as of the latter. In the present instance, she has proved it. I consider myself as created for the special purpose of eclipsing the Aguecheeks, the Acres, the Falstaffs, and the Bobadils, with every example of recreant knighthood in the chronicles of fiction. Not one of these poetical poltroons appears to me to have possessed the true genius, or, if I may use the expression, the *spirit* of cowardice. Some actually go into the field; one or two proceed so far as to draw their swords and cock their pistols; and all seem to be susceptible of at least a momentary thrill of valor; otherwise, they could not so much as listen to the horrible propositions of their obliging friends, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and other personages of the same sanguinary complexion. In short, dastardly as they are in *action*, they are martial enough in *contemplation*. They are valiant until the signal is given—adamant while the enemy is out of view. As to Sir John Falstaff, I would almost venture to place him amongst the heroes of the English drama. With what propriety he can be called coward, after his terrible encounter with the Douglas, I do not understand. Of this I am sure—he had very different ideas from mine on warlike subjects, or he would never have had a fellow with the ominous name of Pistol in attendance on his person. I should as soon have had the devil for my Ancient, as an angel with so sinister a cognomen. My cowardice—I say it without vanity—is no vulgar infirmity: indeed it is not so much an infirmity as a principle of my constitution. It is, in fact, the essence of my being. I can never read a vivid description of an engagement, but I feel an itching of my heels, and an almost uncontrollable inclination to run away. Such have been my sensations always on coming to the battle-scene in Marmion; and I experienced the like emotions, about three years ago, at the Louvre, on casting my eyes on a picture of Rosa, where nothing is wanting but the din of conflict to make you fancy yourself in the middle of the fray. I actually retreat-

ed before Salvator's pencil half the length of the gallery, and well nigh overturned the easel of a lady who was copying a landscape of Vernet. She attributed the shock her apparatus received to accident; could she have divined the secret of the matter, what an entertaining story she would have had of the "*Monsieur Anglois qui s'étoit mis en fuite, à la rue seulement d'un tableau de bataille!*"

So far am I from being capable of taking part in an action, or even a skirmish, that it requires the greatest effort of my imagination to conceive how any one, not armed with invulnerability, can bring himself to face an enemy. The Latin poet throwing away his shield to make his escape the faster—the Athenian orator caught by a bramble in his retreat, and roaring for quarter as lustily as ever he shouted in the tribune—these things I can figure to myself;—but how either the one or the other was ever induced to take the field at all—that is what surpasses my powers of conception. They were not cravens, it is obvious, in the plenitude of that term's acceptation; matchless as they were in song and eloquence, the true genius of cowardice they wanted.

There is a sect of *soi-disant* philosophers who lament the by-gone days of chivalry, and are ever sighing for tilt-yards and tournaments—the good old time (they call it) when every gentleman went armed from heel to point; and ladies were wooed by the shivering of lances; and there was no way of proving manhood but by the sword; and no evidence of birth was admitted, but your gentle blood itself, streaming from the gash of spear or battle-axe. Heaven shield us! These were fine times, truly! But pray, Mr. Burke, what should I have done in these fine times? What I should not have done is certain. I should not have complied with their barbarous usages, *let the consequences have been what they might!* While there remained a mouse-hole in the land, I should never have been seen in the lists. It is quite enough to have read of such doings. That was an enviable day at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, as described in "*Ivanhoe*;" and critics say it is described *to the life*. John Dryden, too, is tolerably explicit, in his "*Palamon and Arcite*," on the subject of a passage of arms:—

Two troops in fair array one moment show'd—
The next, a field *with fallen bodies strew'd*;
Not half the number in their seats are found,
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield—
The steeds, *without their riders*, scour the field;
The knights, unhorsed, on foot renew the fight—
The glittering falchions cast a gleaming light;
One rolls along *a football to his foes*—
One with a broken truncheon *deals his blows*.

"*A football to his foes!*" Alas for the olden time! Well-a-day for the days of chivalry! Golden days! will ye never return? "*A football to his foes!*"

My philosophy comes next on the tapis. Cowardice has made me a political economist. Finding the writers on that science unanimous in contending that *peace* is the true interest of nations, it is little surprising that I have become enamored of a theory so perfectly in unison with my feelings. Peace, peace, peace! was not more the heart's desire of Lord Clarendon, than it is mine. Upon this subject, I am fond of quoting Milton—"Peace hath its victories as well as war;" and again—

But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd,

Without ambition, war, or violence,
By deeds of peace.

Milton, I may as well mention, *en passant*, is my favorite English poet—not on account of his sublimity, but because of the pacific spirit that breathes through all his compositions, and was indeed diffused over his life. We never hear of him at Marston Moor or Worcester; but we find him, during the tumult of the civil war, sequestered in one of the quietest nooks of London, and inscribing his door with the beautiful and pathetic sonnet, beginning—

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

I particularly admire this sonnet. There is a tone of supplication in it so much in unison with the sentiments I entertain towards all military officers, from the field-marshal down to the corporal. Milton had the genius of cowardice as well as of poetry. How superior to Dante! The Florentine would have been buckling on his armor, while the Englishman was watering his threshold with melodious tears, and singing for quarter in strains that would have made Mars himself merciful.

I have now to disclose the effects of my unrivaled cowardice upon my manners and conversation. So constitutional and instinctive is my dread of arms, deeds of arms, and men-at-arms; and so deeply convinced am I that there is no apology so abject that I would not infinitely rather make than stand to be fired at, that nothing can exceed the pains I am at to be on amicable terms with all the world. I am all smiles, courtesies and civilities. It is scarcely possible for mortal man to pick a quarrel with me. I apologize, in fact, before I offend; sometimes even when (if any feelings have been hurt) I myself am the injured party. For example, if a person tread on my toe in the street, I bow and ask his pardon, while, at the same time, I am writhing from the effects of the pressure on my corn.

It may be supposed that, like ordinary cowards, I am a *braggadocio*, and talk big, in order to produce on the company a false impression of my character; but I am too sagacious to resort to an artifice which has been so often exposed, and is so easily seen through. On the contrary, I try to imitate the bearing and discourse of the truly valiant, which I have generally observed to be as opposite as possible to that of Captain Bobadil. At the same time, there are certain peculiarities in my conversation, from which I fear some person of more than common penetration—I particularly dread the ladies—will some time or another divine the truth. I am too fond of expatiating on moral intrepidity and intellectual courage; and more than once I have endangered myself by maintaining that there is nothing derogatory to a man of honor in making an apology, without laying sufficient stress upon the clause—*provided he has been in the wrong*. But I never was in such peril of exposure as a few days ago, at the house of an intimate friend. "L. misunderstood," said a lady, addressing herself to me, "an observation you made here the other evening." Now, *misunderstood* is a verb I abhor in every mood and tense. It jarred on my ear like the cocking of a pistol; and, without pausing to ask what expression of mine had been so unlucky as to have been misconstrued, I exclaimed, "I will make any explanation he thinks necessary."

Fortunately, the nature of the observation in question prevented the ridicule of this speech from being noticed. "You will not have much trouble, I imagine," said the lady; "it was merely a mistake of one word for another; you were talking of *La fitte*, and L. thought you were talking of *La Fayette*." How lightly sat my bosom's lord upon his throne after this *éclaircissement*! So overjoyed was I at my deliverance from a "misunderstanding," that I thought but little of the hair's-breadth escape of my reputation; faithful in this to the fifth article of my creed, which, you will remember, runs thus—"I believe life to be the first consideration, and honor the second; and I hold the contrary to be a false heresy."

I have little to add, but that I lead the life of a hare, in continual trepidation, regarding all mankind (ladies alone excepted) as my natural enemies, and in daily expectation of being started, hunted, and slain—no—*slain* is going rather too far—at least I shall never be accessory to my own murder. Often I wish myself transported to some solitary isle in the *Pacific Ocean*; or ejaculate with Byron,—

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister!

I, too, cast a longing eye upon the olden time; but it is on the pastoral ages, when the only weapon was the shepherd's crook, the code of honor was not, and in all Arcady there was neither a challenger nor a cartridge.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

[HONE'S YEAR BOOK.]—On the 7th of April, 1786, the celebrated catacombs of Paris were consecrated with great solemnity.

For many centuries Paris had only one public place of interment, the "Cemetery des Innocens," originally a part of the royal domains lying without the walls, and given by one of the earliest French kings as a burial-place to the citizens, in an age when interments within the city were forbidden. Previously to the conversion of this ground into a cemetery, individuals were allowed to bury their friends in their cellars, courts, and gardens; and interments frequently took place in the streets, on the high roads, and in the public fields. Philip Augustus enclosed it, in 1136, with high walls, and, the population of Paris gradually increasing, this cemetery was soon found insufficient. In 1218, it was enlarged by Pierre de Nemours, bishop of Paris, and from that time no further enlargement of its precincts was made. Generation after generation being piled one upon another within the same ground, the inhabitants of the neighboring parishes began, in the fifteenth century, to complain of the great inconvenience and danger to which they were exposed; diseases were imputed to such a mass of collected putrescence, tainting the air by exhalation, and the waters by filtration; and measures for clearing out the cemetery would have been taken in the middle of the sixteenth century, if disputes between the bishop and the parliament had not prevented them. To save the credit of the burial-ground, a marvellous power of consuming bodies in the short space of nine days was attributed to it. Thickness speaks of several burial-pits in Paris, of a prodigious size and depth, in which the dead bodies were laid side by side, without any earth being put over them

till the ground tier was full ; then, and not till then, a small layer of earth covered them, and another layer of dead came on, till, by layer upon layer, and dead upon dead, the hole was filled. These pits were emptied once in thirty or forty years, and the bones deposited in what was called "*le Grand Charnier des Innocens*," an arched gallery, which surrounded the burial-place. The last grave-digger, François Pontraci, had, by his own register, in less than thirty years, deposited more than 90,000 bodies in that cemetery. It was calculated that, since the time of Philip-Augustus, 1,200,000 bodies had been interred there.

In 1805 the council of state decreed that the "*Cemetery des Innocens*" should be cleared of its dead, and converted into a market-place, after the canonical forms, which were requisite in such cases, should have been observed. The archbishop, in conformity, issued a decree for the suppression and evacuation of the cemetery. The work went on without intermission, till it was necessarily suspended during the hot months ; and it was resumed with the same steady exertion as soon as the season permitted. The night scenes, when the work was carried on by torches and bonfires, are said to have been of the most impressive character ; nothing was seen save crosses, monuments, demolished edifices, excavations, and coffins—and the laborers moving about like spectres in the lurid light, under a cloud of smoke.

It fortunately happened that there was no difficulty in finding a proper receptacle for the remains thus disinterred. The stone of the ancient edifices of Paris was derived from quarries opened upon the banks of the river Bièvre, and worked from time immemorial without any system, every man working where and how he would, till it became dangerous to proceed farther. It was only known as a popular tradition that the quarries extended under great part of the city, till the year 1774 ; when some alarming accidents aroused the attention of the government. They were then surveyed, and plans of them taken ; and the result was the frightful discovery that the churches, palaces, and most of the southern parts of Paris, were undermined, and in imminent danger of sinking into the pit below them. A special commission was appointed in 1777, to direct such works as might be required. The necessity of the undertaking was exemplified on the very day that the commission was installed : a house in the Rue d'Enfer sunk ninety-one feet below the level of its court-yard. Engineers then examined the whole of the quarries, and propped the streets, roads, churches, palaces, and buildings of all kinds, which were in danger of being engulfed. It appeared that the pillars which had been left by the quarriers in their blind operations, without any regularity, were in many places too weak for the enormous weight above, and in most places had themselves been undermined, or, perhaps, had been erected upon ground which had previously been hollowed. In some instances they had given way, in others the roof had dipped, and threatened to fall ; and, in others, great masses had fallen in. The aqueduct of Arcueil, which passed over this treacherous ground, had already suffered shocks, and an accident must, sooner or later, have happened to this water-course, which would have cut off its supply from the fountains of Paris, and have filled the excavations with water.

Such was the state of the quarries when the thought of converting them into catacombs originated with M. Lenoir, lieutenant-general of the police. His proposal for removing the dead from the Cemetery

des Innocens was easily entertained, because a receptacle so convenient, and so unexceptionable in all respects, was ready to receive them. That part of the quarries under the Plaine de Mont Souris was allotted for this purpose ; and a house, known by the name of "La Tombe Isoire," or Isouard (from a famous robber, who once infested that neighborhood), on the old road to Orleans, was purchased, with a piece of ground adjoining ; and the first operations were to make an entrance into the quarries by a flight of seventy-seven steps, and to sink a well from the surface, down which the bones might be thrown. Meantime, the workmen below walled off that part of the quarries which was designed for the great charnel-house, opened a communication between the upper and lower vaults, and built pillars to prop the roof. When all these necessary preliminaries had been completed, the ceremony of consecrating the intended catacombs was performed, and on the same day the removal from the cemetery began.

All the crosses, tombstones, and monuments, which were not reclaimed by the families of the dead, to whom they belonged, were carefully removed, and placed in the field belonging to la Tombe Isoire. Many leaden coffins were buried in this field ; one of them contained the remains of Madame de Pompadour. Thus far, things were conducted with the greatest decorum ; but, during the revolution, la Tombe Isoire was sold as a national domain, the leaden coffins were melted, and all the monuments destroyed. The catacombs received the dead from other cemeteries, and served also as receptacles for those who perished in popular commotions or massacres.

Upon the suppression of the convents and various churches, the remains discovered in them were removed and deposited in this immense charnel-house, but, from the breaking out of the revolution, the works were discontinued, and so much neglected, that, in many places, the soil fell in, and choked up the communications ; water entered by filtration ; the roof was cracked in many places, and threatened fresh downfalls ; and the bones themselves lay in immense heaps, mingled with the rubbish, and blocking up the way. In 1810 a regular system of piling up the bones in the catacombs was adopted. To pursue his plans, the workman had to make galleries through the bones, which, in some places, lay above thirty yards thick. It was necessary also to provide for a circulation of air, the atmosphere having been rendered unwholesome by the quantity of animal remains which had been introduced. The manner in which this was effected was singularly easy. The wells which supplied the houses above with water were sunk below the quarries, and formed, in those excavations, so many round towers. M. de Thury merely opened the masonry of these wells, and luted into the opening the upper half of a broken bottle, with the neck outwards ; when fresh air was wanted, it was only necessary to uncork some of these bottles. Channels were made to carry off the water, steps constructed from the lower to the upper excavation, pillars erected in good taste to support the dangerous parts of the roof, and the skulls and bones were built up along the walls.

There are two entrances to the catacombs, the one towards the west, near the barrier d'Enfer, by which visitors are admitted ; and the other to the East, near the old road to Orleans, which is appropriated to the workmen and persons attached to the establishment. The staircase descending to the catacombs consists of ninety steps, and, after several windings, leads to the western gallery, which is under, and in a

perpendicular line with trees on the western side of the Orleans road. From this gallery several others branch off in different directions. That by which visitors generally pass extends along the works beneath the aqueduct d'Arcueil, and brings them to the gallery du Pont Mahon. A soldier, named Décure, who had accompanied marshal Richelieu in his expedition against Minorca, being employed in those quarries, discovered a small excavation, to which he sunk a staircase, and descended there to take his meals, instead of accompanying the other workmen above ground. In his leisure hours, Décure, who had been long a prisoner at the forts of the Port Mahon, employed himself, from 1777 to 1782, in carving a plan of that port. When it was finished, he formed a spacious vestibule, adorned with a kind of Mosaic of black flint. To complete his work, this ingenious man determined to construct a staircase, but, before he had completed it, a mass of stone fell and crushed him so seriously as to occasion his death. The following inscription, upon a table of black marble, is placed in the gallery du Port Mahon :—

Cet ouvrage fut commencé en 1777,
Par Décure, dit Beauséjour, Vétéran de Sa Majesté,
et fini en 1782.

Décure's stone table and benches are still preserved in the quarry which he called his saloon. At a short distance from this spot are enormous fragments of stone (Logan-stones?) so nicely balanced, on a base hardly exceeding a point, that they rock with every blast, and seem to threaten the beholder. About a hundred yards from the gallery du Port Mahon, we fall again into the road of the catacombs. On the right side is a pillar formed of dry stones, entirely covered with incrustations of gray and yellow calcareous matter; and 100 yards further on is the vestibule of the catacombs. It is of an octagonal form. On the sides of the door are two stone benches, and two pillars of the Tuscan order.

The vestibule opens into a long gallery, lined with bones from the floor to the roof. The arm, leg, and thigh bones are in front, closely and regularly piled together, and their uniformity is relieved by three rows of skulls at equal distances. Behind these are thrown the smaller bones. This gallery conducts to several rooms, resembling chapels, lined with bones variously arranged; and in the centre, or in niches of the walls, are vases and altars, some of which are formed of bones, and others are ornamented with skulls of different sizes. Some altars are of an antique form, and composed of the solid rock.

Among the ornaments is a fountain, in which four golden fish are imprisoned. They appear to have grown in this unnatural situation; three of them have retained their brilliant color, but some spots have appeared upon the fourth, which render it probable that exclusion from light may produce, though more slowly, the same effect upon them that it does upon vegetables. The spring which rises here was discovered by the workmen; the basin was made for their use, and a subterranean aqueduct carries off the waters.

The different parts of the catacombs are named, with strange incongruity, from the author or the purport of the inscription which is placed there. Thus, there is the *Crypta de la Verité*, the *Crypta de la Mort* et de l' *Eternité*, and the *Crypta de Néant*, the *Allée de Job*, &c.

There are different calculations as to the number of bones collected in the catacombs. It is, however, certain that they contain the remains of at least 3,000,000 of human beings.

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

EVENING DRESS—GRAND COSTUME.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A dress of pink crape over satin to correspond, *corsage en cœur*. *Béret* sleeves surmounted by pointed *manche-rons*, which, as well as the *corsage*, are trimmed with blond lace. The skirt is ornamented round the border with a row of white ostrich feathers, disposed in festoons. The hair is dressed full at the sides of the face, and arranged in a large bow on the crown of the head, round the base of which a plaited band is twined. Six golden arrows traverse the band, and a *bouquet* of white and rose-colored feathers, placed behind, droops over the bow. Gold necklace à *plaques*. Diamond ear-rings.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress composed of lilac *gros de Naples*, *corsage uni*, sleeves à *la Medicis*. The skirt is trimmed round the border with a band of the same material, corded with satin, and disposed in zig-zag. The *chemi-sette* is of cambric, small plaited and finished at the throat by a double frill. Bonnet of grass green *gros des Indes*, lined with satin of a darker shade, and trimmed in a very light style with green gauze ribbon. Scarf of black lace.

BALL DRESS.

[LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.]—A gown of *bleu Adelaide gaze orientale*; the *corsage* low, arranged round the upper part in folds, and crossed in front. Very short *béret* sleeve, covered with a *mancheron*, composed of three rows of blonde lace. The dress is trimmed round the border, up the front of the skirt, and across the *corsage*, with a wreath composed of three rows of white gauze ribbon, cut to resemble foliage, and united at regular distances by an ornament of ribbon resembling a flower, with its foliage. The head-dress is a blue crape *toque*, mounted on a gold net, and trimmed with a profusion of white ostrich feathers falling in different directions. Necklace, and pearls.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose-colored *mousseline de Soie*; the *corsage* sitting close to the shape, and trimmed round the bust with a row of *palmettes*, composed of rose-colored ribbon, with a *nœud* formed of cut ends on each shoulder. *Béret* sleeves very full, and with the plaits reversed. The skirt is trimmed with white and rose-colored gauze ribbon, draped à *la Léontine*; these ornaments are finished by a small knot of the two ribbons at the bottom of each, and by another of the *aigrette* form at the top. The head-dress is a *béret* composed of crimson and green gauze. Ear-rings, bandeau, and bracelets of dead gold; the latter have pearl clasps.

ON DITS OF FASHIONS.

[LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.]—Among the forthcoming novelties in beautiful hats, one that appears to us remarkably elegant is composed of

white watered *gros de Naples*, and lined with lilac. The crown is low. It is placed a little on one side, but not so much so as in the winter ; the brim is very wide across the forehead, short at the ears, and sitting close to the cheeks : the inside of the brim is trimmed with a very broad blond lace arranged in festoons, which are formed by rosettes of cut ribbon. Two *bouquets* of violets adorn the crown ; one placed on one side, the other at the bottom. They are connected by a very light wreath composed of cut ends of violet ribbon, which passes from one to the other.

Evening dresses no longer have the *corsage* cut quite square round the bust. Some have it slightly rounded at the shoulders, others drawn down a little in the centre of the bust. In the latter case the *chemisette* prevents the bosom from being indelicately exposed. *Corsages* are made either in crossed drapery, or *en cœur* ; the first are usually bordered with a narrow blond lace, which stands up ; the latter have the *cœur* formed by broad blond lace, or by folds which are edged with narrow blond. The sleeve is either a *béret* with the plaits turned in contrary directions, or else it must be of a transparent material, whether the dress be so or not, and of enormous width from the shoulder to the wrist, where it is confined by a narrow band.

Blond lace caps are much worn in evening dress. Some have the trimming, which is always very deep, sustained by satin *rouleaux* which are scarcely thicker than a narrow cord. A profusion of light sprigs of flowers mingles with the trimming of the front, and some *nœuds* of ribbon cut in points are placed behind. Those caps that are not trimmed with flowers are adorned with wreaths of ribbon placed rather on one side.

The most novel, and without dispute the most becoming *bérets*, are composed of blond lace. The *béret* is formed by a single row of blond plaited round the head, and puffed out towards the top, where it is sustained by a circle of narrow satin bands. The *fond* of the *béret* is traversed by two rows of blond ; the hair, arranged in bows, passing through them. If these head dresses are for full dress, they are mounted on a gold band, and ornamented with some light ends of gold gauze ribbon which fall on one side. Those for evening dress are adorned with some light sprigs of flowers placed above and below the brim.

Many *bérets* of crape or gauze have no ornament whatever, others have a single ostrich feather placed near the top of the crown, and turning round in a spiral direction. There is something extremely graceful in this style of ornament.

Bleu Adélaïde, emerald green, lilac, violet, canary color, and rose color, are all fashionable, but white is upon the whole most *distingué* for full dress.

BALL AND CONCERT HEAD DRESSES.—Feathers are decidedly the most fashionable *coiffure* for balls and concerts. At that given for the benefit of the Poles, at Paris, nine head dresses out of ten were adorned with them ; they were all white, rose, or blue. They were equally adopted at the ball given for the poor of Paris, at the *Hôtel de-Ville* ; and in both instances the *coiffures* were ornamented with a *Ferroniere* on the forehead. The *Ferroniere* is a small plait of hair, adorned in the centre of the forehead by a large brilliant, from which depends another brilliant of the pear shape.

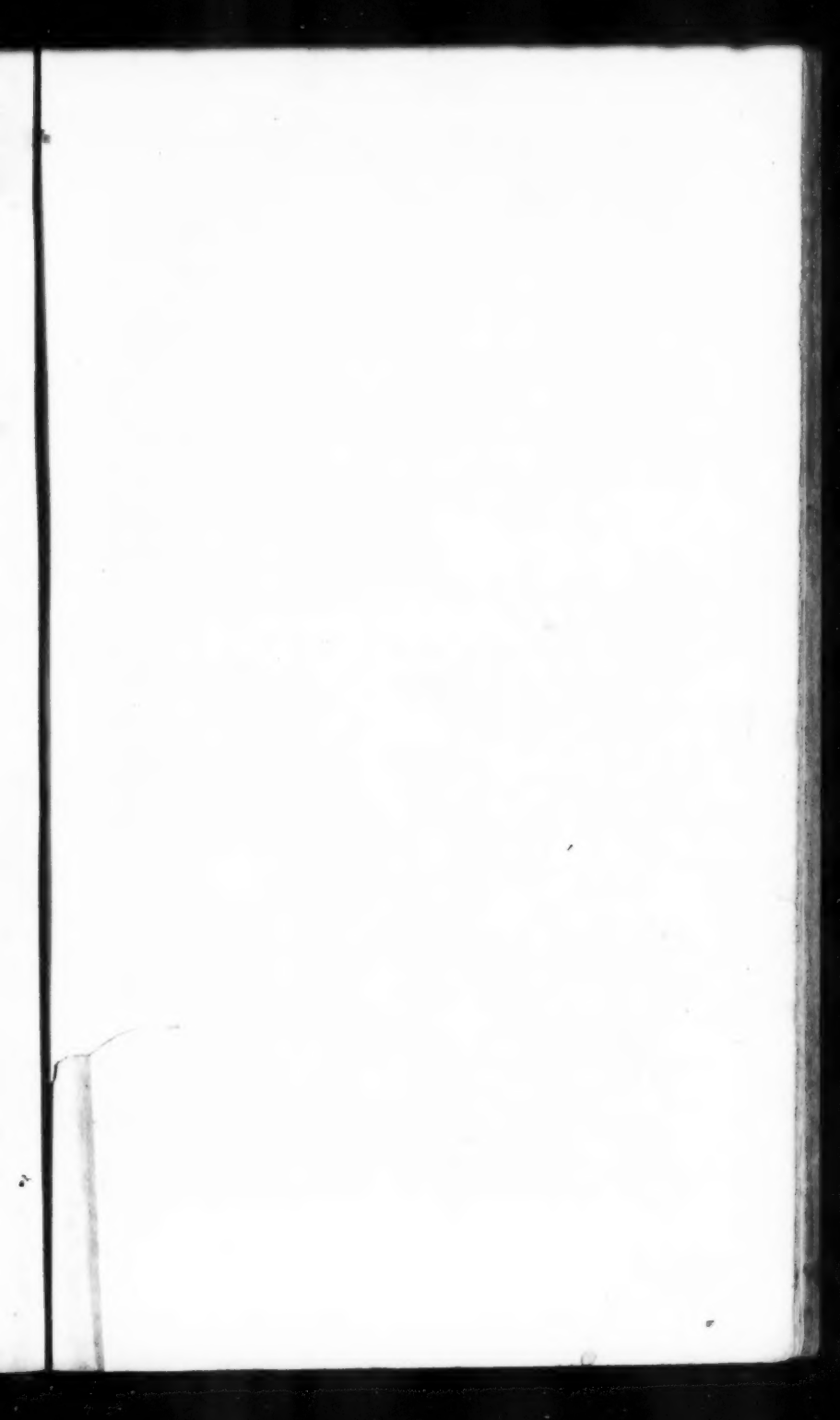
VARIETIES.

ROYAL EQUIVOQUE.—A well-known individual, says the author of the *Life and Reign of George IV.* sometime deceased, who was admitted to the prince's familiarity upon his first entrance into life, and for several years after, described or rather dramatized with much humor a scene which he professed to have had from the prince himself. So much depends upon tone and manner, that the spirit of these pleasant-ries evaporates on paper. The story was in substance as follows :—A new suit, destined for a ball that night at Cumberland-house, was brought home to the prince, but ordered back by him for the purpose of undergoing immediate alterations. He gave directions that the tailor's return with it should be instantly made known to him. The prince happened to pass the early part of the evening with the king and queen at Buckingham-house. Whilst he was seated in the royal group, a German page entered, and pronounced in a tone meant for his particular ear, but loud enough to be heard by every one present, "Please your roya! highness, *she* is come." There was a moment's awful pause. "Who is come?" said his royal highness, in a tone between surprise, embarrassment, and anger. "Sir, *she* is come," repeated the page, with his bad English and German phlegm. "Eh! what, what! who is come?" exclaimed the king. "*She*, your majesty, reiterated the unmoved German. "She is come!" cried the queen, bursting with wrath, and supposing that the visiter was one of the house of Luttrell, who already sought an undue influence over the prince. All was for a moment inexplicable confusion. The queen summoned another page, and asked him with fury in her looks, "*Who* is *she* that dares inquire for the Prince of Wales?" "Please your majesty," said the second oracle, "it is *Shea*, his royal highness's tailor."

A GREAT SLEEPER.—The Stadtholder, who had recently fled from Holland, says the same writer, was also the prince's guest, and afforded amusement by the whimsical incongruity with which he chose his occasions for going to sleep. The princess commanded a play for his entertainment: in spite of her vivacity and utmost efforts, he slept and snored in the box beside her, and was roused with some difficulty when the curtain fell. A ball having been given in compliment to him at the Castle-tavern, he fell asleep whilst eating his supper, and snored so loud as to disturb the harmony of the orchestra and the decorum of the assembly. His Dutch highness was also entertained, if the term in this instance be admissible, with a grand masquerade, and was perplexed by the difficulty of resolving in what dress or character he should attend it. The Prince of Wales said he might go as *an old woman*.

CHESNUTS are sold at the corners of every street in Florence, in seven different forms: raw, cooked, and hot, both roasted and boiled; dried by heat, (the skins being taken off,) in which state they have a much sweeter and superior flavor; and made into bread, a sort of stiff pudding; and into thin cakes like pancakes. This valuable fruit constitutes a considerable portion of the food of the lower classes, who must daily consume in Florence some tons.

In the confectioners' shops at Paris, they are sold peeled, baked, and iced with sugar. We can answer for their being very delicious.





EVENING & MORNING DRESSES.

For Kane & Co's Athenaeum.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN, K.C.B.

PART II.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—You will not be surprised if I inform you, that after this recommendation from the general, I was received by the authorities at home with the highest consideration. I was courted and caressed, as if I had been a perfect hero of romance. Among those who extended their patronage to me in the kindest and most gratifying manner, was the gallant old Marquis of Hardbottle. During my stay in England, which was limited to three weeks, I was almost a constant guest at his table. His family circle consisted at that time—as his sons were both abroad—of two lovely daughters; indeed, I may say, that at the period I speak of, now eight-and-twenty years ago, they were the most beautiful and fascinating women I had ever seen. Perhaps you may imagine that the superiority of their rank had something to do in bringing me to this judgment of their charms; but circumstances have since occurred, which, in my eyes at least, have deprived them of that superiority, and my opinion remains unchanged. Of the two, the Lady Annabella was my favorite. There was so much playful ease, at the same time so much delicate propriety, in whatever she said or did, that while she immediately attracted the affection, she as surely retained the admiration and esteem.

In this family I passed the happiest hours of my life. There was but one drawback to my felicity. The Marquis was an officer of the old school, and, next to being unflinching in the field, he ranked among the soldier's virtues that of being unflinching over the bottle. He attached such importance to this accomplishment, that I plainly saw he estimated a man's courage and strength of nerve in the exact ratio of his strength of stomach. To this failing of his lordship I made myself a martyr. In spite of my wound, which was now indeed nearly well, I felt myself irresistibly called upon to drink. Whether or not my behavior in this respect was influenced by the Marquis's declaration, that he would consider it as a personal insult for any gentleman to leave his table in a condition which enabled him to walk, I will not say,—but his lordship was known to be an inimitable shot, and, on occasions of that sort, seldom to be worse than his word. My mornings were happy,—or, if unhappy, only disturbed by my fears of the evening's debauch.

The drawing-room, and the fascinating society of the ladies, you will perhaps imagine, were a sufficient compensation for any sufferings. With me, indeed, it was so. Every time I was admitted into their presence, I found the Lady Annabella's influence gaining the ascendancy over my heart. I do not mean that the conquest she made of my affections was the result of her arts, or even her wishes.—Far from it. I saw, that even if fortune favored me in future, as much as she had hitherto done, aye, if I raised myself to an equal rank with the object of my admiration, my suit would still be hopeless,—for though I perceived that her heart was untouched, I knew, alas! that her hand was engaged. The Honorable Henry Fitz D'Angle, heir to an immense fortune and dukedom, was her affianced husband, and I have often thought, since the period I mention, that it was little less than madness to yield to the delicious enchantment of those interviews and conversations, when I was aware that I was only nursing a flame which, in all probability, would consume me. However, I found resistance to my

passion impossible, and heart and soul, I gave myself up to the lovely and accomplished Lady Annabella. Our mornings were often employed in shopping: on these occasions, the Marchioness, out of consideration for my wound, allowed me a seat beside her in the carriage. Fitz D'Angle, who, though an intolerable puppy, was handsome in person, and a perfect horseman, usually accompanied us on a spirited Arabian. I shall not say, when, in order to show his seat, he made the animal rear in the most terrific manner, how certain tremors ran through my heart, as I sat in momentary expectation that the charger, in its descent, would put its iron foot through the carriage window, and demolish my unfortunate head. I remarked, that during these displays, the lovely cheek of Lady Annabella never underwent the slightest change; and I confess, that without allowing myself to inquire into the cause, I rejoiced in perceiving her indifference. I shall not trouble you with lengthened details of the progress of my affection. You will imagine for yourself the effects which beauty and artless condescension naturally produced; and at the end of a fortnight I was madly, miserably in love.

In the meantime, my favor with the Marquis continued undiminished. The opinion he first entertained of me luckily made him blind to any little appearances of so unheroical a feeling as fright; and the respect with which I treated so choleric and unrivaled a shot, was attributed to the deference I felt myself called upon to pay to his experience and fame. The hospitable orgies after dinner continued as immoderately as ever, and to me the most provoking part of the Marquis's peculiarity was, that no quantity of wine, however large, had the slightest effect upon his brain. Hour after hour, bottle after bottle, passed away—aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp dropt peacefully under the table, and still his lordship sat with his head as clear, and his eye as steady as ever, relating to us—those of us who could listen—the military and bacchanalian achievements of his youth, and ever and anon reminding us of our neglect, if the bottle by any chance hesitated for a moment in its rapid unvarying round. After a succession of these parties had accustomed us to each other, he addressed me one evening in the most friendly and confidential manner. "Pumpkin, I have a proposal to make to you." I bowed and waited in expectation. "You see," he continued,—"D—me, Jack Hardy, are you going to keep the claret all night?—my aids-de-camp have a merry life—a very merry life!—Help yourself, Pumpkin—but somehow or other, I can't account for it at all—it is a very short one. About five months, I think, is the average.—Burton, how long has Pilpay been on the staff?"

"Three months, my lord," said Burton, "and two days."

"Is he going soon?"

"Not very, my lord. He'll be good for another fortnight. He'll see out the present case of liqueurs; but that's all."

"I feare as much: his hand has been unsteady in the morning since our week with the Enniskillens."

His lordship paused for a little, and I was in hopes the conversation was at an end; but he turned to me, and said, with the kindest air in the world, "There will be a vacancy, Captain Pumpkin, in my staff in the course of ten days or a fortnight. I fear by that time Pilpay's last glass will be drained, and I need not tell you how I shall be delighted if you will supply his place."

"Is Captain Pilpay, then, my lord, about to exchange?"

"Aye," said his lordship, "this world for a better, I hope—He was always a poor drinker—Will you pass the wine?—something went wrong with him, and he sunk from four bottles a-night to a paltry couple, so we can scarcely expect him to recover.—You will consider my proposal, and let me have your answer to-morrow. In the meantime, fill a bumper; for Burton, I see, is waiting for the wine."—It was a death-blow to my happiness! I looked at his lordship, who was smiling with the most friendly and benignant expression, as if he had been an assassin. What! after I had escaped the horrors of an engagement, was I to be murdered by a lingering death of three months and two days, under the pretence of hospitality and kindness? Better, far better, if I had died at the first view of the enemy; and, alas! I found it equally dangerous to decline the intended honor. There was no saying in what light his lordship might view my refusal. Tormented by these thoughts, the conversation around me passed unnoticed. I only saw before me a collection of murderers, and considered myself the victim of an atrocious conspiracy. I drank and drank, and strange as it may appear, the wine had less effect upon me than usual. The floods of most excellent claret seemed to fall cold upon my heart; and I sat quiet and unmoved, as if the exhilarating agency of the wine were entirely locked up for a season. The Marquis himself, I saw, or thought I saw, began to lose his usual steadiness; Burton seemed transformed into the red bronze statue of an ancient Bacchus, and I felt that I myself was the only perfectly unchanged and sober being in the room. Suddenly, however, there was a change. The wine, which had apparently been checked in its effects by the appalling communication of my being doomed to a certain and ignominious death, now rushed with the fury of a pent-up torrent into my brain, and, in a moment, I heard strange sounds, as of a battery of a thousand guns stunning my ears; troops of blood-stained soldiers, beyond all number numberless, seemed to mingle in the death-struggle before my eyes, and again the feelings of intensest fear took possession of my being; I shrieked and yelled like a maniac, as if in the midst of a tremendous *mêlée*, and faintly crying out—the only piece of Latin I had brought with me from school—"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," I fell exhausted among the aids-de-camp and bottles which were huddled together under the table. Before, however, sinking into entire oblivion, I heard his lordship say, in a tone of admiration, to Burton, "The ruling passion strong in death. If he survives for six months, that fellow will die a field-marshal—Pass the bottle."

When I awoke to a consciousness of my situation next morning, I found my feelings of apprehension by no means removed. No way of escape from the dreaded advancement presented itself to my ingenuity; and at length, with the recklessness of despair, I resolved to abide the chances; and sincerely did I pray, as you will readily believe, for the speedy and complete recovery of the unfortunate Pilpay. I presented myself to the Marchioness. Heavens! thought I, are the ladies also in the diabolical plot upon my life?—They congratulated me on the prospect of a prolonged acquaintance, and expressed, in the kindest terms, the interest they took in my future prospects. Gracious Powers! can such cold-hearted beings assume the appearance of so much cordiality and friendship? In three months and two days my earthly career would inevitably be finished, and they talked to me about my future prospects!—Hypocrites!—I turned towards the Lady Anna-

bella, who had not yet spoken. She held out her hand to me as I advanced. I took it and bent over it, almost fearing to hear the sound of her voice, lest it should be in the tone of congratulation,—but she said nothing—and in silence, and with a feeling of increased devotion, I bowed again, and let go her hand. That hour finally and forever sealed my fate ; it also, strange as it may appear,—for in spite of my natural timidity, I am somewhat sanguine in my temperament,—gave me hopes of ultimate success ; and resolving to set everything—you will forgive the pun—on the hazard of a die, I announced to the Marquis that I was prepared to succeed Captain Pilpay, in case of his decease.

There seemed now to be established a secret understanding between Lady Annabella and myself. It was friendship, delicate, considerate friendship, on her part, and yet it was so uniform and so evidently springing from the heart, that it was fully equal in tenderness and strength to many an ordinary-minded woman's love. Fitz D'Angle continued his visits regularly : but I suppose, from some undefined feeling of rivalry, there was a mutual dislike between us. I envied him, indeed, his situation as acknowledged suitor to the most beautiful and fascinating of her sex ; but jealousy itself could see no cause for regret in the manner in which he was treated by his mistress. Cold, formal, and apparently unfeeling, she scarcely seemed the same being when conversing with the conceited coxcomb, whom her family, and not herself, had chosen for her lord ; and often I have seen her eyes wandering with the most listless expression, during his " bald disjointed chat," and then suddenly fill, even to overflowing, with tears !—Gods ! if I could have summoned one ounce of the courage of a man, I would have challenged the cold-hearted puppy, and freed the angelic mourner from his persecution. But no ! I made the attempt to rouse my indignation in vain. Though my life I knew was limited to but three months and two days, I would not risk even that minute fraction of existence against the contemptible destroyer of my happiness.

I pass over the first week or two of my duty as aid-de-camp to the Marquis—for Pilpay, to my infinite dismay and astonishment, died on the very day the liqueur case was emptied. I pass over my fears at night, my enjoyments in the morning, and will tell you an incident which occurred when my span of life was reduced to only two months and sixteen days :—At that time there was a magnificent review in Hyde Park. The Marquis, with the whole of his glittering staff, proceeded to the ground. I must tell you, that at that period my horses—the quietest and gentlest animals I could procure—were, unfortunately, unfit for service, and Fitz D'Angle, who had remarked, and as I suspected, ridiculed my inefficient horsemanship, had spitefully, and I firmly believe, with the purpose of getting me murdered, pressed me to make use of that very Arabian which had so frequently terrified me even with my hated rival upon its back. Afraid to accept his offer, and not knowing how to refuse, I mounted it in an agony of apprehension, and accompanied the Marquis, who luckily went at a foot pace, to the field. The ladies, it was arranged, were to be driven by D'Angle, in his splendid new barouche ; for among that individual's other acquirements, his skill as a charioteer was not the least remarkable. The day was uncommonly fine, and thousands of the gayest and loveliest in the land were assembled to watch our manœuvres—and yet, as I rode slowly along that glittering line of rank and beauty, terrified as I was at the hideous danger of my situation on such a demoniacal horse, I

took a sort of pride in reflecting that there were no eyes so bright, no lips so lovely, as those of that radiant creature on whom I—a poltroon and a coward—had dared to fix my affection. The marquis, in the meantime, slowly continued his course, laughing and talking with his staff in the gayest humor imaginable. All his jokes—"and many a joke had he"—fell unmarked upon my ear;—at last, after looking at me for some time, during which I was afraid he was guessing a great deal too near the truth, he said, "How silent you are, Pumpkin—ha! but I see how it is—you fire-eaters hate such a bloodless show as this—you must rein in, man, you must rein in." At this time the animal I was on began to show sundry signs of impatience, and bounced about in a manner which added in no slight degree to my uneasiness, and as only the last words of the Marquis reached me distinctly, I said, "Rein in! How can I, my lord, on such a prancing devil as this?" For the first time in my life I was taken for a wit. The laughter at this sally, as it was called, was long and loud, and I had the reputation of being as gay as my companions, when there was not a single individual in the crowd safely on his own legs, with whom at that moment I would not gladly have changed places. At last the evolutions began, and as the troops filed and countermarched, advanced in double quick to the charge, and went through all the movements of a desperate and well-contested battle, my horse and myself seemed to lose our senses almost at the same moment—but from very different causes. It danced, it capered, it reared, it curveted, and till this hour it is a mystery to me how I retained my seat. I can only attribute it to a total inaction on my part. Passive as a lump of inanimate matter, I was probably balanced by my length of limb, but certain it is, that for a considerable time I attracted no particular observation. At last, as the artillery began to peal, there was a considerable movement among many of the horses on the ground which were unacquainted with the noise, and amongst the rest my horse fairly got the command. He rushed with the speed of lightning from the group, where he had hitherto remained, and carried me, almost by this time unconscious of my situation, straight towards the artillery. By some means or other I still maintained my seat, and by a lucky twitch of the bridle I turned him from coming into contact with the cannon. At that moment I saw coming towards me a barouche at a fearful rate; the driver of whom, even in the agony of that moment, I recognised as Fitz D'Angle. He had lost all mastery over his horses, which were evidently hurrying on to destruction. I heard a scream louder and louder as I approached, and at length, with hands clenched in despair, and eyes shut in the overwhelming misery of approaching death, I felt a shock—I heard one wild shout of exultation from the multitudes on every side, and sunk insensible, I knew not where. When I came to myself, the old Marquis was bending over me with tears in his eyes—"Bless you, bless you," said the old man, as he saw I had in some degree recovered my consciousness, "you are the preserver of everything I hold dear." With my usual prudence I remained perfectly silent, till I could gather something of what had occurred. On looking round, I saw at a little distance the cause of all my misery, the Arabian charger, lying dead; but the barouche, the ladies, and Fitz D'Angle, had totally disappeared. On getting up, I found myself only slightly bruised, with the exception of a considerable wound on my head. My cap had fallen off, and on putting my hand up to the spot of greatest pain, I found the

blood issuing in rather a copious stream. I was shortly afterwards put into a carriage, and taken immediately to the residence of the Marquis. On arriving there, no words can paint the kindness with which I was received; the thanks of the Marchioness and the lady Julia were perfectly embarrassing, especially as I was ignorant of the precise manner in which I had deserved them. His lordship, who had hurried as fast as possible from the review, now rushed in, and again, with his eyes overflowing with tears, seized me by both hands, and thanked me for my heroic devotion in the service of his family. "'Twas beautiful. My God! how you spanked off when you saw their danger! and that puppy Fitz D'Angle, too, d——e, my boy, you served him quite right—you've floored him, nose, teeth, mustaches, and all—he'll never be able to smile and simper again as long as he lives."

"I hope, my lord," said I, "Mr. Fitz D'Angle is not much hurt?"

"How the devil can you hope any such thing? The fellow would have murdered my wife and children with his confounded folly, if you had not arrested him just in time. 'Gad, you flew from your saddle with the force of a Congreve rocket, and dashed your head right into his face, bent him back as limber as an empty haversack across the coach-box, and knocked three of his teeth down his throat, besides one that was picked up afterwards from his waistcoat pocket. You've killed his horse, though, and that was perhaps the most valuable animal of the two."

I now began to see how matters had occurred, and as I was very slightly hurt, I waited with some impatience for the approach of the Lady Annabella. All that day she never made her appearance. She sent frequently down to inquire if I was hurt, and my hopes, both by her non-appearance and by the manner in which the Marquis spoke of Fitz D'Angle, were raised to the highest pitch. That evening the Marquis himself excused me from all participation in their revels; and next morning—how shall I describe the scene!—the Lady Annabella met me in the breakfast parlor alone; she blushed in the most embarrassed manner, as, in a faltering voice, she offered me her thanks.

"Nothing," she said, "could be sufficient to show her gratitude to her preserver—thanks were a very inadequate expression of what she felt."

"Believe me, Lady Annabella," I said, "I do not deserve such thanks. I was run away with at the moment,—I lost all command of—of—"

"Of your generous feelings," she interrupted, "when you saw us—I shudder at the recollection—hurried on to inevitable destruction."

I said no more; my attempts at fair dealing and ingenuousness were turned off by the grateful heart of that beautiful girl,—and on that day, in that hour, I ventured to declare my passion, and as I saw a silent and blushing consent yielded to my suit, I caught her in my arms, trembling with emotion, and imprinted the first rapturous kiss on the red ruby lips of the present Lady Pumpkin.

Mr. Fitz D'Angle, I must tell you, had been dismissed the day before, and in no courteous terms, by the choleric old Marquis; and this measure of her father, you may readily suppose from what I have told you, was by no means an unpleasant event to the Lady Annabella.

By the interest of the family, I was advanced rapidly in my profession, without drawing a sword—and the day which saw me Colonel of the — horse, also saw me the happiest of men, and son-in-law to the Marquis.

TWENTY YEARS.—By THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

THEY tell me twenty years have pass'd
 Since I have look'd upon thee last,
 And thought thee fairest of the fair,
 With thy sylph-like form and light-brown hair !
 I can remember every word
 That from those smiling lips I heard :
 Oh ! how little it appears
 Like the lapse of twenty years !

Thou art changed ! in thee I find
 Beauty of another kind ;
 Those rich curls lie on thy brow
 In a darker cluster now ;
 And the sylph hath given place
 To the matron's form of grace :—
 Yet how little it appears
 Like the lapse of twenty years !

Still thy cheek is round and fair ;
 'Mid thy curls not one grey hair ;
 Not one lurking sorrow lies
 In the lustre of those eyes :
 Thou hast felt, since last we met,
 No affliction, no regret !
 Wonderful ! to shed no tears
 In the lapse of twenty years !

But what means that changing brow ?
 Tears are in those dark eyes now !
 Have my rash, incautious words
 Waken'd Feeling's slumbering chords ?
 Wherefore dost thou bid me look
 At yon dark-bound journal-book ?—
 There the register appears
 Of the lapse of twenty years !

Thou hast been a happy bride,
 Kneeling by a lover's side ;
 And unclouded was thy life,
 As his loved and loving wife :
 Thou hast worn the garb of gloom,
 Kneeling by that husband's tomb ;
 Thou hast wept a widow's tears
 In the lapse of twenty years !

Oh ! I see my error now,
 To suppose, in cheek and brow,
 Strangers may presume to find
 Treasured secrets of the mind :
 There fond Memory still will keep
 Her vigil, when she seems to sleep ;
 Though composure re-appears
 In the lapse of twenty years !

Where 's the hope that can abate
 The grief of hearts thus desolate ?
 That can Youth's keenest pangs assuage,
 And mitigate the gloom of Age ?
 Religion bids the tempest cease,
 And leads her to a port of peace ;
 And on, the lonely pilot steers
 Through the lapse of future years !

THE WHITE SPECTRE OF MALINANZA. A MILANESE LEGEND.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—At the time when the Spaniards held the government of Milan and its paradisaical district, there dwelt, on the borders of a remote undulation of the lake of Como, two famous barons, whose names are still preserved by oral tradition among the peasantry, and by legendary transmission among the higher classes of their countrymen. Costantino di Ferrando and Carmelo di Malinanza might, in those times of ever-changing dynasties, have carried the world before them, had they been spiritless enough to remain united ; but, like all other legendary barons, they chose to quarrel, each wasting his own strength in endeavoring to exhaust that of his rival. The circumstance which originated this feud was singular. The inimical barons were heirs (in default of direct descendants to either party) to the possessions of each other : the prospective rights of Carmelo rendered him, therefore, a future usurper in the eyes of Constantino ; and *vice versa*. Both chiefs married. Carmelo was childless ; Constantino had heirs. Carmelo now almost loathed his vast possessions, because he only saw in them the splendid reversion of his rival ; while Constantino became convinced that his feudal enemy was daily plotting the destruction of those innocent beings who not only stood between him and his future aggrandizement, but were the detested heirs to his present possessions. After many ineffectual attempts to ruin each other, Costantino di Ferrando succeeded in whispering into the ear of a jealous Spanish governor a tale of treason, armed vassals, assassinations, &c. ; and a large portion of the lands of Carmelo di Malinanza were, without much ceremony or examination, seized by the executive power, and declared forfeit to the crown of Spain. All men, however, now considered Carmelo a ruined man, and looked for some proof of his despairing vengeance either against his successful rival, or even the government itself. But, to the surprise of every one, he seemed neither ruined nor vindictive ; and when the surrounding district beheld both his riches and his followers daily augment, while his vengeance seemed to slumber as his power of gratifying it increased, there were not wanting those who affirmed (though in a whisper which showed their sense of the chief's mysteriously enlarging power) that Carmelo had known how to increase, by predatory means, the wealth he had lost by degrading forfeitures, and that he was only waiting some fit occasion of public tumult, to burst with sudden and irresistible vengeance.

Years rolled on, and Costantino's viceregal friend was succeeded by another Spanish governor. To him Costantino whispered his suspicions ; but they were evidently listened to with a cold or a careless ear. The Spaniards, at this period, were manifestly more occupied

by the intrigues of strangers than by those of their own vassal lords, and more apprehensive of foreign incursions than of internal banditti. Nay, it was said that Carmelo di Malinanza was in secret negotiation with the governor. The terms of this treaty were appalling to Costantino. An invasion of the duchy by a powerful enemy was shortly expected; and report affirmed that the confiscated lands of Carmelo were to be restored on condition that he should supply the governor, in his approaching emergency, with so numerous a body of followers, that the wonder of every peaceful *Castellano* was moved to know how the disgraced baron could command such military resources. Supernatural agency had long been called in by the peasantry as the shortest and most reasonable way of accounting for a power which seemed to gather strength by each effort to weaken it. It was not enough to believe that he was the lord of a fierce and increasing band of choice spirits, who ranged wood and mountain, and nobly set the paltry dys-syllables *meum* and *tuum* at defiance; for a white phantom of mist was seen nightly to glide round the towers of the baron's castle; strange lights—the usual concomitants of haunted dwellings—sent blue and lurid rays athwart the lake—then, deepening to a glaring red, threw a ruddy glow on the opposite mountains. Then the fearful chief had—as usual in all these cases—his mysterious chamber in a lone and tall turret, where nightly he watched the course of the heavenly bodies, and called down their baleful influence on earth. The spirits of darkness were his agents; and the night-wind which blew from his castle brought dire events on its dusky wings. Very few, excepting by daylight, ventured to eye the castle, lest some foul or hideous spectacle on its walls, or at its windows, should blast their senses.

An event which tended to strengthen the idea of Carmelo's intercourse with the powers of evil, was the untimely and mysterious death of the heir of Ferrando, in the prime of health and manhood. The brow of the unfortunate Costantino now began to darken with fearful convictions of forebodings. He made another unsuccessful appeal to the pre-occupied governor, and then summoned home in despair his youngest son, now the heir to all his lands, and the sole hope of his still powerful but declining house.

Brave and noble in person and disposition, Alberto di Ferrando had been educated in a foreign university, had served valiantly in a foreign army, and received knighthood at the hands of one of the first monarchs of the age. He remembered little of his father's country, his father's residence, or his father's feuds. With the name of the dread enemy of his house he was not, however, unacquainted, and with generous promptitude gave up his own successful career to protect and support the declining years of his parent. On his homeward-way he visited the residence of a *Castellano*, to whose hospitality his father had recommended him, and with whose daughter he received a paternal hint to fall in love. The latter injunction was far from being agreeable to the spirited young chief, as his heart had, more than two years before this period, taken the unfilial liberty of making a selection for itself, and had even stood the test of twelve months' absence from the object of its devotion. That object was no other than Portia di Baveno, the niece and the ward of his father's enemy, whom (by one of those fatuities with which legend-readers must be familiar) he had met and loved in a foreign country, ere the will of dying parents had consigned her to the care and the dwelling of the dark-browed lord of Malinanza.

The young knight, however, visited, as enjoined, the Castellan ally of his house ; saw the lady ; found her no trial at all on his constancy ; and, fatigued with his journey, was preparing early to retire to his couch, when the good baron, drawing him into close conversation, began to descant on the miserable political state of the country ; and, on conducting him to his chamber, commended to his special care a sealed packet to the Baron Ferrando.

The young knight proceeded on his way before cock-crowing of the morrow. As he prosecuted his journey, he began to think rather uneasily of the sealed documents he had with him. Some indistinct notion that they contained treasonable matter, half suggested itself to his mind. He now remembered his host's injunction to keep them concealed about his person, and did not half relish the thought of being made the periled carrier of such matter. Night began to close in, and as his way now wound along the margin of the lake of Como, he felt more than half inclined to throw the condemnatory documents into its peaceful waters. They were directed, however, to his father, and might be on matters which narrowly concerned him : he would, therefore, at every hazard, deliver the packet to his hands. This hazard soon appeared to lessen, when, at a turn in the unfrequented road, he was met by an armed escort, despatched by his father to guide him to his paternal abode.

At length Alberto's ancestral dwelling was pointed out to him in the distance, frowning—like all famous traditional castles—on an eminence, which overlooked the waters of the lake. The rippling moonbeams which played on their surface were here broken by the huge mass of building which threw its dark, giant shadow athwart the Como. On reaching it, a personage of lofty brow and high bearing advanced to meet him. The young knight, overpowered by unwonted feelings, could only ejaculate "My father !" and, reverentially falling on his knees, embraced the hand of his parent.

After this first ebullition had subsided, Alberto saw more in his parent's countenance to inspire fear than tenderness. As the knight, like most young men, was no lover of those whose persons imposed a disagreeable restraint, amounting almost to awe, he felt for a few seconds a keen sensation of disappointment. Perhaps the baron marked this ; for the stern hauteur of his brow instantly relaxed into an expression that was almost fascinating, and offering his arm, with somewhat of graceful condescension, to his son, he conducted him to the banqueting-hall, whose festive boards offered delicate and costly refreshments to the wearied traveller. During the repast, the conversation and manners of his parent seemed calculated to win the confidence of Alberto ; but still there was a something in that dark eye which did not quite please the young chief. Venturing once to turn on it a sort of puzzled scrutiny, his gaze of dissatisfied inquiry was met by a keen, stern glance, which forbade all further ocular examination. Changing the conversation, which had accidentally, it seemed, slid into politics, the baron said, carelessly, "And what news, sir knight, and hopeful son, from our very worthy and most prosing ally Balsano ?"—"News, perhaps, that were better told in private," answered Alberto, lowering his voice. "Our house hath a fearful enemy, that might make his own of yon old baron's superannuated dreams. I scarce reck of all he told me yester-even. His discourse more mingled with my dreams than addressed itself to my waking senses, and perhaps I

had forgotten it altogether, had he not left me with this sealed packet to be *safely* and *secretly* conveyed to you, my sire." As he spoke, Alberto passed the packet to his father. But he almost started at the expression of the Castellán's countenance. His brow was wrapped in a crimson glow; his dark eye flashed as if it had been actually ignited; his lips—partly opened—showed the length of his teeth, whose whiteness was rendered more dazzling by a light froth, which seemed, as in a moment, to sparkle upon them; while his hands, as he took the packet, literally trembled with the eagerness of his grasp on it. There was something so fiendish in the expression of a face whose lofty features had, not an instant before, worn the polished smile of what would in these days be termed gentlemanly urbanity, that Alberto almost rose from his seat with an indefinable sentiment of distrust, if not dislike. "Sit down, boy—sit down; what moves thee?" said the Castellán, endeavoring, but without his usual success, to banish from his countenance its darker expressions.—"I started, sire, to mark the change on your brow when I gave to your hands that dangerous packet. I gather from the discourse of mine host of yesterday, and from the kindling of my father's eye, that the toils are spreading anew for the dark lord of Malinanza, the hated enemy of our house and race. O! my sire, shall this wild feud never have an end? Is it not a shame that Christian men should live in deadly hate, like the unbaptised foes of our Venetian neighbors? Nay, smile not, father; I am no priestly advocate for a senseless and slavish submission to every unmerited indignity. I am no womanish coward, that preacheth peace because he feareth to make war. The sword of the bravest of Europe's sovereigns gave me knighthood as the due meed of a stout hand and a bold heart. Yet, my sire, I do profess to you that I cannot enter into the personal, the vengeful feelings, which make the vassals of the same government and the denizens of the same soil the haters and the destroyers of each other."—"Ho! Vincenzo! call hither our chaplain," said the baron, sardonically; "here is discourse might mend his style of preaching.—In what school hast thou learnt the sweet meekness that chimes so well with thy martial gait and lofty bearing? Oh, thou art all too patient, soft, and virtuous, to be fitting foe for such a flesh-inshrined demon as the lord of Malinanza. Dost thou know him, sir preacher knight?"—"By person, surely no, as my sire well wotteth," answered Alberto, with filial patience—"by fame, too well; and I hold him—if report speak truly—for a man of dark brow, and darker heart; yet I hold him also for one who hath somewhat to forgive at our hands, and whose evil passions might with better grace be told over by any other than by the head of the house of Ferrando."

The Castellán's countenance softened for a moment without an effort on the part of its owner, and he eyed the young man with a gaze in which surprise had certainly the largest expression. He changed the conversation, however, for a few moments, and then, rising from the table, took the light from the torch-bearer, and himself conducted his son to the chamber appointed him. As they entered it, the knight turned to his parent, and said, with much earnestness, not unmingled with dignity, "Although, my sire, I have protested against any vengeful and unchristian efforts to compass our dark rival's ruin, yet let me here call Heaven to witness, that I will, as a true knight and a loyal son, stand by my father's side, even in the most fearful hour of peril, to repel every aggression of his enemies; and that I will not yield to

the loudest brawler against the lord of Malinanza, in the defence of the just claims of our house, and in the firm and bold protection of my father's rights against all who would abridge them. Let the proud lord of Malinanza try me, by one trespass on my parent's privileges—by one effort to bring dishonor on the grey hairs of my sire, and he shall see that he who was least forward to deprive him of his own rights, is his firmest, his most inflexible opponent, when he dares to ride triumphant over those of another.”—“Now by the bones of all the goodly saints in Christendom, I thank thee, young man,” exclaimed the Castellan, triumphantly; “thou hast restored me to myself—thou hast exorcised from my bosom strange guests, that had, all unbidden, returned to it after long banishment. Thou art, indeed, worthy to be my son. I counsel thee but to one thing, sir knight—look to it that thy power to restrain the lord of Malinanza squares well with thy bold purpose. ’Tis said he is no feeble enemy, and perhaps he may have resources somewhat too strong even for your valiancy.”—“I fear him not,” answered the young man; “I would defy him, even in his own castle—ay, were it garrisoned with all the goodly hosts report hath given him—demons, robbers, and assassins. I have small desire to exercise vengeance on Don Carmelo—still less fear to receive the effect of his malice in my own person.—Nay, nay, my sire, take my *armor* from me *yourself*!—and carry them out for burnishing, too!—This is making me more guest than son.” As the Castellan prepared to quit the room with the light weapons of the young knight beneath his arm, he held the torch for a moment to his own dark countenance, as if almost purposely to reveal its expression to Alberto. The current of the young man's blood seemed almost arrested in his veins. Surely it was the face of a demon he gazed on! The Castellan approached him. “Good night, young Sir,” he said, with a fiendish expression; “all good angels watch over thee in these friendly towers; and, be thy waking to-morrow where it may, forget not my paternal good night.” He was going, but, returning a step or two he added, scornfully—“And thou knowest not the feelings of revenge? Oh, charming, insipid innocence! Thinkest thou long to retain thy ignorance? Be injured—be robbed—be stricken, hand, heart, and limb—and then retain thy meek bearing! I will tell thee, young man, that revenge is the nearest feeling to rapture of any this poor sordid nature of ours knoweth. For me, I would sacrifice on its altar my health, my wealth, my fair lands, and all that ministers to meaner pleasures. Ay, even such a son as thou (though I am not so impassable as to close my eyes to thy noble qualities) would be but as dust in the balance.—Poor youth,” he continued, with a smile, in which a very slight shade of pity was strangely mingled with an expression of triumph—“poor youth, if I *could* pity, I might pity thee.—But good night, young sir. They say that last dreams are the pleasantest: I go to pray that thine, to-night, may be surpassing sweet.”—“Gracious Heaven! what meaneth all this?” exclaimed the knight, in astonishment, as his father (carrying away his arms) withdrew from the chamber. The idea that his parent must be in a state of insanity darted across his mind; but when he heard a sound of locks and bolts on the other side of his apartment, he rushed to the door, and endeavored, by forcing it open, to prevent the incarcerating process which seemed to be going on without: he was too late. He next protested, in loud and vehement terms, against this unparental strictness: a fiendish and stifled laugh

without was the only answer he received. Complete silence succeeded. The gallant young chief scarcely knew what he expected—what he apprehended. He began to look suspiciously around his chamber. Whatever might be its attractions as a sleeping apartment, it was certainly strong enough for a prison. Alberto explored a small anti-chamber into which it opened, and endeavored, but in vain, to discover some egress. In doing this, he wrenched open the door of a cabinet, which stood in a dark and scarcely discernible recess of the anti-chamber. Curious instruments, of which he did not understand the use, met his eye; but among them he described one or two simple machines which could not be mistaken: these were hand-fetters.

Sensations, undefined, but far from soothing, haunted the brave knight's bosom; and he stood, for some time, with his eyes fixed on the moonlight, which, falling through the vertical bars of his window, streaked the floor of the chamber. "Tis nothing," at length he said, aloud. "My father—without violence to filial duty be it spoken—is a man of dark brow and moody temper. I chafed his humor to-night by holding in light esteem the feud that stirs our family blood. I'll to bed, and think no more on his strange bearing." He was about to cast off his garments, when the words "Not to bed, lest you lie down to rise no more," met his ear.—"Gracious Heaven! I am in the castle of some enchanter!" exclaimed the knight. "Portia—Portia di Baveno—can it be thy voice? What white form do I see in the moonlight? Say, shadow of an angel, art thou of earth or of heaven?"—"Of earth, and a prey to all the miseries it groaneth under," answered Portia, gasping for breath, and supporting herself with difficulty. "Hush! hush! for mercy's sake speak softly."—"In the name of every saint that walketh earth and heaven, how came you hither?" exclaimed Alberto, rushing to her assistance.—"I concealed myself at nightfall in your chamber," she said, endeavoring to collect breath for explanation. "Alberto, thy life hangs on a thread. The proud lord of this fearful dwelling hath had his wakeful eye on thee, ever since thou enteredst the land of thy sires. The treacherous escorts that met thee in thy homeward path were not the followers of thy father. They were sent to beguile thee into the hands of thy deadliest foe. Thou art now in the castle of *Malinanza*, and in the power of its merciless lord!"—"Gracious powers! I see it all," exclaimed Alberto; "his dark words—his fiendish gaze of triumph—his parting salutation—all are explained." The knight paused, and, almost overpowered for a moment, covered his face with his hands. At length he said—"Alas! my real, my desolated parent, thou shalt now look for thy son—thy last hope—in vain! He shall never behold thy face, nor hear thy blessing.—And thou, my beloved Portia, I must bid thee farewell forever. Thou hast not let my final hour come on me without thy kind warning. I thank thee. In such coming peril, I would send thee from my side, thou faithful and lovely one; but exit is denied thee, and the arms which Alberto would only have yielded with his last breath, have been guilefully removed from his stout hand. But conceal thyself, my Portia: it were ill fitting that thou shouldst be discovered here; nor would I that thy tender age should behold aught thou wouldst hereafter shudder to think on." The damsel threw a poniard from beneath her white garment. "Alas! dear knight," she said, in that kindness of tone which, under such circumstances, was the nicest proof of female delicacy—"alas! I know too well how little

will avail this single weapon, even in the hands of thy valor, against the whole force of a castello armed against thee. But listen to me. 'Tis the fatal packet that makes thy ruin. My cruel kinsman might not, even in this wild age and country, dare to lay hands on thee, held he not a fearful sanction to his utmost violence in the proofs of thy treasonable purposes. Two hours after midnight, trusty messengers and a body of armed followers will be secretly ready to convey thy fatal documents to our jealous rulers in Milan, with the news that the loyal lord of Malinanza holds thee in strict guard until their pleasure be known. Alas ! 'tis this packet hath given thy foe a power over thee that no fear of future retribution now checketh. I do divine that his vengeance only slumbereth until he hath seen the messengers of thy ruin on their way to our despot rulers. O ! Alberto, there are high thoughts in my soul ! Could that fatal packet only be obtained, thy hours on earth might, perchance, be prolonged until a way of escape, or even aid from thy unhappy parent, appeared for thy salvation. My dread kinsman hath passed from thy apartment to his own. This is his brief hour of midnight repose. The fearful packet lies in his chamber."

—"But what power, my gentle Portia, can remove the bars that enclose us in mine ?" asked the knight—"how may I reach the chamber of my guileful foe ?" Portia sprang lightly and softly to the window, and—standing within its deep niche—looked, in the pale light, like some ethereal sprite that had glided on moonbeams through the casement. She softly opened it.—"Behold here, sir knight," she said. He rose to the place where she stood. She pointed to a strong stone parapet, or breast-work, which terminated the first and main wall of the edifice, and seemed designed partly to strengthen and partly to ornament the castle. Above the parapet, and only a few inches removed from it—arose a second range of building, containing innumerable chambers, some of whose long and narrow casements opened on the kind of breast-work just described. This parapet offered but a precarious pathway to the slenderest foot, even where the projection ran parallel with the straightest and most continuous portions of the edifice ; but it became fearful, indeed, where it rose and descended according to the inequalities of the wall, or sharpened into acute angles in doubling the minuter turrets. "In mournful and romantic mood," said the lady, "I have often, unknown to the savage dwellers of this gloomy castello, loved to tread this dangerous path, meditating some wild and impracticable scheme of escape from the hands of my dreaded guardian. I now thank the God above, who hath turned the mad act of a desperate maiden to some sober account. I thank him, too, that care and woe have made this young frame spare and slender. Seest thou the casement of that farthest turret ? The lamp within it throws its red light on the lake beneath us, and disturbs the peaceful moonbeams. There sleeps my kinsman. The weather is sultry—his lattice is not closed. Bars like these, which forbid not the passage of such slender frame as mine, alone defend his chamber. God of mercy and justice, strengthen me ! I implore thy aid.—Farewell—sir knight—pray for me, I am adventuring on a deed of danger." She glided through the strong, vertical bars of the window, as she spoke—stept out on the parapet—and, ere the astonished knight could arrest her progress, disappeared from the casement. As she passed away, he endeavored, by seizing her garment, to draw her from her dangerous enterprise : he was too late. He tried to thrust himself through the

bars, in order, at least, to share her fate ; but the interval was only calculated to admit the passage of a fairy form, and defied the utmost efforts of the knight to push his stalwart frame through such a narrow interstice. He pulled stoutly at the bars, and endeavored to wrench them from their fastenings ; but they were too closely articulated to yield to his grasp. He could only, with beating heart and dizzy brain, watch the progress of the devoted maiden.

For some time, her way lay along a straight line of building that connected the knight's tower with a cluster of turrets, in the farthest of which she had pointed out the chamber of her terrible kinsman. The young chief perceived that her face was slightly turned towards the upper wall, as if to divert her eye from the dizzying depths beneath her. Alberto began to breathe freer as he marked the steadiness of her light foot ; but his heart again throbbed with violence as he saw her reach the end of the straight line of parapet, and prepare to mount it where it stretched upwards to the higher portions of the dwelling. There he beheld her crouch—nay, almost prostrate herself, and cling with her delicate hands to every slight projection in the walls which might either afford her a protecting hold, or advance her progress. At length she reached the height, and stood, like a pale phantom of the night, on the first turret. It was of sexangular form ; and as Alberto beheld her reach the first point, he could scarcely forbear a cry of terror. In the dubious light it seemed, when she reached that angle, as if she were about *voluntarily* to throw herself from her fearful elevation : but she passed on, like the gliding and mysterious spirit of another world—sometimes lost in the recesses of the building—sometimes reappearing on its projections, until she at length *neared* the formidable place of her destination. The knight now watched the lady with augmented anxiety, not only because her fearful goal was in sight, but because the diminishing light and increasing shadows on the lake forewarned him that the moon was about to sink behind the castle, and leave its immense pile in an obscurity which would effectually conceal every object from his view. Portia at length disappeared in a recess of the edifice. Alberto strained his vision :—the moonlight continued to decrease : his heart throbbed—his head swam. Did something white reappear from the recess ?—he could not tell. The obscurity augmented ;—and now the moon sinks behind the vast building, and leaves its intricate varieties one shapeless mass, Alberto flung himself on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, poured forth a fervent supplication for the safety of her he loved.

Meanwhile the maiden pursued her fearful way until she reached the lower extremity of the dreaded turret. She marked the waning light : it was ominous—yet still she pressed forward. And now she gained the parapet, which wound round to her dire guardian's chamber. This turret was of greater elevation than its architectural neighbors, and considerably overhung the main wall of the building. It was now impossible for the damsel to avert her eye from the awful depths beneath her. She seemed to look down a dizzy and immeasurable precipice. She saw the fast-darkening waters beneath her ; she heard, in the silence of night, their mournful plashing against the grey rocks at her feet. Her head began to swim—her steps to falter. Darkness succeeded. A novice in that fearful path must now have perished ; but Portia was not treading it for the first time in such

an hour. She pressed her hand in fervent but speechless supplication to Heaven. Her courage revived. She turned another angle in the tower. A red light burst suddenly upon her—it shone over the maiden's white raiment, and lighted up every object around her with a brilliancy that for a moment almost startled her, and suggested the idea of inevitable detection. She pressed on ; she reached the chamber—the casement was open.

Whatever slight sensations of fear Portia might have experienced in threading her perilous path, they assumed the character of complete indifference, or even pleasurable emotion, compared with those she felt on beholding the object of her nocturnal adventure—the chamber of her terrible guardian. For a moment she even marveled how aught could have excited her to an attempt so appalling. She held for support by the stone-work which surrounded the casement. Her limbs trembled ; she gasped for breath ; her heart beat with a violence which seemed to render its throbbings almost audible. It was too much—her courage succumbed ; she could not—she durst not enter that dread chamber. She cast a hesitating, backward look on the intricate path she had so recently trodden—it seemed to lie in utter and hopeless obscurity. No matter—she would wait until the first streak of dawn should afford her light to retrace her steps. But, meanwhile, what would be the fate of him whom the contents of that fearful packet placed entirely at the mercy of one whose dark passions knew no check in the ordinary feelings of pity or compunction ? That thought was enough. A returning tide of courage rushed into the heart of the high-souled damsel. She ventured to look into the chamber. The lamp—whose peculiar brightness was the whispered theme of the neighborhood, and held, of course, of preternatural brilliancy—showed distinctly every object in the apartment. Portia saw the long form and dark countenance of the Castellan as he lay stretched on his couch. He was evidently asleep ; but the expression on his countenance showed that his dire passions slumbered not with his sleeping body. His brow was knit, and his eyes only half closed ; while the partial opening of his lips, contrasted with the fixedness of his long teeth, gave a peculiar and malevolent expression to his physically handsome countenance. A tone of malign exultation played over the whole features, and showed that the last dark, waking thoughts of the sleeper were infused into his dreams. The periled maiden gazed round the apartment to discover where lay the object of her romantic enterprise. To make long search within the chamber would, she rightly deemed, be to prolong the risk of discovery. There was a table covered with minute maps of the neighboring district, parchment manuscripts, and ponderous piles of bulky documents. But how was she to divine which was the desired packet ? How was she to summon calmness of hand and vision to examine, under such tremendous risk, the contents of that table ? Again she turned a glance of fear towards the Castellan. His pillow was slightly raised at one end. Something peeped from beneath it. Portia strained her vision in earnest gaze. It was certainly the fatal packet on which reclined the head of her dire relative ! Carmelo had probably placed it beneath his pillow, less to conceal his treasure than to afford himself the exquisite gratification of slumbering on the instrument of his enemy's ruin. "God of the captive ! I implore thy good hand upon me !" in mental devotion ejaculated the maiden. She drew her garments closely around her ; she

pressed her slight frame through the narrow interval which separated the window-bars : she entered the chamber !

For one moment Portia remained at the casement to recover the breath which now seemed to be abandoning her stifled bosom. The stillness which reigned in the apartment was so profound, that she distinctly heard the slumberous breathings of the fierce Castellan—her own gasping respiration—the faint vibrations of a pendulum placed near the bed—and even the distant plashing of those peaceful waters that laved the rock beneath the castle. As the lamp flickered on her kinsman's countenance, his features seemed to Portia's excited imagination to writhe into wild and fiendish contortions. "What," half thought the damsel—"what if he should really be the subject of demoniacal possession ! What if—even worse—he should be awakening from his slumber !" She paused. The arms of the dire chief were placed near him, and his poniard lay beside him on the very couch where he reposed. Rather like one in a fearful dream than with the steady purpose of a conscious agent, Portia stole softly to the bed. She stooped towards the pillow. As her countenance unavoidably approached that dark visage, her limbs half sunk under her. Her hand was on the packet—she proceeded gently to draw it from its concealment ; but it yielded not readily to her grasp. She ventured on another effort. Heaven have mercy ! The Castellan half awoke. He murmured some indistinct words. The maiden sank to the ground. She saw him, in his partial awakening, stretch forth his hand, and almost mechanically feel for the object of his jealous care. Then, with the restless evolution of a disturbed sleeper, he turned on his side, and relapsed into slumber.

Without motion—almost without breath—Portia remained in her prostrate attitude. All again became silence. Her eye almost unconsciously fell on the time-piece. Its index showed that, ere the lapse of a brief half hour, Carmelo would be aroused from his slumber, and the fatal documents despatched to their final destination. The feverish movement of the Castellan had now averted his face from the maiden. The change was encouraging. Without rising from her prostrate posture, she stretched forth her hand—she again laid it on the desired packet. She began to draw it forth. The baron stirred not. Providence surely deepened that slumber ! She has gained the packet—she holds it in her trembling grasp !

With a throbbing heart Portia softly arose, and stole in trembling triumph towards the casement. The documents were of parchment, heavy and numerous : they somewhat embarrassed the retreating passage of the maiden. Her foot struck against a piece of furniture. The baron started up in his couch. Portia stifled her rising shriek, with the energy of despair threw down the lamp, and endeavored in the obscurity to press through the window-bars.

"Angels and fiends ! my treasure—my packet !" exclaimed a vengeful and tremendous voice. A heavy foot was instantly on the floor. With desperate efforts the maiden endeavored to effect her passage ; but a projection of the casement caught her garments. They were seized by her pursuer. She struggled wildly forward—she was almost dragged back into the chamber. Faithful, even in her last extremity, to the feeling which had dictated her enterprize, Portia collected the whole of her remaining strength, and clinging to the bars of the window with one arm, raised the other to its full stretch, and flung the packet

into the lake beneath her. A pattering sound was heard against the walls of the castle—then against the rock beneath : a slight plash in the waters succeeded, and proclaimed that the fearful cause of such dark and varied feelings had sunk to final oblivion.

Lashed almost to phrensy by the sound which conveyed the heavy tidings that his treasure was no more, Carmelo relinquished his grasp on Portia, and flew to the door of his chamber. "What, ho ! Vincenzo ! Amodéo !" he cried, "traitorous hands have flung my treasured packet into yon lake beneath us. On your lives lower a boat this instant : it may yet float. A thousand zecchini to him whose hand shall yet secure it."

The sudden relinquishment of the baron's grasp in the midst of her struggle for release, would probably, by its abruptness, have precipitated the maiden into the lake below, had not her entangled garments proved a timely check to her fall. Heaven had granted her an instant for escape, and given her strength to use it. With a courage which desperate circumstances rather kindles than extinguishes in characters of a certain tone, she extricated her raiment, and clinging for support to every tangible substance that presented itself to her grasp, passed from before the casement, and concealed herself in the first dark recess the turret afforded—secure, at least, that no inmate of the castello could follow her. Here the damsel paused. She stood to recover her breath—to listen to what passed in the dwelling, and to wait till the restored tranquillity of the castle, the renewed strength of her limbs—trembling with recent agitation—and a streak or two of returning light, should enable her to prosecute her strange path with less danger. She heard a confusion of voices and busy feet in the castle ; she heard the plashing of oars in the quiet waters of the lake ; she heard the return of the unsuccessful adventurers. Stillness succeeded ; and, in the silence of the night, the voices of her kinsman and one or two of his confidants reached the maiden's ear. She ventured to draw a little nearer to the casement.

"It must have been a form of earth," observed the Castellan, who, like many persons superior to the vulgar credulity of accepting a revealed religion, was the subject of a scarcely avowed superstition—"it must have been a form of earth : I felt *its* garments—I held them in my grasp ; and—if a form of earth—then a woman's form, for no other could pass between those bars. But what woman ? It could not be the meek and timid girl, my kinswoman. The thought is idle. She starts at her own shadow, and would dream not of such fearful emprise. Nay, as a good guardian, I have ever cared for her safety. Her window opens not at all, nor does it even look on this giddy parapet ; and, for her door, I turned its locks and bolts as I passed from the prison-chamber of yon hopeful cavalier.—Thou sayest, Vincenzo, that she sleepeth even now in her chamber ?"—"God of mercy ! then I have found a friend !" ejaculated the maiden to herself.—"What, then, was that form ?" continued the Castellan, in a deep and troubled voice. "Vincenzo, we may not now safely do our work to-night. *Lay not thy hands on him.* There be those may now call on us to answer for the deed."—"Merciful Heaven ! I thank thee ; thou hast crowned my purpose," again ejaculated Portia.—"Dream on, young sir, a few more hours in safety," pursued the Castellan, in the tone of a baffled demon, "my vengeance only slumbereth to fall the surer.—Power that rulest all things, and kindest our dark and deep passions !

why—why hast thou placed in my keeping the treasure my vengeance hath so long craved at thy hands, only to let it elude my grasp? There is something strange on my soul to-night. What could be that form?—Thinkest thou, Vincenzo, yon knight hath agents we wot not of? I have the thought.—Melcurio, go get me some half-score of picked men. I will forthwith visit that young gallant's chamber. I will see whether he still slumbereth in unsuspecting security. If he still calleth me by my most soothing paternal name, I shall know how to deal with him. He may yet give me knowledge that shall crush him and his sire. Not to rouse the young lordling's suspicion, let the castle be quiet for a brief space. Then come hither with thy force. Follow me with the softest foot to the knight's chamber—and enter it not until I summon thee. *He is without arms.—Go.*" The Castellan apparently walked close up to his casement as his attendants quitted the apartment; for his voice sounded to Portia more near and distinct. As his eye wandered over the hosts of heaven, which were waxing dim in the first pale and scarcely perceptible influence of morning twilight, he seemed only busied in invoking the spirits of darkness; and the low, but audibly uttered sentences—"Give me vengeance—I ask but for vengeance!" reached the ear of the maiden. She staid not to hearken farther. O! could she but gain Alberto's apartment ere her kinsman's visit, what a fatal tragedy might she prevent! With no other guide than the pale light of faintly-struggling day, she ventured on her returning path.

Long and anxiously did the gallant and prisoned chief gaze from his window; but in vain he seemed to strain his vision. At length, however, a slender form darkened the casement. On his knees the knight received the maiden, and heard from her lips the deed of devotion she had performed. "And now, sir knight," she said, with hurried voice, "your part must be taken boldly and promptly. Withdraw the inner bolts of your chamber. Throw yourself on your couch, and feign the slumber of easy security. Above all, as you hope for another hour of life, show not that you have discovered the falseness of that paternal name your dire foe hath assumed."—"Cowardly and wily traitor! it will ask more art and more forbearance than my nature knoweth, to hide from him the feelings which his presence and his guileful title will arouse in my bosom," said Alberto, indignantly.—"For my sake, then, forbear," said the lady, sinking to her knees. "As you are a Christian man, and the servant of Him who took patiently the wrongs of his enemies; as you are a true knight, and value the safety of her who hath periled all for you, take the counsel I give you. I will not conceal myself—I will dare the worst, if you refuse." The knight took the hand of the lady, pressed it to his lips, and swore obedience. Gently and respectfully he then conducted her to a place of concealment in the anti-chamber.—"God grant," said the maiden, with noble candor—"God grant that matters, on the coming morrow, may wear such changed aspect that I may be free to blush at the strange part which fear for the periled life-blood of a brave friend hath urged me to."—"O! blush never for the heroic deeds this night hath witnessed, noble and high-souled maiden!" said Alberto, tenderly, but respectfully;—" 'tis your poor knight must ever blush at the little return the service of his whole life can make for such devotion."—"Away—away, dear knight! Remember I have acted towards thee as towards one who stood on the verge of this life, and might shortly be the tenant

of another world. Time presses. The crisis of our fate approaches. Hie thee to thy couch, sir knight, and God speed our purpose !” Alberto now re-entered the chamber, and softly withdrew the inner bolts of his door. He then fastened a light breast-plate to his bosom, and throwing a loose night-robe over his clothes, betook himself to his couch. The hearts of the knight and of the lady now rose in throbbing prayer to Heaven.

After a breathless suspense of some minutes, a sound was heard like that of many feet endeavoring to tread with noiseless stealth. They approached close to the chamber. Then came a pause, as if to allow the sound to die away ere the pretended parent entered the apartment of his son. Bolts were quietly withdrawn ; and the baron, holding a light in his hand, made his appearance. Alberto made a motion as of one awakening from sleep, and strove hard to convert his look of indignant aversion into a gaze of simple astonishment.—“ I crave pardon for disturbing thy slumbers, gentle son,” said the Castellan ; “ but our own sleep hath been strangely broken to-night, and we come to know if thine hath partaken of the disturbance.”—“ The greatest disturbance my night hath known,” answered Alberto, oddly, “ is your presence, sir father, at such unseemly hour.”—“ And this is (in very truth) the greatest, the only disturbance, thou hast experienced this night ?” asked the baron, rolling an eye of fearful inquisition over the countenance of his intended victim. “ But how now, fair son ? methinks thy visage is somewhat changed towards us. Oh ! thou chafest at our uncourtly but very parental freedom in drawing the bolts of thy chamber !”—“ In verity,” answered the knight, “ I have been little used to be locked up like a helpless monk or a prisoned maiden.”—“ But hark thee, fair son, thy good hand must forthwith indite us some half-dozen lines to our good cousin of Balsano, praying him to return us, by our own trusty messenger, farther notices on the subject he treats so well of. My hand hath lost its cunning in clerkly doings ; but here be materials for writing. I will dictate to thee. Thou wottest so well of what importance this matter is to our house, that I will not tax thy filial courtesy by vain excuses for disturbing thee. My messenger must depart ere sunrise. To-morrow, my noble son, all shall be explained to thee, nor shall my too officious care for thy safety draw one more bolt on thy fair freedom.”—“ I pray you, my lord—my father,” said the young man, endeavoring to stifle the indignation which this treacherous proposal excited.—“ I pray you let your good pleasure be postponed to a more seemly hour. I am but a sorry clerk, and can only indite my letters by the broad light of day.”—“ Sir son, I am not in the habit of being contradicted.”—“ Sir father, I am not in the habit of being commanded.”—“ So—a choice spirit I have to deal with !” said the Castellan, with a look in which the affection of good-humored, parental forgiveness of youthful obstinacy struggled with an awfully contrasted expression. “ But come, young sir, thou wilt not, for a moody fit of surly insubordination, ruin the fair prospects of thy father ! Here, take thy pen. In filial courtesy do my pleasure to-night—then sleep in peace, and wake to-morrow to thine own pleasure—to feast, to mirth, and pastime.—Thou wilt not ?”—“ My lord—my lord !” began the knight, off his guard for a moment.—“ *My lord*, too ! so stiff—so ceremonious !” said Carmelo, bending on Alberto a look which might have withered a less stout heart. “ Young man,” he added, “ I like not thy bearing this night ; I understand not the changed ex-

pression of that eye. Say—speak out boldly—for what dost thou take me ?” The Castellan was evidently about to retreat as he spoke, perhaps to summon his attendants ; but the active young knight wound his stout arms around his pseudo-parent.—“ For what do I take thee ?” he repeated. “ Stay in my filial embrace, and I will tell thee. I take thee for a coward, and a villain, and a traitor—for one unworthy to be a good man’s friend, or a brave man’s enemy—for one capable of betraying the innocent and the unsuspecting—for one ripe for Heaven’s avenging thunderbolt—for the base, the pitiful, the wily lord of Malinanza ! ”

It must be remembered that Carmelo had commanded his followers not to make their appearance until summoned by the voice of their chief. In the strong grasp of his powerful prisoner, the proud Castellan now, therefore, struggled—but struggled in vain—for breath to summon his attendants ; while the knight, who could not spare a hand to seize his poniard, felt that on the prolongation of that strong embrace depended the few remaining minutes of his existence : the moment when his dire foe should recover the use of his lungs must, Alberto felt, be *his* last on earth. The Castellan was evidently struggling for his stiletto. O ! could the knight but close for one moment the inner fastenings of that door ! A light form rushed from the antichamber ; a slight grating noise was heard ; and, ere the relaxing grasp of Alberto gave the baron breath to summon his attendants, the hand of the faithful Portia had effectually precluded their entrance. “ My guardian angel ! God of heaven, I thank thee ! ” ejaculated the grateful knight, now withdrawing one hand from the Castellan, and seizing his poniard. “ Now strike, thou paltry and base entrapper ! I have met bolder and purer hands than thine. Strike—do thy worst—I have weapons to meet thee.”—“ What, ho ! knaves—traitors ! come to the aid of your chief ! To the rescue, ho ! ” exclaimed the baron, in the tone of a baffled demon. The combatants made two desperate but ineffectual passes at each other as they spoke. The knight then bore back his foe, and without relinquishing his grasp on him, sprang from the bed.

The attendants were now heard endeavoring to effect an entrance into the chamber.—“ Break open the door ! ” thundered the Castellan, who had himself no hand free to remove its fastenings.—“ break open the door ! ” he added, in a dreadful voice. “ Use bills—use axes—set fire to the chamber ! ”—“ No—no, man of blood and treachery ! thine hour is come ! ” exclaimed Alberto, relinquishing his hold on the baron, and placing his back against the door. The knight held the point of his weapon to the ground. Though well acquainted with the arts of single combat, the now furious Castellan could not resist the tempting sight of his foeman’s exposed bosom : he made a desperate thrust at Alberto, leaving his own body unguarded. The knight’s poniard was raised with the quickness of the lightning’s flash. He struck off the weapon of his adversary ; and, ere the Castellan had time to recover guard, his captive’s weapon drank to its very hilt the life-blood of that dark and treacherous bosom !

Carmelo di Malinanza stood for one moment like a scathed spirit of darkness—then fell with a violence that sent forth the crimson stream of life in a gushing tide from his deep and mortal wound. He was in the convulsions of death. A dead silence followed. The generous knight and the maiden instantly knelt over him. “ His dark soul is

passing," said the young man, solemnly. "Turn thee away, my gentle deliverer, from such unfitting sight."—"God of mercy! and he must die without ghostly aid," exclaimed the maiden, horror-stricken. "O! dear and true knight, on my bended knees I praise God for thy victory; but, as a generous foeman, use it for the weal of thy fallen enemy. *Thou* art now lord of this dread castle. O! use thy new authority to get spiritual help for this dying man—it may not yet come too late!" The attendants, perceiving the sudden stillness in the chamber, and uncertain which combatant had gained the advantage, now deemed a neutral conduct the most politic, and therefore ceased their efforts to force an entrance into the apartment. The knight arose, and went to the door.—"Vassals and retainers!" he said, speaking through it with dignity, "*I* now am lord of this castle. Your Castellan I have vanquished in fair combat, and in defence of my life, which some of you well wot was most unjustly practised on. In the name of your master, my father, I publish a pardon to all who have aided their chief in this foul design, on condition that they now acknowledge my authority and execute my orders. Refuse—and you will expose yourselves to the vengeance of a powerful master, and an incensed parent. Go—and instantly summon ghostly and physical aid to your dying chief."

The knight opened the door as he spoke, and presented himself, with fearless brow and firm mien, to his new followers. One glance into that chamber was sufficient for the menials. They beheld their dreaded chief in the struggles of death; they marked the high and confident authority of the knight's bearing. Like all politicians, their part was soon taken. They at once turned their back on the fallen potentate, and recognised the power of the successful claimant on their homage; and the young man, so lately a captive on the verge of everlasting fate, beheld himself lord of the dwelling that had, a few minutes before, been his prison—conqueror of him who had so recently held him in his power—and possessor of the lady whom, on the preceding evening, he had deemed immeasurably separated from him!

As the vassals flew to execute the humane orders of the knight, the news of this change of dynasty spread fast and wide through the castle. Domestic throngs towards the tragic chamber, and a shout of "Long live the brave knight of Ferrando! Long live our new chief!" arose from the former slaves of the terrible baron of Malinanza.

The sound which proclaimed the ruin of all those darling and deadly schemes for which he had sacrificed soul and body, seemed to recall the passing spirit of the fallen Castellan. A dreadful flush, like the last red gleam of a baleful comet ere it sets in night, wrapped for a moment his whole countenance, and seemed to rekindle the eye that death had almost extinguished. He half raised his head, and turned on the knight and the maiden—who, side by side, were kneeling over him—such a concentrated look of dark hatred, wild anguish, and unutterable despair, that the cheek of Portia waxed pale with horror. That flush died away. The shades of death succeeded. The last dews of struggling nature burst from the high forehead of the expiring Castellan; the momentary kindling of his eye was soon lost in the dim and rayless gaze that precedes dissolution. His countenance grew stiff and pale—his head fell—the dark spirit passed to its eternal doom—and the haughty, vindictive, and once terrible lord of Malinanza, was now only a powerless and undreaded corpse!

BACHELORS.

[LEICESTER CHRONICLE.]

As lone clouds in Autumn eves,
 As a tree without its leaves,
 As a shirt without its sleeves,
 Such are bachelors.

As syllabubs without a head,
 As jokes not laugh'd at when they're said,
 As cucumbers without a bed,
 Such are bachelors.

As creatures of another sphere,
 As things that have no business here,
 As inconsistencies, 'tis clear,
 Such are bachelors.

When lo ! as souls in fabled bowers,
 As beings born for happier hours,
 As butterflies on favor'd flowers,
 Such are married men.

These perform their functions high ;
 They bear their fruit, and then they die,
 And little fruits come by and by,
 So die married men.

But ah ! as thistles on the blast
 From every garden-bed are cast,
 And fade on dreary wastes at last,
 So die bachelors.

Then, Thomas, change that grub-like skin,
 Your butterfly career begin,
 And fly, and swear that 'tis a sin
 To be a bachelor.

AN IRISH INN.

WE expect the following description of an old Irish Inn, from Mrs. S. C. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character, second series, will be entertaining to our readers.

" ' True for ye, ma'm dear, it is smoking up to the nines, sure enough, but it's no manner o' manes unwholesome, more particularly at this season, when it's so *could* ; it will clear, my lady, in a minute—see, it's moving off now. "

" ' Moving up, you mean, ' replied the young lady to whom this speech was addressed, and whose eye followed the thick and curling smoke that twisted and twisted in serpent-like folds around the blackened rafters of ' Mr. Corney Phelan's Original Inn, '—so at least the dwelling was designated by the painted board that had once graced it, but now played the part of door to a dilapidated pig-stye. Again, another volume folded down the chimney, for so the orifice was termed under

which the good-tempered and rosy Nelly Clarey was endeavoring to kindle a fire, with wet boughs and crumbling turf. The maid of the inn knelt before the unmanageable combustibles, fanning the flickering flame with her apron, or puffing it with her breath. The bellows, it is true, lay at her side, but it was bereft of nose and handle: 'Poor thing,' she said, compassionately, 'it wasn't in its natur to last forever; and sure master's grandmother bought it as good as thirty years ago, at the fair of Clonmel, as a curiosity, more nor anything else, as I heard say.'

"'Are you sure,' interrogated the young lady, after patiently submitting to be smoke-dried for many minutes, 'are you sure that the flue is clear?'

"'Is it clear, my lady! Why then bad cess to me for not thinking of that before! Sure I've good right to remember thim devils of crows making their nesteens in the chimbley; and it's only when the likes o' you and y'er honorable father stops at the inn, that we lights a fire in this place at all.'

"She took up the wasting-candle that was stuck in a potato in lieu of candlestick, and placing a bare but well-formed foot on a projecting embrasure near the basement, dexterously catching the huge beam that crossed the chimney with her disengaged hand, swung herself half up the yawning cavern, without apparently experiencing any inconvenience from the dense atmosphere. After investigating for some time, 'Paddy Dooley!—Paddy Dooley!' she exclaimed, 'come here, like a good boy, wid the pitchfork, till we makes way for the smoke.'

"'I can't, Nelly, honey,' replied Mister Paddy, from a shed that was erected close to the 'parlor' window, 'a'n't I striving to fix a bit of a manger, that his honor's horses may eat their hay, and beautiful oats, dacently, what they're accustomed to—but Larry can go.'

"'Larry, avourneen!' said Nelly, in a coaxing tone, 'do lend us a hand here wid the pitchfork.'

"'It's a quare manners of ye, Nelly—a dacent girl like ye, to be asking a gentleman like me for his hand (Larry, it must be understood, was the *bocher*,* and wit of the establishment), and I trying for the dear life to rason wid this ould lady, and make her keep in the sty; she's nosed a hole through the beautiful sign.'

"'Bad luck to ye both!' ejaculated Ellen, angrily, 'I'll tell the masther, so I will,' she observed, jumping on the clay floor, her appearance not at all improved by her ascent. 'Masther, dear, here's the boys and the crows after botherin' me; will ye tell them to help me down with the nest?—the lady's shivering alive with the could, and not a sparkle of fire to keep it from her heart.'

"'Don't *you* be after bothorin' me, Nelly,' replied the host; 'but I ax pardon for my unmannerliness,' he continued, coming into the room—his pipe stuck firmly between his teeth, and his rotund person stooping, in a bowing attitude, to Miss Dartforth—'Sure I'll move it myself with all the veins of my heart to pleasure the lady at any time!—Give us a loan of the pitchfork, Larry.'

"'To tell God's truth, master, it's broke, and the smith—bad luck to him!—forgot to call for it, and little Paddeen forgot to lave it—but here's the shovel 'll do as well, and better too, for it's as good as a broom, seeing it's so nearly split at the broad end.'

* A lame man.

“ ‘The master’ took the shovel, not angrily, as an English master would have done, at such neglect ; but taking for granted that a shovel would do as well as a pitchfork, or a broom, or anything else, ‘when it came easy to hand,’ and perfectly well satisfied with Larry’s ingenuity. He poked and poked up the chimney, while Ellen stood looking on at his exertions, her head upturned, her ample mouth open, displaying her white foolish-looking teeth to perfect advantage. Presently, down came such an accumulation of soot, dried sticks, clay, and disagreeables, that Nelly placed her hands on her eyes, and ran into the kitchen, exclaiming ‘that she was blinded for life ;’ while the young lady, half suffocated, followed her example, and left ‘mine host of the public’ to arrange his crows’ nests according to his fancy. The kitchen of an Irish inn (not an inferior place of public accommodation—but what would be termed in England a ‘posting-house,’) at the period of which I treat, would now be considered as a more befitting shelter for a tribe of Zingani, than for Christian travellers. It was a room of large dimensions, and high elevation, with an earthen floor worn into many inequalities, and an enormous hole in the roof directly over where the fire was placed, through which the smoke escaped, after hanging, as it were, in fantastic draperies around the discolored apartment. A massive bar stood out from the wall, against, or nearly against, which, the fire was lighted, and from it were suspended sundry crooks and non-descript chains, fitting for the support of iron pots and such cooking vessels as were put in requisition, when ‘quality’ stopped, either from necessity or for refreshment, in the wild and mountainous district where resided Mr. Corney Phelan. * * * Everything appeared in confusion ; the landlady, whose mob cap was trimmed with full and deep lace of no particularly distinguishable color, bustled about in a loose bed-gown of striped cotton, beneath which a scarlet petticoat, of Dutch dimensions, stuck forth. She was the only female in the establishment who luxuriated in shoes and stockings—the former were confined on the instep by rich silver buckles ; and though she occasionally sat with much state behind a soiled deal board, which presented a varied assortment of drinking measures, and was garnished at either end by kegs of whiskey, yet did she keep a necessary, and not silent, *surveillance* over the movements of the various groups. Some idea of her conversation, or, more properly speaking, her observations (for she never waited for a reply), may be gathered from the following :—

“ ‘Miss Dartforth, my lady !—(Mary Murphy, will ye never have done picking the feathers off that bird !)—my lady, I humbly ask your pardon on account of the smoke, and—(Nelly Clarey, Nelly Clarey, may-be it’s myself won’t pay you off for your villany ; don’t tell me of the crows ; what do I give you house-maids wages for, but to look after my best sitting-rooms ?)—Miss Dartforth, ma’am, is that baste (the calf, I mane) disagreeable to ye ?—it’s a pet, ye see, on account of its being white—quite white, Miss, every hair—and lucky—Billy Thompson, ye little dirty spalpeen ! will ye have done draining the glasses into ye’r well of a mouth !—It’s kind, father, for ye to be afther the whiskey, yet I’ll trouble ye to keep y’er distance from my counter—Corney Phelan, it ’ud be only manners in ye to take the doodeen out o’ y’er teeth, and the lady to the fore ; I remember when ye’d take it out before me—why not !—the day ye married me, dacency and dacent blood entered y’er barrack of a house, and made it what it is, the most creditable inn in the country. Peggy Kelly, ye’re a handy girl, jump

up, astore, on the rafters, and cut a respectable piece of bacon off the best end of the flitch—asy—asy—mind the hole in the wall, where the black hen is setting—there, just look in, for I'm thinking the chickens ought to be out to-morrow or next day—Larry, ye stricken devil ! have ye nothing to do, that ye stand chuck in the doorway ? are ye takin' pattern by y'er master's idleness—he that does nothin' from mornin' till night but drink whiskey, smoke, sleep—sleep, smoke, and drink whiskey !—Oh ! but the very heart within me is breakin' fairly with the trouble—bad cess to ye all !—there's the pratees boilin' mad, and the beef !—I'll rid the place of the whole clan of ye—for it's head, hands, and eyes, I'm to the entire house, ye crew,' &c. &c.—And the eloquent burley lady sprang, with the awkward velocity of a steam-carriage, towards the fire-place, oversetting everything in her way, to ascertain how culinary affairs were proceeding in two large iron vessels, round which the witches in Macbeth might have danced with perfect glee—so deep, and dark, and fitting, did they seem for all the purposes of incantation."

SONG.—BY L. M. N.

[MIRROR.]

O PLEDGE me not in sparkling wine,
 In cups with roses bound ;
 O hail me at no festive shrine,
 In mirth and music's sound.
 Or if you pledge me, let it be
 When none are by to hear,
 And in the wine you drink to me,
 For me let fall a tear.

Forbear to breathe in pleasure's hall,
 A name you should forget ;
 Lest echo's faintest whisper fall
 On her who loves thee yet.
 Or if you name me, let it be
 When none are by to hear ;
 And as my name is sigh'd by thee,
 For me let fall a tear.

O think not, when the harp shall sound
 The notes we loved again,
 And gentle voices breathe around,
 I mingle in the strain.
 Oh ! only think you hear me when
 The night breeze whispers near ;
 In hours of thought, and quiet, then
 For me let fall a tear.

Seek me not in the mazy dance,
 Nor let your fancy trace
 Resemblance in a timid glance,
 Or distant form and face.
 But if you seek me, be it when
 No other forms are near ;
 And while in thought we meet again,
 For me let fall a tear.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

[ATHENÆUM.]—The success of the Poles has astonished all our politicians : and so little was it expected, that even now the public look forward tremblingly to the arrival of every foreign post. We have therefore great pleasure in publishing the following comparative estimate. The writer speaks of things from actual observation made during a residence in those countries, and is therefore entitled to be heard with great attention.

The struggle between Russia and Poland is momentous, both in a moral and in a political point of view. It not only involves the prosperity,—nay, perhaps, even the existence of several millions of human beings, but it must have an important influence upon the destiny of the whole of Europe. Under these circumstances, curiosity is naturally excited to know as much as possible of the real state of the belligerent powers ; and the following may be deemed interesting, as throwing some light upon the subject.

Among the various reports which appeared in the newspapers respecting Russia and Poland, on the first rumor of the coming struggle, it was asserted, on the authority of several continental journals, that, whilst the Russians of all classes were enthusiastic in their desire to commence the contest, the Polish peasants were so averse to any change, that they had been actually scourged, in many cases, to compel them to take arms. It was also stated that the Russian army was immense, and the public were taught to put their faith in the manifesto published by the Emperor Nicholas, as the forewarning of a thing certain, in which he threatened to raze Warsaw to the ground, and to sweep Poland from the face of Europe, if she did not speedily submit. This account of the state of things—of which it may be said, *si non è vero, è ben trovato*—terrified many, unaware what a vast superstructure of falsehood may be sometimes built upon a slight foundation of truth, and made them consider the cause of Poland as completely hopeless, when opposed by the enormous power of Russia. Others, however, better acquainted with the resources of the two kingdoms, saw affairs in a very different light, and were of opinion that these nations were, in reality, very far from being such unequal rivals as they at first appear.

The whole government of Russia is constructed upon a system of deception ; and the same feeling which made Prince Potemkin deceive Catherine with the appearance of handsome villages, temporarily constructed of wood, and a thriving peasantry, hired and dressed for the occasion, during her well-known excursion down the Nieper, is carried through every part of the kingdom. The only principle universally acted upon in Russia, seems to be, that it is the duty of every one to get as much as possible for himself ; and the more adroitly he can deceive others, the higher he ranks in the scale of intellect. The services of all the public functionaries, from the highest judge to the lowest custom-house officer, may be bought by bribes : travellers and natives are alike expected—nay, necessitated—to pave their way with gold ; and the man who expects to obtain either favor or justice in Russia with an empty purse, will soon find himself most lamentably deceived. An instance of this falls within the writer's own personal

knowledge. A gentleman traveling from Russia to Austrian Poland, a few years since, arrived at Radzivil, the last town on the Russian frontier; and it was necessary that he should have his passport examined, and signed by the governor, before he could proceed. The governor, unfortunately, was out of town, and the traveller must have been detained till his return, or have sent an estaffette (express) after him, had he not been informed, that the usual course pursued on similar occasions, was to get a Jew to forge the signature of the governor, and to give him the bribe, which would otherwise have been paid to that worthy functionary. This was accordingly done, and the traveller was immediately allowed to proceed. The bribe, in this case, was a silver ruble, then worth about 5s. 6d. English.

The extent to which mercenary feelings are carried in Russia, can, indeed, scarcely be conceived by any one who has not actually resided in that country. Most of the tradespeople and artisans, even in Moscow and Petersburg, are the vassals of great lords in the provinces, to whom they pay a certain yearly sum for permission to repair to the cities, and there exercise their respective callings; and this sum, which is increased as they increase in celebrity, they are compelled to give without demur, since their lord always retains the power, if they resist his exactions, of tearing them from their shops or other occupations, and sending them back to their native villages, where they would be condemned to work for his service in common with the beasts in the fields. Many Russian merchants in the large cities, who get above a thousand a year (English), are in this degrading situation, and are liable to be torn from their homes, at a moment's notice, by the caprice of the lords to whom they belong.

It is difficult for any noble or patriotic feelings to be engendered amongst men thus situated; and money naturally becomes their prime good, since, by money only, they can hope to escape from the horrible fate which would otherwise attend them. The minds of the people are also unavoidably debased by the example set by the nobility, which is followed by every class throughout the extensive empire of Russia.

No country possesses finer canals, bridges, public roads, or national schools—on paper; but, alas, it is on paper only, that any traces of their existence are to be found. The manner in which these things are managed is very simple, and is perfectly well understood. A canal is judged necessary in a certain province—a magnificent plan of it is made, and papers are written, displaying, in eloquent language, the immense advantages which must accrue from an easy communication being established between two given districts. These documents are laid before the reigning autocrat, backed with whatever arguments the minister may judge most likely to effect his purpose: the Emperor usually approves, and an order is signed on the Imperial Treasury for the sum mentioned in the estimates. This is pocketed by the minister, who, by a judicious application of certain portions of it, soon obtains from the magistrates, or chief officers of the canal-wanting districts, and the inspectors appointed to watch over the progress of the work, proper certificates of the immense advantages and extreme excellence of the newly-adopted mode of communication,—though every one, but the Emperor himself, and the immediate satellites of his court, knows that the canal never existed in any other shape than upon the magnificent map, which, amongst many other equally important and authentic documents, has been safely locked up in the inmost recesses of the

imperial cabinet. It is scarcely necessary to add, that bridges and public roads are constructed exactly on the same principle.

National schools were established by Catherine the Second, who, coming from a German state (Wirtemberg) celebrated for the excellence of its systems of education, was anxious to secure the same advantages for her adopted country. Nothing could be better devised than the plan of these establishments ; and had it been carried into effect, Russia would not now have ranked so low as she does in the scale of moral civilization : but it seems the fate of this devoted empire to suck poison even from the most wholesome viands ; and her best institutions have invariably been soon changed into sinecure posts for discarded favorites or parasitical dependents. This has been particularly the case with the national schools ; old soldiers and others, for whom it has been judged necessary to make some provision, having been actually appointed masters of these establishments ; though it has been well known, at the very moment of their appointment, that they could not write nor even read.

The ostensible number of the army of a government thus constituted, must, of course, be very different from its efficient force ; as every thinking man must be aware, that it is impossible the system of deception, already described, should not extend itself to the soldiery. The fact is, that at least a third of the nominal troops of Russia, are, like her bridges, public roads, and canals, mere shadows of a shade. When recruits are to be raised, the sum destined for their pay is generally divided between the civil and military functionaries employed ; and when inspectors are appointed, whom it is not convenient to bribe, a show is got up, on the plan of Prince Potemkin, to deceive them. Two remarkable instances of this were related to the writer by a Polish officer, the latter having actually occurred in his own regiment.

A regiment of dragoons was ordered to the frontiers of Persia, and the command given to a relation of one of the favorites of the court, an inspector being appointed to visit the General every three months, to see that his troops were in serviceable order. The two newly-appointed officers set off together ; and after the inspector had examined the soldiers and their appointments, and delivered them to their new commander, they went to dinner.

"Well, my good friend," said the General, "this will be a long journey for you to take four times a year ; can we not devise some means to render it unnecessary ?"

The inspector, nothing loath, consented ; and it was soon agreed that he should remain quietly at St. Petersburg, and trust solely to the accounts supplied by his excellent friend, the General, on receiving, of course, a proper consideration for his complacence. The bargain was struck before the inspector departed, and years rolled on without its ever being infringed. At length a change of ministry caused a new general to be sent to take the command of the regiment of Persia. He was very kindly received by his predecessor, and spent two or three days very agreeably in feasting and the sports of the field. At last, however, he became impatient to see his regiment, of which he had as yet found no traces ; and the old General, when no longer able to parry his inquiries, took him into his cabinet. "I will show it you," said he, "if you will follow me. It is here."

"Here ! Impossible ! How could twelve hundred men and horses crowd into this little room ?"

"I have contrived to make them lie in small compass," replied the old General, laughing, as he unlocked a small drawer filled with money. "Here is your regiment !"

The fact was, that he had sold the horses, and let the men purchase their discharge, putting the sum allowed for their clothing and pay into his own pocket ; and his successor, quite charmed with the plan, and with the share he received to ensure his silence, did not hesitate to follow so praiseworthy an example.

The other instance of Russian military duplicity occurred shortly before the death of the Emperor Alexander. That monarch, having fixed a day for a grand review, the general of a regiment, unexpectedly included among those ordered to attend, was greatly distressed to know how to contrive to make a respectable appearance on the occasion. His regiment consisted of hussars, and was called twelve hundred strong, but he had only eight hundred horses, and those were mostly in a miserable condition. Luckily, the officers were nearly all nobles, and, as such, had several horses each, and many servants. These the general borrowed ; and mounting his best soldiers on these well-fed horses, he put the badly-conditioned cattle and awkward peasantry in the centre of the square, contriving, in all the evolutions which were commanded, to keep the show-troops only in sight.

It is refreshing to turn from such scenes of duplicity, to contemplate brave and manly actions. The Poles have always been a noble people—a nation of heroes, who, from Kosciusko to Poniatowski, though unfortunate, or even mistaken in their motives, have yet presented the only model of chivalry which modern times have seen in Europe. The present Dictator is well calculated for the important office he has undertaken. He is about fifty-four years of age, and has served many years not only in the armies of Poland and Russia, but in those of Napoleon, in which he was a lieutenant-general. He is brave, firm, and energetic ; combining prudence with courage in an extraordinary degree. He is warmly attached to his country, and, though poor, is highly descended and connected. His nobleness of spirit may be best described by the following anecdote, which occurred shortly before the commencement of the revolution, and was told to the writer by an eye-witness.

The troops quartered in Warsaw were in the habit of being frequently exercised in a large square (Place de Saxe), under the eye of Constantine. One day the Cesarewitch, after surveying his own body-guard, who were all splendidly dressed, and perfectly well equipped, turned his eyes upon the regiment of Chlopicki with a look of scorn. "General !" said he, "your soldiers are a disgrace to the army—officers, horses, and men, are all bad. You are not fit to be among my troops."

"Your Imperial Highness is quite right," said Chlopicki, dismounting, and laying his military hat and sword at the Grand Duke's feet ; "we are not fit to be among *your* troops ; for *we* did not learn to make war in the Place de Saxe !"

MR. HUNT, M.P. FOR PRESTON.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—I was particularly curious to witness the *début* of the Hon. Member for Preston, in an assembly so little accustomed, as that so long misnamed the House of Commons, to such an out-and-outer of the Demos coming between the wind and their nobility—to see whether any *gaucherie* of manner would betray an uneasy consciousness of his not being quite at ease among those scions of aristocracy, who occupy benches originally intended for the virtual representatives of the people. Mr. Hunt, on the whole, bore himself well ; and, by a total absence of affectation, of either tone or manner,—that surest test of the gentleman, at least of Nature's forming,—disappointed his audience of their ready smiles at demagogue vulgarity. But once, and that for a moment, did his self-possession seem to fail him while going through the ceremonies preceding a new member's taking his seat. After the member has signed his name and taken the oaths, he is formally introduced by the Clerk of the House to the Speaker, who usually greets the new trespasser on his patience by a shake of the hands. This ceremony is in general performed by the present Speaker with a gloved hand towards those not particularly distinguished by wealth or pedigree. When the new member for Preston was introduced to him, he was in the act of taking snuff, with his glove off. Mr. Hunt made a bow, not remarkable for its graceful repose, at a distance—apprehensive, as it struck me, that the acknowledgment would be that of a *noli me tangere*, exclusive. He was agreeably disappointed : the Speaker gave him his ungloved hand at once, in a manner almost cordial ; and Mr. Hunt took his seat, evidently pleased by the flattering courtesousness of his reception.

I take it that the personal appearance of Mr. Hunt is too well known to require description. He is, take him altogether, perhaps the finest looking man in the House of Commons—tall, muscular, with a healthful, sun-tinged, florid complexion, and a manly Hawthorn deportment—half yeoman, half gentleman sportsman. To a close observer of the human face divine, however, his features are wanting in energy of will and fixedness of purpose. The brow is weak, and the eyes flittering and restless ; and the mouth is usually garnished with a cold simper, not very compatible with that heart-born enthusiasm which precludes all doubt of truth and sincerity.

A COMPLAINT OF STREET MINSTRELSIE.

"Most musical ? Most MELANCHOLY !" —*New reading of* MILTON.

"The screams, the howls, and the infernal din !" —ANON.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Grant me patience, Heaven ! Let me not do a deed which the cold, the dull, the senseless, the heavy, drowsy, spiritless, apathetic sons and daughters of earth might stigmatize with the foul name of murder ! There ! there !—I am calm—I will endure it ! Look upon me—do I wince ? There, you hear it !—"Cherry Ripe !" Let him play on till the very barrels of his organ are worn to powder by their unceasing convolutions—not a groan shall escape my lips !—Well again ! "The Huntsmen's Chorus," from

"Der Freyschütz," by two cracked fiddles and a drum. Exquisite ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Do I complain ?—And now—"something more exquisite still"—a hag, in the attire of a woman—a fiend, in the semblance of a man, and two ruffianly little brats, howling, bawling, screaming—Hold ! Shame on me !—do I quail ? Let me moderate my expressions, and, by a delicate choice of terms, give proof manifest of my heroic endurance. I would say, 'tis a gentle pair, with their interesting offspring, who, in sweet accord, are warbling "Home ! Sweet Home !" Heavenly strains ! Go on, go on !—do I not bear it bravely ? Not a nerve in my frame but is quivering as at the touch of a searing-iron, yet I cry not mercy !—And now, 'tis the dancing dogs exhibiting their antics, accompanied by the monotonous thumpings of a tambourine, made musical by the yelpings and barkings of a dozen canine visitors, who thus testify their admiration of their talented fellow-creatures.—Better and better ! They have ceased, and given place to Punch and Judy and another organ, with drum, trumpet, fiddle, fife—each striving, in noble rivalry, to out-noise the other. I endure it ! I live ! and henceforth shall I exist invulnerable to all mortal suffering.—Ha ! my pistols !—quick, my pistols !—two blind Scotchmen, with their drowsy bagpipes and drawling clarionet ! It is not in human nature to bear *this*. Under my very window ! The fellow with the clarionet is a certain mark—pronounce him dead : or shall I rid the tormented world of both ? Ay, the deed were the more meritorious. 'Twill cost my life, but I shall die a glorious martyr. No, were a Jefferies on the bench, the provocation would plead in my behalf, and move even his stern heart to mercy. They die ! Pop !—a miss—pop ! again—I have missed the man ; but the inflated reservoir which gave their droning, drawling life and being to those villainous sounds is rent into ribbons, and "Roy's Wife" cut off in mid career. See ! they go, and smile in mockery of my awkwardness. They turn towards each other, and then towards me, and grin a threat of horrible revenge ; whilst he of the bagpipes, in keen derision, waves aloft the shattered remnants of his instrument. I understand him—this is not the last of the bagpipes : there are more pipes—ay, and pipers too, beyond the Tweed ! and as long as England lies south of it, so long shall she endure their irruptions—and pay for their piping into the bargain. Yet I am not sorry they have escaped. Had the whole fraternity of street minstrels but one neck, indeed, I could twist—twist—twist it, without the slightest feeling of compunction : this could I do, even on a fine May morning, whilst the little birds were caroling above me, the trees putting forth their young blossoms around, and the soft breeze was pregnant with the tender perfume of the early flowers ; even whilst all Nature conspired to attune the heart to gentleness and love, *this* would I do ! and afterwards proceed, with undiminished appetite, to my breakfast. But to fritter away one's time in destroying a couple, or a dozen, or a score of them, would be an ignoble employment—it would be chopping off, not a head, but a mere hair of the hydra.

How, Sir ! is it my wish that a great capital like London should be as silent as a country churchyard ? or do I expect that all manner of sounds should be prohibited, because, forsooth ! my nerves are as sensitive as Mandeville's (in the novel), which were affected by the noise of the unloading of a timber-ship, at some ten miles distant !

No, Sir, I desire nothing so unreasonable. I do not, like Lear in

his ravings, desire to "shoe a troop of horse," or Meux's dray-horses, "with felt;" nor do I wish to see Piccadilly or Oxford-street paved with eider-down cushions. I do not expect that a cart-load of iron-bars, consigned from Thames-street to Tottenham-court-road, should be made to take a somewhat circuitous route by Hackney and Highgate, in order that I might walk westward from the City unaccompanied by their jingling for any part of my way; nor that the "Sweet Evening Bells" of the postman, and the morning larum of his dingy precursor, should be silenced. These are amongst the many annoyances which a resident in your great capital must endure; although with respect to the two personages I have last mentioned, I could wish that some more agreeable mode of notifying their arrival might be invented. These annoyances, however, at the expense of some time and trouble, and the exercise of a certain degree of ingenuity, one may avoid: it is but darting off in an opposite direction to the point whither you were bound, at the sound of each approaching bell, regardless of all inconveniences—the loss of your appointment, or, haply, your dinner—regardless of everything, in short, save the preservation of your *tympa-num*. But by what contrivance can you evade the heartless villain, who, with deliberate malice, takes his station under your window; unfeelingly assumes an attitude which he may maintain for the longest period with the least possible fatigue to himself; swings his instrument (of torture) round from his shoulder down upon his knee; looks with no eye of pity upon you, but, on the contrary, gives indulgence to a smile of demoniac exultation at the thought of the misery he is preparing for you; then seizes the handle of his "infernal machine," and grinds, and grinds, till he has inflicted upon you the agony of the last expiring wheeze of the last tune he has it in his power to perpetrate? And as if this were not enough, with what refinement of cruelty does he grin—Oh! that devilish grin, I see it now!—and show his ghastly white teeth; at the same time holding up his hat, in bitter mockery of you, for reward—for payment. Payment! Let me rush to the roof-top, and hurl down myriads of chimney-pots upon him, beneath a mountain of whose shattered fragments he may be forever hidden from mortal view!

I am *not* mad, though the persecutors have oftentimes driven me, like the persecuted innocence in a melo-drama, to the very verge of madness. No, Madam, I am not mad! though by that pitying smile, and that half-audible whisper to your equally compassionate neighbor, I must understand you think me so. You ask me why—if the atmosphere of the metropolis, because of its "teeming with sweet sounds," be unpleasant to me—*Unpleasant!* the word is of the gentlest—you ask me why I do not seek another place of dwelling? Whither should I fly?—where go to escape the tormentors? "Build me a hovel in the desert plains of Salisbury?"—I have met them *there*!—"Abide in a Newcastle coal-pit?"—O, Madam, you little know of the ubiquitous powers of the fiends. I have explored the tin-mines of Cornwall; I was lowered down to the lowest depth of the deepest—and there, at many a fathom beneath the level of the sea, which was rumbling above our heads, even *there* I encountered a Scotch bagpiper—the identical offender whose life I spared!—there he was, squeezing out, "In these shady, blest retreats," to the miners! Had there been a refuge beneath—could I have dived down to the very centre—certain I am, I should have found the Gnomes dancing jigs to the scraping of some London itinerant fiddler!

Having been detained in town throughout the greater part of the summer of 1826, and undergone, in consequence of imprudently taking up my abode in a promising quiet-looking street, which held out besides the strong temptation of having no thoroughfare—(never reflecting, dolt that I was ! that it is exactly in such places the destroyers of our peace congregate, as the precious creatures are, there, out of the way of the coaches)—and having undergone, I say, in consequence of that mistake, a more than usually severe course of organs ; I was peremptorily ordered by my physician to quit London for a few weeks, and pass the time in a state of the utmost tranquillity and repose, as the only means of restoring to their proper tone my nerves, which he declared were sadly *dis-organised* :—the technical term, no doubt, for what non-professional people would express by an awkward periphrasis—over-acted upon, or over-excited by, organs. The advice was easy to give, but whither should I go ? To some secluded village ? There is scarcely a pretty, retired village in England which I have not visited, and those are the very worst places you could select for your purpose ; for the place being small, and its inhabitants few, it is clear that if there be but one fiddler in it (and there cannot well be fewer), each individual suffers an exorbitant share of his screeching crotchets and quavers. This assertion may be mathematically proved.

To Ramsgate ? Cheltenham ? Harrowgate ? Tunbridge ? Hastings ?—I have tried them all ; organs ! organs ! organs !—Well, being assured at length that Worthing was, beyond all comparison, the quietest place in the empire, Worthing was the retreat, or more properly speaking, the refuge, determined upon.

The most imperturbable of my tormentors was a little imp of a Savoyard, whose weapon was a small, shrill organ, capable of but one tune—*Partant pour la Syrie*. I cannot but admit he was an industrious youth. He invariably, and punctually, commenced his day's business in my unfortunate street, at seven in the morning ; and there did he remain till about nine, when he was driven from the spot—for there was one particular stone "which he did much affect"—by his more powerful rivals. No sooner, however, had they abandoned the field, than there he was again ; and ten times in the day was *Partant pour la Syrie* ten hundred times repeated. He was the first to come, the last to leave me. The Sea-Captain who murdered Bill Jones, saw, whichever way he turned, the spectre of his victim : the punishment was as awful as it was well-merited : but, Heaven knows, I had never "disposed of" a Savoyard.

On the morning of my departure I rose earlier than usual. There it was again ! My toilet—my breakfast—the writing of half a dozen notes—all went to the accompaniment of *Partant pour la Syrie*. As I advanced to step into the chaise, there it stood ! It stood in my very path—and grinned and asked for charity—*of me*—even while it was in the very act of perpetrating *Partant pour la Syrie* ! This was too much. Its throat was bare. By a fearful impulse my open hand was directed towards it. 'Twas but to clench my fingers firmly and but for a minute, and the world would be rid of the thing forever. I hesitated. In that brief interval the Spirit of Mercy took possession of my heart. Forbearance superhuman ! I harmed it not—passed by it—leaped into the chaise and bade the driver forward. There was a stoppage in the streets, and we proceeded at a slow, walking pace for nearly half a mile. The reptile followed me, still pouring into my ear the

hateful sounds. Who shall wonder that I did repent me of my clemency? At length we dashed forward and escaped it. But it had infected the very sources of imagination, and till we reached Horsham the tune was ringing in my ears.

At Horsham I dined and slept. It was late when I awoke the next morning. Methought I heard—no—it could not be. And yet those sounds, those living sounds, becoming fainter and fainter, and seeming gradually to recede! They ceased. Psha! They had not in reality existed: they were but the feverish offspring of an unremembered dream.

I proceeded on my journey. To beguile the time, I took with me the last new pamphlet on the Currency Question, and fell sound asleep. I had a terrific dream. I stood in the midst of the Pyramids. Instead of bricks, they were built up of barrel-organs, drums, trumpets, fiddles, marrowbones and cleavers, and other musical instruments, altogether sounding in dire confusion. On the topmost point of the highest pyramid there sat my own Savoyard, and his *Partant pour la Syrie* was distinctly audible through the astounding chaos of sounds. He fixed his large, laughing, black eyes upon me; his teeth shone white through his dingy lips; and, as he slowly descended towards me, I was drawn forward, by some irresistible power, in the direction in which he was approaching, and—! A jolt of the chaise aroused me; but such was the effect of this dream on my imagination, that, as I took a hasty glance out at the window, as we passed rapidly onward, I would have sworn I saw the identical little urchin slowly pacing along the road side.

As we drove through Worthing I observed a notice in every window of—"This house to let," or, "Apartments to let;" and could not help thinking how much trouble would have been saved had they posted one notice at the entrance of the town, of—"Worthing to let." "Mr. Parsons," said I, as I entered the Sea-house Hotel, "is Worthing full?"—"The fullest season we have had for years, Sir." This information was perfectly true; for, on after-inquiry, I found there were nine families who had actually taken houses for a month—to say nothing of two others who were there, for the night (on their way to other places), and eleven, or, according to another report, fourteen single gentlemen. "Can I have a quiet room here?"—"Quiet as a mouse, Sir,"—"Is Worthing much infested by—?" But I had not courage to utter the word. "Not in the least, Sir," was mine host's reply; fancying, no doubt, that I intended to add "robbers." However, I chose to avail myself of the benefit of the consequence of my own hesitation, and was happy.

It is notorious that Worthing is the stupidest place that ever had the assurance to call itself a town. Its lady patronesses are Dulness and Ennui; and I was satisfied, by my first evening's inspection, that no organ-grinder, who exercised his art with a view to patronage and profit, would ever set foot in it. Its public promenades are of no earthly use, except as places where you may practise archery, or pistol-firing, without fear of hurting any one; and for its places of amusement—! I entered one of the libraries, where four elderly ladies had been for two hours waiting in hopes of a fifth, to complete a five-shilling loo for a ninepenny needle-case; and, at the other, there were three old gentlemen who had, for two hours and a half, been eagerly watching for an opportunity to seize hold of the Morning Post, which a fourth had all that time been poring over. The "greatest house" of

the season was expected at the Theatre, for an eminent London actor was to perform. His terms were (as usual) that he should take as much as he pleased of the whole receipts, and, afterwards, share equally with the manager whatever might remain *over and above that*. Expectation was not disappointed, and the manager could not but have been satisfied: it was the fullest house of the season, and the gross receipt was £5 9s. 6d.—If you possess one spark of feeling, or fancy, or imagination, or intellect, and desire that it should be extinguished, pass a week at Worthing. Such, altogether, is the place, that certain I am that if ever, by some wonderful revolution, Botany Bay should become the Capital of the British Empire, Worthing is the spot to which its convicts will be transported.

My bedroom was a Paradise—it was as quiet as the cell of a Trappist. Save the low murmuring of the sea, not a sound was to be heard. Beneath my window was a spacious lawn, enclosed within an iron fence, which seemed to promise protection from all manner of noise. Not even the rattling of a wheel-barrow could assail me. In the proud consciousness of security I composed myself to sleep. No dread of the morrow embittered my midnight hour, for, at length, a morning was to dawn for me, in whose ineffable soundlessness I might lose all memory of the agonies of the time past.

'Twas eleven o'clock when I awoke. The sun was pouring his glorious rays full into my room. I arose. I approached the window. There was a palpable—I would say a *ling* quiet in the air—it was exquisite. Not a human being was within sight. I looked again—yes—there was ONE! O Jupiter! 'Twas he!—the thing!—the fiend! There he was, with organ at his back and marmot on his shoulder, clambering over the fence. He observed me and approached—and grinned—and took his station immediately beneath my window—and slowly, slowly, drew his organ round to his side—and placed his hand on the winder—and paused—yes, for a moment the Demon *paused* and grinned again—O, that moment!—the power of respiration forsook me—the blood stood still in my veins—his hand began to move—it was inevitable—it came—the same, indubitable, incontrovertible, undeniable *Partant pour la Syrie*. The window was small, and would not allow the passage of a chest of drawers which I would have hurled down upon his head;—tables—chairs—all were too large. I fled the house—the town. I went to Lancing—to Little Hampton—to the most sequestered places in the neighborhood, but in vain. Wherever I went, thither did he follow me, never allowing me four-and-twenty hours the start of him. Five years have passed away since then, and ———Ha! here he is!

Is it to be endured? You, Sir, are a painter; you are engaged on a study for your picture of Orpheus and Eurydice. A blind fiddler takes possession of your ears, and scatters your ideas to the winds. An hour must elapse before you can re-collect them.

You, Sir, are a poet. Your Ode to St. Cecilia must be thrown aside till it shall please a Scotch bag-piper to allow you the exercise of your imagination.

You are a musician. The tinkling of that ill-tuned harp has put to flight a series of newly-imagined harmonies which you will never recover.

You are a Chancery-lawyer. You are considering a complicated question of tenure. Throw aside your parchments: you will make

nothing of it whilst that sweet minstrel is croaking forth "The Devil loves a lawyer."

Is it not abominable that so much of your valuable time should absolutely be at the mercy of ———. How! They must live? Away with mis-placed humanity! "I must live," was the apology offered to Cardinal Mazarin by a miscreant who lived by writing libels. I answer, (in this case,) with the Cardinal, "*Je ne'en vois pas la nécessité.*"

PARIS AND MENELAUS.

[SOTHEY'S NEW TRANSLATION OF HOMER.]

Now front to front, as either army stood,
 Young Alexander, beauteous as a god,
 Loose from whose shoulders flow'd the leopard's hide,
 And bow and falchion swung in graceful pride,
 Sprung forth, and challenged, as he waved each spear,
 The bravest chief to stand his fierce career.
 Him, Menelaus, him at once descried,
 On stalking in the madness of his pride :
 And as a famish'd lion, gladd'ning o'er
 A stag broad-antler'd, or huge mountain-boar,
 Gorges insatiate, nor forgoes his prey,
 Though hunters threat, and circling blood-hounds bay :
 Thus Menelaus' heart with transport swell'd,
 When his keen eye the advancing youth beheld :
 Death, death, he deem'd, shall now deform those charms ;
 Down leapt, and shook the earth with clang of arms.
 Not Paris thus : his heart convulsed with fear,
 Thrill'd, as he knew Atrides rushing near ;
 He dared not look on death, but back withdrew,
 Shrunk 'mid his host, and pass'd away from view.
 As one, who, in a wood's entangled brake,
 Views the roused terror of th' uncoiling snake,
 Flies back, while all his limbs with horror start,
 And the pale cheek betrays the bloodless heart ;
 Thus Paris fled, and 'mid Troy's sheltering band
 Shrunk from the vengeance of Atrides' hand.
 Him Hector thus rebuked : "Thou girl in heart,
 Fair but in form, and foul with treacherous art,
 Far better hadst thou ne'er the light survey'd,
 Ne'er clasp'd a female, by thy guile betray'd,
 Than live defamed, and die without a name—
 A scornful spectacle, and public shame !
 Hark ! how the Greeks deride—how shout in scorn !
 Lo ! whom the Graces with their gifts adorn,
 Sure—unto him a warrior's spirit given,
 By valor to enhance the gift of heaven !
 But—wert thou, dastard ! thus ignobly seen,—
 So woe-begone, so spiritless thy mien,—
 When to far Greece, with Troy's exultant train,
 Thy streamers sweeping in their pride the main,

Thou sail'dst, a stranger's kindness to repay,
 And steal the consort of the brave away ?
 Curse to thy sire, thy kingdom, and thy race—
 Derision to thy foes—thyself, disgrace—
 Hadst thou withstood th' Atrides, thou hadst known
 How brave the chief, whose bride thou call'st thy own.
 Nor thee thy lute, nor beauty had avail'd,
 Nor those fair locks, that death in dust had trail'd.
 Troy too is vile, or thou, ere this unwept,
 Hadst in thy stony shrine inglorious slept."

VENTRILLOQUISM.

[QUARTERLY REVIEW.]—The art of the ventriloquist is well known : it consists in making his auditors believe that words and sounds proceed from certain persons and certain objects in his vicinity, while they are uttered by himself : and it is founded on that property of sound in virtue of which the human ear is unable to judge with any accuracy of the direction in which sounds reach it. This incapacity of the ear is the fertile source of many of those false judgments which impress a supernatural character upon sounds that have a fixed locality and a physical origin. We know of a case, where a sort of hollow musical sound, originating within three or four feet of the ears of two persons in bed, baffled for months every attempt to ascertain its cause. Sometimes it seemed to issue from the roof, sometimes from a neighboring apartment, but never from the spot from which it really came. Its supposed localities were carefully examined, but no cause for its production could be ascertained. Though it was always heard by both persons together, it was never heard when A alone was in the apartment, and the time of its occurrence depended on the presence of B. This connected it with his destiny, and the imagination was not slow in turning the discovery to its own purposes. An event, however, which might never have occurred in the life-time of either party, revealed the real cause of the sound, the locality of which was never afterwards mistaken.

In order to understand what part this indecision of the ear performs in the feats of the ventriloquist, let the reader suppose two men placed before him in the open air, at the distance of one hundred feet, and standing close together. If they speak in succession, and if he does not know their voices, or see their lips move, he will be unable to tell which of them it is that speaks. If a man and a child are now placed so near the auditor that he can distinguish, without looking at them, the direction of the sounds which they utter, that is, whether the sound comes from the right or the left hand person, let the man be supposed capable of speaking in the voice of a child ; when the man speaks in the language and the accents of the child, the auditor will suppose that the child is the speaker, although his ear could distinguish, under ordinary circumstances, that the sound came from the man. The knowledge conveyed to him by his ear is, in this case, made to yield to the more forcible conviction that the language and accents of a child could only come from the child ; this conviction would be still further increased if the child should use gestures, or accommodate his features

to the childish accents uttered by the man. If the man were to speak in his own character and his own voice, while the child exhibited the gestures and assumed the features which correspond with the words uttered, the auditor might be a little puzzled; but we are persuaded that the exhibition made to the eye would overpower his other sources of knowledge, and that he would believe the accents of the man to be uttered by the child; we suppose, of course, that the auditor is not allowed to observe the *features* of the person who speaks.

In this case the man has performed the part of a ventriloquist, in so far as he imitated accurately the accents of the child; but the auditor could not long be deceived by such a performance. If the man either hid his face or turned his back upon the auditor when he was executing his imitation, a suspicion would immediately arise, the auditor would attend more diligently to the circumstances of the exhibition, and would speedily detect the imposition. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the ventriloquist shall possess another art, namely, that of speaking without moving his lips or the muscles of his face: how this is effected, and how the art is acquired, we do not certainly know; but we believe that it is accomplished by the muscles of the throat, assisted by the action of the tongue upon the palate, the teeth, and the inside of the lips—all of them being movements which are perfectly compatible with the immutability of the lips themselves, and the absolute expression of silence in the countenance. The sounds thus uttered are necessarily of a different character from those which are produced by the organs of speech when unimpeded, and this very circumstance gives double force to the deception, especially when the ventriloquist artfully presents the contrast to his auditor by occasionally speaking with his natural voice. If he carries in his hand those important personages Punch and Judy, and makes their movements even tolerably responsive to the sentiment of the dialogue, the spectator will be infinitely more disposed to refer the sounds to the lantern jaws and the timber lips of the puppets than to the conjuror himself, who presents to them the picture of absolute silence and repose.

Mr. Dugald Stewart, who has written an interesting article on ventriloquism in the appendix to the third volume of the "*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*," has, we think, taken a very imperfect view of the subject. He not only doubts the fact, that ventriloquists possess the power of fetching a voice from within, but "he cannot conceive what aid the ventriloquist could derive in the exercise of his art from such an extraordinary power, if it were really in his possession. He expresses himself 'fully satisfied, that the imagination alone of the spectators, when skilfully managed, may be rendered subservient in a considerable degree to the purposes of the ventriloquist;'" and he is rather inclined to think, that "when seconded by such powers of imitation as some mimics possess, it is quite sufficient to account for all the phenomena of ventriloquism of which we have heard."

From these observations it would appear, that Mr. Stewart had never witnessed those feats of the ventriloquist where his face is distinctly presented to the audience—a case in which he must necessarily speak *from within*. But independent of this fact, it is very obvious that there are many imitations, especially those of the cries of particular animals, and of sounds of a high pitch, which cannot be performed *pleno ore*, by the ordinary modes of utterance, but which require for their production that very faculty, of which Mr. Stewart doubts the

existence. Such sounds are necessarily produced by the throat, without requiring the use of the mouth and lips ; and the deception actually depends on the difference between such sounds, and those which are generated by the ordinary modes of utterance.

The *art* of ventriloquism, therefore, consists in the power of imitating all kinds of sound, not only in their ordinary character, but as modified by distance, obstructions, and other causes ; and also in the power of executing those imitations by muscular exertions which cannot be seen by the spectators. But these powers, to whatever degree of perfection they may be possessed, would be of no avail if it were not for the incapacity of the ear to distinguish the directions of sounds—an incapacity not arising from any defect in the organ itself, but from the very nature of sound. If sound were propagated in straight lines, like light, and if the ear appreciated the direction of the one, as the eye does that of the other, the ventriloquist would exercise in vain all the powers of imitation and of internal utterance. Even in the present constitution of the ear, his art has its limits, beyond which he must be cautious of pushing it, unless he calls to his aid another principle, which, we believe, has not yet been tried. In order to explain this, we shall analyze some of the most common feats of ventriloquism. When M. Fitzjames imitated the watchman crying the hour in the street, and approaching nearer and nearer the house, till he came opposite the window-sash, and asked the hour, which was immediately answered in the same tone, but clearer and louder ; and upon shutting the window, the watchman's voice became less audible, and all at once very faint, when the ventriloquist called out, in his own voice, that he had turned the corner ; now, as the artist was stationed at the window, and as the sound from a real watchman must necessarily have entered by the window, the difference between the two directions was considerably less than that which the ear is unable to appreciate. Had the ventriloquist stood at one window, and tried to make the sound of a watchman's voice enter *another* window, he would have failed in his performance, because the difference of the two directions was too great. In like manner, when M. Alexandre introduced a boy from the street, and made him sing from his stomach the song of Malbrook, he placed his head as near as possible to the boy's chest, under the pretence of listening, whereas the real object of it was to assimilate as much as possible the true and the fictitious direction of the sounds. Had he placed the boy at the distance of six or eight feet, the real singer would have been soon detected.

We have made several experiments with a view of determining the angle of uncertainty, or the angle within which the ear cannot discover the direction of sounds ; but this is not easily done, for it varies with the state of the air and of surrounding objects. If the air is perfectly pure, and if no objects surround the sounding body, the angle of uncertainty will be less than under any other circumstances, as the sound suffers neither deviation nor reflection. If the sounding body is encircled with objects which reflect sound, the echoes arrive at the ear, at short distances, nearly at the same time with the direct sound ; and as they form a single sound, the angle of uncertainty must then be much greater, for the sound really arrives at the ear from various quarters. The ventriloquist, therefore, might avail himself of this principle, and choose an apartment in which the reverberations from its different sides multiply the directions of the sounds which he

utters, and thus facilitate his purpose of directing the imagination of his audience to the object from which he wishes these sounds to be thought to proceed.

MARINO FALIERO.

[MIRROR.]—The *Family Library* Editor has judiciously enough filled his 20th volume with "Sketches" from the History of Venice. Another volume is promised, the present extending from the settlement of the Veneti in Italy to the year 1406.

We select for extract the "tragical tragedy" of Marino Faliero—not so much for its novelty to the reader, as for correcting an erroneous view into which the license of poetry may have led him:—

The name of Marino Faliero is familiar to English ears; but the reader who borrows his conception of the Doge of Venice from the modern drama in our language which purports to relate his story, will wander as far from historic truth as from nature and probability. The *Chronicle* of Sanuto, which the poet has avowed to be his basis, presents no trace of that false, overwrought, and unintelligible passion which, in the tragedy, is palmed upon us for nice sensitiveness to injured honor. We are told, indeed, that the angry old man had once so far indulged his choleric humor as to fell to the ground a somewhat tardy bishop during the celebration of a holy solemnity. We hear of a fiery temper, accustomed to command, elated by success, and in which, on the confession of Petrarch, who was personally well informed regarding it, valor predominated over prudence. These are the unsettled elements upon which the Tempter best loves to work; but the insanity and extravagance with which we must charge Faliero, if we suppose his attempt to overthrow the government of which he was chief, arose solely from an outrageous desire of revenge for a petty insult, are entirely gratuitous, and belong altogether to the poet. Madness of another kind, however, that of ambition, is clearly ascribable to him; and, if we take this as our key, much of the obscurity attendant upon a catastrophe which has been imperfectly and inadequately developed, will be cleared away; we shall obtain a character little indeed awakening our sympathy, but yet not wholly at variance with our judgment; and although we may be astonished at, and recoil from the motives which prompted his crime, they will not be altogether of a class which sets our comprehension at defiance.

At a banquet, which it was customary for the doge to celebrate in his palace, after the bull-hunt, on the Carnival Thursday, a squabble had arisen from some too pressing familiarity offered by one of the young gallants of the court to his mistress. Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate, was enamored of a lady in attendance upon the dogressa; and, presuming upon her favor, he was guilty of some freedom which led the doge to order his exclusion.—This command appears to have been executed with more than necessary violence; and the youth, fired by the indignity which disgraced him in the eyes of his mistress, sought revenge by assailing Faliero in that point in which he conceived him to be most vulnerable. He wrote on the doge's chair, in the council chamber, a few words reflecting upon the dogressa: "Marino Faliero, husband of the lovely wife; he keeps, but others kiss her." The offence was traced to its author; it was

pitiful and unmanly ; yet it scarcely deserved heavier punishment than that which the XL. adjudged to it—namely, that Steno should be imprisoned for two months, and afterwards banished from the state for a year. But, to the morbid and excited spirit of Faliero, the petty affront of this rash youth appeared heightened to a state crime ; and the lenient sentence with which his treason (for so he considered it) had been visited, was an aggravation of every former indignity offered to the chief magistrate by the oligarchy which affected to control him. Steno, he said, should have been ignominiously hanged, or at least condemned to perpetual exile.

On the day after the sentence, while the doge was yet hot in indignation, an event occurred which seems to have confirmed the chronicler whose steps we are following, in his belief in the doctrine of necessity. "Now it was fated," he tells us, "that my Lord Duke Marino was to have his head cut off. And as it is necessary, when any effect is to be brought about, that the cause of that effect must happen, it therefore came to pass"—that Bertuccio Israello, Admiral of the Arsenal, a person apparently of no less impetuous passions than the doge himself, and who is described as possessed also of egregious cunning, approached him to seek reparation for an outrage. A noble had dishonored him by a blow ; and it was vain to ask redress for this affront from any but the highest personage in the state. Faliero, brooding over his own imagined wrongs, disclaimed that title, and gladly seized occasion to descant on his personal insignificance. "What wouldst thou have me do for thee ?" was his answer : "Think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me, and think on the manner in which they have punished that ribald Michele Steno, who wrote it ; and see how the Council of XL. respect our person !" Upon this, the admiral returned—"My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and cut all those cuckoldy gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you prince of all the state, and then you may punish them all." Hearing this, the duke said—"How can such a matter be brought about ?" and so they discoursed thereon.

Such is Sanuto's brief narrative of the origin of this conspiracy ; and we have nothing more certain to offer. It is not easy to say whence he obtained his intelligence. If such a conversation as that which he relates really did occur, it must have taken place without the presence of witnesses, and therefore could be disclosed only by one of the parties. It is far more likely that the chronicler is relating that which he *supposed*, than that which he *knew* ; and, as it must be admitted that the interview with the admiral of the Arsenal occurred, and that immediately after it, the doge was found linked with the daring band of which that officer was chief, there is no violation of probability in granting that some such conversation took place, and that the train was ignited by this collision of two angry spirits. Whether the plot was in any degree organized beforehand, or arose at the moment, it is manifestly impossible for us to decide, without information which cannot now be obtained.

Bertocci Faliero, a nephew of the doge, and Filippo Calendaro, a seaman of great repute, were summoned to conference immediately. It was agreed to communicate the design to six other associates ; and, during many nights successively, these plebeian assassins arranged with the doge, under the roof of his own palace, the massacre of the entire

aristocracy, and the dissolution of the existing government. "It was concerted that sixteen or seventeen leaders should be stationed in various parts of the city, each being at the head of forty men, armed and prepared; but the followers were not to know their destination. On the appointed day, they were to make affrays amongst themselves here and there, in order that the duke might have a pretence for tolling the bells of San Marco, which are never rung but by the order of the duke; and at the sound of the bells, these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to come to San Marco, through the streets which open upon the Piazza; and when the nobles and leading citizens should come to the Piazza to know the cause of the riot, then the conspirators were to cut them in pieces; and this work being finished, my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke was to be proclaimed Lord of Venice. Things having been thus settled, they agreed to fulfil their attempt on Wednesday, the 15th day of April, in the year 1355. So covertly did they plot that no one ever dreamed of their machinations."

As a previous step, in order to arouse popular feeling against the Great Council, it was determined to practise a singular stratagem. Parties of the conspirators paraded different quarters of the capital in the dead of night, and having stopped at the windows of some citizens of the middle and lower classes, and there insulted the women of the family by scandalous and unseemly propositions, they retired with rude bursts of laughter, calling each other loudly by the names of the principal noblemen.

Perhaps the rapidity with which their design was framed, tended much to its concealment. Scarcely a little month had elapsed since its first projection, and now the following day was to destroy the constitution of Venice, to deluge her streets with patrician blood, and to pluck up all her ancient stocks from their very roots, without a suspicion of the approaching calamity having glanced across the intended victims. Either the Council of X. could not yet have obtained its subsequent fearful and extraordinary ubiquity, or the conspirators must have exhibited a prudence and self-control rarely, if ever, paralleled by an equally large body of men, engaged in a similar attempt. To their minor agents, their ultimate design had not been revealed; and even in the end, the discovery rose not from treachery, nor from incaution, but from "a compunctious visiting" of one framed of stuff less stern than his associates, and who shrunk from the murder of a benefactor. The part played by Tresham in that yet more bloody conspiracy, which the Papists, in after days, framed against the three estates of England, was but a repetition of that now enacted in Venice by Beltramo of Bergamo. Beltramo had been brought up in a noble family, to which he was closely attached, that of Nicolo Lioni, of San Stefano; and, anxious to preserve his patron's life, he went to him on the evening before the rising, and entreated him to remain at home on the morrow. The singular nature of the request excited surprise, which was increased to suspicion by the ambiguous answers returned to farther inquiries which it suggested. By degrees, every particular of the treason was revealed; and Lioni heard of the impending danger with terror, and of the hands by which it was threatened, with astonishment and slowly-accorded belief. Not a moment was to be lost; he secured Beltramo, therefore, and, having communicated with a few friends, they resolved upon assembling the heads of the different magistracies, and immediately seizing such ringleaders as had been denounced. These were

taken, at their own houses, without resistance. Precautions were adopted against any tumultuous gathering of the mechanics of the Arsenal, and strict orders were issued to the keeper of the *Campanile* not on any account to toll the bells.

In the course to be pursued with the lesser malefactors, no difficulty was likely to arise : the rack and the gibbet were their legal portion. But for the doge, the law afforded no precedent ; and, upon a crime which it had not entered into the mind of man to conceive (as with that nation which, having never contemplated parricide, had neglected to provide any punishment for it), no tribunal known to the constitution was competent to pass judgment. The Council of X. demanded the assistance of a *giunta* of twenty nobles, who were to give advice, but not to ballot ; and this body having been constituted, "they sent for my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke, and my Lord was then consorting in the palace with people of great estate, gentlemen, and other good men, none of whom knew yet how the fact stood."

The ringleaders were immediately hanged between the Red Columns on the *Piazzetta*—some singly, some in couples ; and the two chiefs of them, Bertuccio Israello and Calendaro, with a cruel precaution not uncommon in Venice, were previously gagged. Nor was the process of the highest delinquent long protracted. He appears neither to have denied nor to have extenuated his guilt ; and, "on Friday the 16th day of April, judgment was given in the Council of X. that my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke should have his head cut off, and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase, the Giant's Stairs, where the doges take their oath when they first enter the palace. On the following day, the doors of the palace being shut, the duke had his head cut off, about the hour of noon ; and the cap of estate was taken from the duke's head before he came down the staircase. When the execution was over, it is said, that one of the chiefs of the Council of X. went to the columns of the palace against the Piazza, and, displaying the bloody sword, exclaimed, "Justice has fallen on the traitor !" and, the gates being then opened, the populace eagerly rushed in to see the doge who had been executed."

The body of Faliero was conveyed, by torchlight, in a gondola, and unattended by the customary ceremonies, to the church of San Giovanni and San Paolo ; in the outer wall of which a stone coffin is still imbedded, with an illegible inscription, which once presented the words *Hic jacet Marinus Feletro Dux*. His lands and goods were confiscated to the state, with the exception of 2,000 ducats, of which he was permitted to dispose ; and, yet further to transmit to posterity the memory of his enormous crime, his portrait was not admitted to range with those of his brother doges in the Hall of the Great Council. In the frame which it ought to occupy is suspended a black veil, inscribed with the words, *Hic est locus Marini Feletro decapitati pro criminibus*.

The fate of Beltramo deserves a few words. He was amply rewarded for his opportune discovery, by a pension of a thousand ducats in perpetuity, the grant of a private residence which had belonged to Faliero, and inscription in the Golden Book. Dissatisfied, however, with this lavish payment for a very ambiguous virtue, he lost no occasion of taxing the nobles with neglect of his services, and of uttering loud calumnies against them, both secretly and in public. The government, wearied by his importunities and ingratitude, at length deprived him of his appointments, and sentenced him to ten years' exile at

Ragusa ; but his restless and turbulent spirit soon prompted him to seek a spot less under the control of the signory, in which he might vent his railings afresh, and with impunity. It is probable that the long arm of the Council of X. arrested his design, for we are significantly informed that he *perished* on his way to Pannonia.

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

MORNING DRESS.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A dress of Chinese green *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* is square and draped horizontally in front of the bust. The blond lace *chemisette* rises above it. Long sleeves of *gaze de Paris* over short green ones. The *mancherons* are blond lace. The trimming of the skirt consists of *nœuds* formed of the material of the dress, and corded with satin. They surmount the hem at regular distances. Blond lace cap trimmed with province roses, and *coques* of rose-colored gauze ribbon. White and green gauze scarf.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *tulle* over satin, *corsage croisée*, trimmed round the back and shoulders with a superb fall of blond lace. *Béret* sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with a wreath of green and rose-colored ribbon, cut in the form of rose leaves ; it is drawn up a good deal on the left side of the skirt, and terminates in a *bouquet* of roses. The hair is dressed in bands, intermingled with a silver *bandeau* on the forehead, high bows, and a plaited braid behind. A *chaperon* of roses surrounds the bows. Diamond necklace, &c. &c.

HEAD DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A blond lace *béret*, ornamented with *aigrettes*, composed of ears of green and ripe corn, and a band and *nœud* of green ribbon. The jewellery is gold and emeralds.

Fig. 2.—A back view of the evening dress *béret*.

WEDDING DRESS.

A dress of British blond, over white satin, *corsage uni*, trimmed round the bust with a single fall of blond lace ; *béret* sleeves, over which are long ones of blond lace. A flounce of the same material, and of the richest description, surrounds the border, and is placed close to the edge of it. The hair is ornamented with a blond lace veil, disposed in the drapery style at the back of the head. A sprig of orange flowers is inserted in one of the bows of hair, and a wreath of white roses is brought low on the forehead. The jewellery is gold and diamonds.

HATS AND BONNETS.—*Capotes Anglaises*, that is, English cottage bonnets, are now quite the rage both for walking and half dress. Those worn in promenade dress are called by three different names,—cottage, modest woman, and *baquebot*. The latter resemble exactly those worn in England a few years back, except that they are a little deeper in the brim. The others have the upper part of the brim wide, but close

and short at the ears ; some are rounded at the corners, others square. All have small round crowns. A great many in walking dress, and even for morning visits, are trimmed with a large cockade of ribbon, which is placed only on one side. There are also several trimmed in a very showy style with *aigrettes* of gauze ribbons, in patterns that resemble blond lace ; the favorite colors for these ribbons are marshmallows, green, and citron. Others are trimmed with a bouquet of flowers : violets are most in favor, placed on one side of the crown, or feathers arranged in the same manner. Many have the brims trimmed with a curtain veil of blond lace, and some have it ornamented on the inside in the cap style, with blond lace, or *tulle*.

Leghorn watered *gros de Naples*, and rice straw, are the materials of these bonnets in walking dress. Watered *gros de Naples* and crape, are most in favor for half-dress. There are also several of rice straw, which in *demi parure* are generally ornamented with blond lace.

BALL DRESS.—Crape, *crêpe lisse*, and gauze, were the materials of the most part of the dresses at the late ball given for the benefit of the Opera-house. The *corsages* were either *à la Grecque* or *à la Serigné* ; sleeves of the *béret* form, but much smaller than those worn in the winter, and a good many ornamented with *nœuds de page*. A few were trimmed round the border with blond lace, but the trimmings in general were of embroidery or artificial flowers ; many of the latter with a foliage of silver.

LINGERIE.—Cambric trimmings, festooned in cockscombs and small plaited, are very generally employed to trim *canezous chemisettes*, and *pelerines*. These trimmings are put above a second trimming of clear muslin, edged with a narrow lace, and quilled. Cambric *pelerines*, with long pointed ends, which cross in front, are very fashionable. Some are embroidered just above the trimming, with a wreath in feather stitch.

Morning *collerettes* are composed of five rows of the trimming that we have just described, two stand up round the throat, and three descend ; the space between is embroidered ; a button attaches the *collerette* in front.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF FULL DRESS.—Grand costume has, as yet, lost none of its splendor. Gold and silver gauzes, white watered silk, trimmed with blond lace, and several very rich new kinds of gauzes, trimmed with embroidery in colored silks, are all fashionable.

The most novel *corsages* are crossed, but without any drapery. The sleeves, plaited in large *bouillons*, are surmounted by round jockeys, gathered and disposed in deep plaits. These sleeves are called *manches en dalmatique*.

COIFFURES IN FULL DRESS.—The most elegant of the new turbans are of white gauze, with a border of an Arabian pattern in vivid colors. A bouquet of silver roses adorns it on the right side, and is placed at the base of two *esprits*.

Another much admired *coiffure* was *à la guire* ; it was formed of a gold net, coming from the back of the neck, and united on the forehead by a jeweled arrow. A knot of hair surrounded the top of the wreath, and formed a very low crown. The hair was in bands on the forehead, with a single small curl on each temple.

The colors most in request are morning and evening primrose, lilac, green, pale citron, rose color, blue, and the palest shade of fawn color.

VARIETIES.

ANCESTRY.—It may not be generally known that there is a small town in France which no one can enter without interest, from the consideration that Demetrius Commene once lived there, a man boasting a pedigree that traced him from the line of the Roman emperor Trajan. He was living in the time of Voltaire, and was a captain in the French army. His pedigree was the noblest of any man then living, or that has since lived, for he had twenty-six kings for his ancestors, and eighteen emperors. Of these, six were emperors of Constantinople, ten of Trebizond, and two of Heracleus Pontus; eighteen kings of Colchi, and eight of Lazi.

A LITERARY KISS.—Alian Chartier was esteemed the father of French eloquence; he spoke as well as he wrote. He flourished about the year 1430. Margaret of Scotland, first wife to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., as she passed through the Louvre observed Alian asleep, and went and kissed him. When her attendants expressed their surprise that she should thus distinguish a man remarkable for his ugliness, she replied—"I do not kiss the man, but the mouth that has uttered so many charming things."

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCE.—A musician of the name of Goodall, who belonged to the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Richmond, in 1767, was fonder of his, or any other man's, bottle, than his own bassoon. The natural consequence was, that he frequently failed in his attendances at the theatre. Upon one occasion, after an absence of a week, he returned in the middle of the performances for the evening. A piece was being acted, called the "Intriguing Chambermaid," in which there is a character of an old gentleman called *Mr. Goodall*, who comes on as from a journey, followed by a servant carrying his portmanteau. To him there enters a lady, *Mrs. Hingham*, whose first exclamation is, "Bless my eyes, what do I see? *Mr. Goodall* returned?" At that precise moment Old Goodall happened to put his head into the orchestra, and fancying himself addressed, called out, Lord bless you, ma'am, I've been here this half hour."

RUSSIAN CRUELTY.—The King of Prussia, in his correspondence with Voltaire, relates the following anecdote of the Czar Peter, as illustrative of Russian despotism:—"I knew Printz, the great marshal of the court of Prussia, who had been ambassador to the Czar Peter, in the reign of the late king. The commission with which he was charged proving very acceptable, the prince was desirous of giving him conspicuous marks of his satisfaction, and for this purpose a sumptuous banquet was prepared, and to which Printz was invited. They drank brandy, as is customary with the Russians, and they drank it to a brutal excess. The Czar, who wished to give a particular grace to the entertainment, sent for twenty of the Strelitz Guards, who were confined in the prisons of Petersburg, and for every large bumper which they drank, this hideous monster struck off the head of one of these wretches. As a particular mark of respect, this unnatural prince was desirous of procuring the ambassador the pleasure, as he termed it, of trying his skill upon these miserable creatures. The Czar was disposed to be angry at his refusal, and could not help betraying signs of his displeasure."

INN RHYMES.—The following was written under the sign of the White Horse, on the Old Bath Road, but which has since disappeared. I believe the origin of it was, "a poor devil of an author, who, after having had a good filling out, found that he had not wherewith to pay; at which 'mine host' was of course in a 'way' (as he had a right to be); when the author told him, that if he would get a sign painted, he would try to put some lines upon it which would ensure him custom. He did so, and the following was the result. He had a White Horse for his sign:

"My *White Horse* shall beat the *Bear*,
And make the *Angel* fly,
Shall turn the *Ship* quite bottom up,
And drink the *Three Cups* dry."

The Beer, Angel, Ship, and Three Cups, were public houses in the neighborhood. He succeeded, and got their custom. On one of the windows also is—

"His liquor's good, his pot is just,
The landlord's poor, and cannot trust,
For he has trusted, to his sorrow,—
So pay to-day, he'll trust to-morrow."

ROYAL FAVOR.—The Prince of Orange was defeated by the French under Luxemburg, in 1677: in attempting to rally his dispersed troops, the prince struck one of the runaways across the face with his sword. "Rascal!" cried he, "I will set a mark on you at present, that I may hang you afterwards."

THE REFORM BILL.—The debate relating to the Reform Bill lasted seven nights. There are many curious circumstances attached to the number seven—viz. the seven golden candlesticks, the seven wise men of the east, the seven colors, the seven sounds, the seven stars, the seven wonders of the world. Ancient Rome was built upon seven hills, &c. The gift of prophecy and the power of healing is attributed to the seventh son of a seventh son. When the several members rose late, or rather early in the morning on the seventh night's debate on the Reform Bill, the House caught the idea of Macbeth, and exclaimed, "Another yet! a seventh! I'll see no more!"—and the *House of Russell* dispersed the *House of Commons*.

MEMORY.—It is reported of the Emperor Claudius, that he retained in memory all Homer, Sallust, Demosthenes, Avicen, and Aristotle's Metaphysics.

Tully and Seneca never heard anything material but it was imprinted in their memory.

Scaliger said he learned Homer in twelve days, and all the Greek poets in four months.

Seneca, the philosopher, could repeat two thousand names in the exact order in which they were rehearsed to him.

Themistocles, when he was promised to be taught the art of memory, said, "I had rather be taught the art of forgetfulness, for I remember those things I would not, and I cannot forget those things I would."

SYMPATHY.—It is from having suffered ourselves, that we learn to appreciate the misfortunes and wants of others, and become doubly interested in preventing or relieving them. "The human heart," as an elegant French author observes, "resembles certain medical trees, which yield not their healing balm until they have themselves been wounded."

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WEDDING & EVENING DRESSES.

For Kane & Co's Athenaeum.

SINGULAR PASSAGE IN MY OWN LIFE.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—The following narrative contains so much of my own history and private feelings, that I almost shrink from giving it publicity. Up till the present time, when the idea occurred to me of writing it, I had not mentioned even the most trivial of its circumstances to a single individual, considering that they were of too strictly private a nature to be communicated to others: and experiencing, besides, a delicacy in making any one a confidant in matters so purely connected with my own personal emotions. Even now, when a number of years have elapsed, and when I can look back on the events more coolly than I could have done at one time, I am not quite certain whether I am following the dictates of strict propriety in publishing them. If I am in the wrong, I beg the reader's indulgence; assuring him that I have not done so unadvisedly, or without much cogitation. I have, indeed, a hope—a faint one I admit—that the publication of this, in so extensively-circulated a work as Fraser's Magazine, may possibly be of advantage, in so far as it may meet the eyes of some one who had a knowledge of the two principal characters who figure in the narrative, and may thus be the means of clearing up a mystery, which to me has hitherto been inscrutable. Should it lead to such a result, I shall deeply regret not having sooner put the public in possession of the facts. Should it not, I must content myself with having done my best to elucidate this dark point, and possibly to enable the reader to while away an idle hour with some degree of satisfaction.

I begin then with confessing, that while pursuing my medical studies at the University of Edinburgh, I frequently had occasion to meet a young lady who interested me in a very extraordinary degree. She was tall, rather slightly made, and of a pale complexion; but withal, singularly beautiful. I shall never forget the expression of her dark, melancholy eyes. They were, I think, the finest I ever beheld—large, lustrous, and melting, like two pellucid fountains; or rather like two solitary stars gemming with sad and paly lustre the brow of midnight. I know not how it was, but from the very moment I first beheld this lovely girl, I felt singularly interested in her; and this feeling was increased by the fact of my total inability to ascertain either her name, residence, or quality. The circumstance which struck me so forcibly was, in the first instance, I have no doubt, the extraordinary share of personal attraction which belonged to her; but it was, unquestionably, the melancholy that blended itself amidst her beauty, which rendered these first impressions permanent, and made her an object of enduring interest. So much did these feelings occupy my mind, that I followed her from place to place whenever she appeared in the streets, frequented those quarters which she was most in the habit of visiting, and seized every opportunity of gazing upon her charms. The oftener I saw her, the greater did my fascination become; and, from more to less, I found my heart enthralled in the chains of the most ardent love for this beautiful, yet unknown creature. I dare say the reader will be surprised at such an effect having been produced upon me. I am surprised at it myself; and at this moment can give no rational cause for the violence of my sensations. There is certainly nothing wonderful

in a man falling in love with a beautiful girl, even at the first glance ; but for such affection as I experienced to be formed towards one to whom I never spoke, and whom I only casually saw walking the public streets, is certainly very extraordinary. My feelings were so strong, that everything else was forgotten in their intensity, and had a thousand of the most beautiful women stood before me, and honored me with their smiles, they would all have been passed by—all forgotten, as things of little worth, compared with the dark-eyed girl who from time to time appeared before me, like a spirit of love, in the streets of Edinburgh. I could think of nothing but her. I thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night. She seemed, in my imagination, to walk in tender light, made by her own beauty, and in her presence all other forms, however lovely, were hidden in the shade, and utterly forgotten.

I have said that I was ignorant of her name or history. This, in a great measure, added to the romance with which, somehow, I invested her character. There was another circumstance which operated romantically upon my mind, and rendered her an object of still greater interest. She was dressed in deep mourning, as if for the death of some dear friend, perhaps her sister, her brother, or her parents ; and was thus, perchance, thrown helpless upon the world, without a protector or a friend of any kind. This I conceived to be the main source of her sorrow, although I did not doubt she was by nature one of those sad yet gentle spirits on whom the mantle of pensive sadness sits more gracefully than that of mirth. But there was still something else which operated yet more strongly on my mind, and that was an appearance of incipient ill health, which I fancied I could see portrayed on her countenance. Perhaps in all this there might be a good deal of imagination, but it occurred strongly to me at the time ; and, coupled with the other circumstances, rendered her, in my eyes, an object of the deepest curiosity and interest. One thing connected with her puzzled me exceedingly. By no means could I find out her name or residence. Nobody could tell me anything about her. I pointed her out one day to my landlady, who knew almost everybody, and was a gossip of the first class, but she was unable to enlighten me on the subject ; I showed her to many of my fellow students, and various other friends, but they were all in the dark ; none had ever heard about her or knew where she lived ; and, strange to say, not one to whom I pointed her out had ever remarked her till that very moment. Stranger still ! none of those persons ever showed any curiosity about her, or spoke to me concerning her, afterwards ; she seemed to them a matter of perfect indifference. The thing puzzled me, but ought not to have done so ; they were not in love, at least with her, and I was. They saw things coolly and without passion, I through the colored atmosphere of feeling and imagination.

My efforts to find out her home and designation were unceasing but perfectly bootless. When she appeared in the streets I followed her from place to place, but never could I do this so completely as to trace her out to any particular residence. Somehow or other, let me do as I liked, I always lost her. At one time she would disappear from my eyes in a crowd, and I did not see her again for that day. At another she would get into the curvatures of some narrow, crooked street, and thus elude my observation. The distance I was obliged to keep from her, to prevent her from supposing that she was followed, may perhaps

account for this in some measure ; but, certain it is, I never could keep my eyes upon her for half an hour together. She invariably evaded me, and yet seemed to go no where, for I never, on any occasion, could track her to any particular house. I could neither ascertain where she came from, where she went to, nor what she did. To add to the mystery, she was always alone ; nobody knew her, and she seemed to know nobody. One day I came rather unexpectedly upon her, and looked at her with intentness. Hitherto she had taken no notice of my attentions, but on this occasion she turned her large, dark, expressive eyes upon me in a way which went to my very soul. There was such a deep melancholy, and, as I fondly, though probably foolishly, imagined, affection in her gaze, that I stood transfixed to the spot in a sort of delirium, while the beautiful enchantress passed slowly on, leaving me overpowered with the vehemence of my sensations. For a minute or two I was uncertain how to proceed ; and, like Mahomet's coffin, stood poised between the influence of two equally opposing powers, the one urging me to follow her and beg her name and address, no very courteous undertaking ; and the other to trace her at once to whatever place she went, and thus ascertain her residence, or at any rate the house to which, on the present occasion, she betook herself. I at last resolved to adopt the latter resolution, but before I could make up my mind upon the subject, she had proceeded about fifty yards from me, and was in the act of entering a large court, which went off from the same side of the street, and opened into a public thoroughfare or lane at its other extremity. On seeing her take this route, I instantly walked smartly after her, for I conceived that she might, unseen, enter one of the houses which opened into the court, or be lost from my search by getting into the opposite thoroughfare, in which it was possible her place of residence might be. In this, as in all other cases of the kind, my usual bad fortune attended me. I entered the court, but she was no where to be seen within it. I then proceeded to the lane, and met with no better success. The very thing I dreaded must have taken place : it was plain that she must have entered some house or other, either in the court or thoroughfare, but which house it was impossible to say. Conceiving that she resided hereabouts, I made a habit of frequenting the spot, yet I never fell in with her ; nor, indeed, did I ever again see her in the streets of Edinburgh.

The state of feeling produced by these events, had a pernicious effect upon my spirits. I became absent, heedless, and dejected ; forgot my studies, lost relish for every amusement, and went listlessly about like a person who is the victim of some severe mental affliction. From morning till night I did nothing but perambulate the streets in search of the object of my affections. I sought her everywhere ; and made her the subject, for six weeks, of the most patient and persevering investigation. My industry was unavailing. By no chance did I ever set my eyes upon her ; and I could only conclude that she was confined by sickness, or had left the city altogether.

I now abandoned all hope of ever seeing her ; and to get rid, if possible, of the melancholy which overclouded me so darkly, I formed the resolution of going the length of Paris, and prosecuting the remainder of my studies there. I concluded, that absence from home, and the gaieties of that splendid metropolis, combined with the hard study to which I proposed subjecting myself, would go far to dissipate my low-

ness of spirits, and make me a new man. Such a step, indeed, I found to be absolutely necessary ; for, so long as I remained in Edinburgh, I not only wasted my time in apathy, and thus neglected my professional *curriculum*, but I felt persuaded that such a mental depression continuing, would not only produce a lasting effect upon my spirits, but actually throw me into bad health—more especially as I was by no means naturally of a strong constitution, and possessed a susceptibility of mind which, when vehemently excited, never failed to act painfully upon my corporeal system. Such being the case, I packed up my portmanteau, took along with me 100 sovereigns, secured a passage from Leith to London in the James Watt steam packet, and on the forenoon of the 20th day of July, 1824, found myself in the heart of London. I did not know a single human being in the British capital. Letters of introduction to several influential gentlemen were offered to me when I left Scotland, but I positively declined them, resolved to push my way as I best could, without bringing myself under obligations to others. No person, except under very peculiar circumstances, should ever give or accept such letters. The bearer of them is looked upon as a bore by those to whom they are addressed, and the writer, instead of being thanked, is heartily cursed for his pains. The *introducer* and *introducee* are thus placed on nearly the same footing, and both are very heartily wished at the devil.

I remained about a fortnight in London, to see a few of the principal lions of the modern Babylon. I was amazed at the enormous bulk of the city, but disappointed, upon the whole, with its appearance. The brick houses struck me as singularly unprepossessing after the stone palaces of Edinburgh ; nor did the streets, narrow and gloomy, appear to much advantage after those of the new parts of Edina—straight as an arrow—broad as a firth—regular as geometry itself. But, altogether, I liked London. There was a continual bustle about it which stirred up the languid current of my ideas ; and I became so drowned in its vastness, that I, in a great measure, lost the sense of personal identity, and felt as if I were a mere atom in the general mass—an unit whose passions and interests were so perfectly insignificant as to be unworthy of consideration even to myself.

In this mood I perambulated the crowded streets, better pleased with myself than I had been for a good while, and began to think less and less of that which had affected me so painfully. My mind was drawn off from this one theme, and directed to a thousand others widely different ; the consequence of which was, that I became a new man, with better health and higher spirits than I had lately enjoyed. In visiting the different places of amusement, I proceeded upon no regular principle, and probably exhibited little taste : they all came alike to me. It was in the summer season, and the large theatres were closed ; but for this I made amends by paying my devotions to the minor ones. I went alternately through the Surrey, the Cobourg, the Haymarket, and Sadler's Wells. One day I wondered at the vastness of St. Paul's, and the beauty of its marble monuments ; the next, I was lost in astonishment at the architectural richness of Westminster Abbey, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel. In the forenoon, I would pass my time among the swells, boxers, and blacklegs of the Fives Court ; in the evening, at Vauxhall—that temple of mirth, music, and folly. One day I was in Oxford Street, the next at Wapping. Now, I might be seen strutting alongside the bucks and Corinthians of Bond Street ;

now, elbowing my way among the dustmen of St. Giles's. Nothing came amiss. I saw everything that money and a pair of good eyes made visible : mounted to the dome of St. Paul's ; ascended the monument ; stared at tigers, monkeys, and parrots in the Tower ; visited Exeter Change, and paid my addresses to the elephant Chuny (since defunct) and his fellows in captivity. At last, after walking about as busy as a letter carrier, seeing everything and doing nothing, I be-thought me of the object of my travels, and stepping into a hackney-coach, drove to the house of the French ambassador, (the unhappy Polignac's,) in Portland Place, and left my name for a passport. This I obtained next day, being the 7th of August.

Having procured this *sine qua non* for a continental visit, I went on board the Lord Melville steam packet, at the Tower-stairs, and in eleven hours was safely landed on the quay of Calais, having encountered nothing but a severe sea-sickness while in the middle of the channel. I only stopped a single night at Calais, and set off for Paris next morning. There is no occasion for me to enter into any detail of my journey between the two places, as it did not contain a single incident worth remarking. For the purpose of getting a view of the country, I took a berth on the top of the diligence, alongside the *conducteur*, whom I found to be a civil, talkative, good-humored fellow, as these men generally are. He had been an old soldier under Buonaparte, and amused me a good deal with his adventures on flood and field. He spoke highly of the British troops generally, and alluding, incidentally, to the Scotch, I informed him that I was a Scotchman, upon which he shook me heartily by the hand, expressing, at the same time, his surprise that I was not habited *en jupes*, according to the fashion of my country. The journey occupied thirty-two hours, although the distance was only one hundred and seventy-three miles ; for the French, however much they may claim a superiority over us in some things, are certainly behind in the matter of traveling, their public *voitures* moving heavily along, at the rate of less than six miles an hour. At last, we reached Paris, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and descended from the diligence, in the large court of the *Messageries Royales*. Hitherto, all had gone on well. My spirits were tolerably good, and the leading idea which had influenced them so much, ceased to operate with anything like its original force, although it still asserted its empire more or less, and was, at times, remembered with a certain degree of uneasiness. But, upon the whole, it was certainly much deadened, and I believe would have ceased to act upon me with pain, had things proceeded as they were doing, and no fresh fuel been thrown upon the fast-decaying fire of my singular emotion. But it was not my good luck to continue long under the influence of this fortunate change, for, strange to say, I had scarcely descended from my station on the top of the diligence, when the door of that vehicle having been opened, who should step out but the young lady whose beauty had in so remarkable a manner exercised a spell upon my faculties ! Language cannot describe the singular variety of emotions which pervaded me at this moment. Joy, astonishment, grief—all rushed by turns over my spirit. It was, indeed, she—the very same ; there was no mistaking her ; the same tall, pale, melancholy creature—the same sable tresses, clustering richly over her forehead of snow—the same deep, serene, expressive eyes, full of pathos and tenderness. It was she—she whom I had followed as an angel of love in the streets of Edinburgh—she, whose

influence obliged me to quit my native land in search of that peace of mind, of which passion for her alone had robbed my bosom. An apparition of the dead could not have amazed me more; and I gazed upon her in a sort of phrenzied stupor, which fixed me, for some minutes, to the ground, and deprived me of the power of utterance.

I might have remained long enough in this state had I not been aroused from it by the motions of the young lady herself. She did not seem to notice me, but kept standing by the diligence for a short time, till the *conducteur* sought out her luggage, consisting of a *valise* and small portmanteau, which she desired a street porter to carry after her. I instantly felt that now or never was the time for unraveling the mystery, and, if possible, getting introduced to her. With these feelings, I hastily laid hold of my traveling bag, and followed after the fair traveller. This quarter of the city seemed to be perfectly familiar to her, for she took, of her own accord, and without asking any one, or seeming in the least perplexed, a very complicated route through upwards of half a dozen of streets and lanes, and entered, at last, the *Hôtel de Montesquieu*, an immense lodging-house, near the *Palais Royal*. Here the porter laid down her luggage, and went away, after receiving something for his trouble, while she herself, under the guidance of a *filles de chambre*, ascended the stairs, and disappeared.

I now thought that I had her fast, and that she who had so often unconsciously eluded my observation, must now be discovered. I did not doubt that the mystery was at an end, and that in a day or two, at most, I should get to the bottom of it. With this belief, I took up my residence at the hotel in question, and lost no opportunity of ascertaining what I so much wished to know. I ranged, so far as propriety would permit, the whole dwelling—perambulated its extensive corridors—ascended its immense staircase, from time to time—and dined regularly at the *table d'hôte*; all in the expectation of meeting with her. To make assurance doubly sure, on going out, I never walked above fifty yards from the threshold of the hotel, and when I did so, I kept an eye constantly upon the door, that I might see every one that went in or came out. In this scrutiny I was perfectly unsuccessful; I never once beheld the young lady; and when, at last, I inquired what had become of her, I learned, to my astonishment, that she had left the *Hôtel de Montesquieu* a week before, and had gone, no one knew whither; in fact, she only slept there a single night.

I was dreadfully disappointed; nay, more, I was irritated, not at her, for that was impossible, but at myself, on account of the stupid part I had played in the business; and vowed, secretly, that if on any other occasion my eyes were blessed with a sight of the object of my pursuit, I would act in a very different manner.

The purpose of my coming to Paris had now every appearance of being defeated, for I was quickly relapsing into my old state, and felt convinced that so long as I had reason to suppose her near me, all the gaieties of this extraordinary city would fail of bestowing the least beneficial effect upon my mind. Every circumstance had a tendency to make me unhappy with myself; and the more I reflected upon the events, connected with this girl, I became miserable in a proportionate degree. Nothing vexed me so much as the thought that she should have traveled one hundred and seventy-three miles with me in the same vehicle, without my being aware of it; and to add still more to my mortification, I began to suspect that she was also my fellow-pas-

senger in the Lord Melville, from London to Calais ; and, for anything I knew, in the James Watt, from Leith to London. I had no evidence of either the one or the other, but, in my perturbed state of mind, nothing connected with her was too extravagant not to be imagined ; and I looked upon her as one doomed to exercise some strange influence upon my fate—to haunt me like an attendant spirit wherever I went—yet destined ever to glide from my grasp—to defy pursuit—and baffle every investigation, however skilfully conducted.

Under the excitement produced by such ideas, I wandered over the whole of Paris, in the hope of meeting with her. I visited every theatre in the city, although I believe there are above twenty ; and sauntered for hours at a time in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, or in the Jardin des Plantes, with the same expectation. Almost every day I frequented the gallery of the Louvre, with the idea that she might be there ; then I would betake myself upon the same errand to the Luxembourg gallery ; then to the gallery of Orleans. At one time I was on the Italian boulevards, at another on the Champs Elysées, at a third in Père la Chaise. No place of the least note escaped my search. The gardens of Tivoli, Beaujou, and La Chaumière, were all visited, together with the tapestry manufactory of the Gobelins, the Museum of Natural History, and all the churches. Even places, where she was not at all likely ever to be, underwent the same scrutiny, such as the Bibliothèque du Roi, Salpêtrière, Bicêtre, the Bourse, and the public hospitals.

A number of festivals and important political events took place at this time in Paris, but none of them could drive from my mind the idea of the fair unknown, or mitigate the ardors of my pursuit. I was present at the fête of Saint Louis on the twenty-fifth of August, when the whole metropolis discharged its giddy and rejoicing population into the public gardens and squares for the purpose of revelry. With thousands of others, I beheld the body of Louis the Eighteenth lying in state the day of his decease ; and also his funeral—that splendid mockery of death—which extended in one unbroken line almost from Paris to Saint Denis, a distance of six miles, and at which fifteen thousand of the *élite* of the French army walked in procession. I was likewise a witness of the grand entry of Charles the Tenth into his (now no longer his) capital ; and was present a few days after at the magnificent review, which took place before him in the Champ-de-Mars. These varied scenes, it may be thought, would have dispelled every melancholy feeling, but they were in this respect unavailing. It is true that I saw and visited them : it is true that I threw myself wherever multitudes were congregated together—wherever festivals were held ; but it was with no hope—no wish to enjoy the gay scenes that were passing around ; but to see if, in these diversified assemblages, my eyes might chance to alight upon her who was now everything to me, and whom I felt to be essential to my happiness, and even to my very existence.

Only on one occasion, however, had I the good fortune to see her, and this was in the vast Louvre gallery ; but the place was crowded to excess, and before I could make my way to the spot where she stood, she was gone—where I knew not, but certain it is that from this moment I never again saw her during my sojourn in the French capital.

About a fortnight after this event, viz. in the middle of September,

and while my feelings were still laboring acutely under disappointment, I chanced to meet in the Palais Royal, one Peter Vanderclump, a Dutch shipmaster, whom I had known well in Scotland, and who generally traded between Leith and Amsterdam. He was a short, stout, square-built, ruddy-faced man, of about fifty ; was rigged in a sailor's suit of blue—had on an amazingly broad-brimmed, low-crowned, glazed hat, and sported an enormously long queue. Like the rest of his countrymen, he smoked to excess ; and, indeed, at the time of my meeting him, he had a short pipe in his mouth, from which he emitted copious volumes of fragrance, to the no small amusement of the passers-by, who were a good deal diverted by his grotesque appearance. With all his oddity of aspect, I was much pleased at meeting him, for he was a good-hearted, obliging, and humorous fellow—very communicative, albeit a Dutchman—and, for his situation in life, remarkably well-informed. I learned from him, that he had come to Paris upon some business, having left his vessel at Havre-de-Grâce ; and that as soon as he transacted what he had on hand, he would proceed in her direct for Naples. I invited him several times to my lodgings, and, from less to more, we got into such friendly terms, that he offered me a free passage to and from Naples ; an offer which I at once accepted of, both because I had a great desire to see Italy, and because I considered that my health would be benefited thereby, in consequence not only of the sea air, but of the change of scenery, which could not fail to produce a beneficial effect upon my spirits. We accordingly, in a few days, left Paris together on the top of the diligence, and after a pleasant journey, reached Havre, where we went on board, and almost immediately put to sea. The name of his vessel was the *Hermanstadt*, a fine, strongly-built brig, of two hundred and fifty tons, laden with glass, hardware, and cotton goods, for the Italian market. This vessel has now left the Leith station, but the seafaring people connected with that port must remember her well, from the peculiarity of her rigging, and the figure of an immense Bacchus riding upon a barrel, which adorned her bow. I am a bad hand at describing nautical affairs. I neither know the anatomy of a ship, if I may so express myself, nor that technical phraseology, without which it is impossible to give a lively and characteristic account of events strictly naval. On this account I shall say nothing concerning the particulars of the voyage, so far as the navigation of the vessel is concerned, but confine myself to such circumstances as I am capable of describing ; and these were of such a nature that I am sure the reader will feel an interest in hearing them detailed, however imperfectly. I learned from the captain that there were two passengers besides myself, viz. a young gentleman, and a lady, still younger, apparently his sister, who came on board at Leith, and were on their way to Italy. Farther than this he knew nothing. Their passage had been duly paid for at the time their berths were taken ; he had never seen the lady since he left Scotland, as she constantly kept her room, he supposed in consequence of sickness ; and as for the gentleman, he did not see him either very frequently, as he was almost always under deck, either in his own apartment or that of the lady. Thus far did the knowledge extend of Captain Peter Vanderclump. He mentioned, that the male passenger seemed to be a liberal, gentlemanly sort of man, for on coming on board at Leith, as well as on their arrival at Havre, he had handed him a sum of money to distribute among the crew, and promised to give them more when

the vessel reached her destination. This information interested me a good deal, and led me to form a favorable opinion of my fellow-passengers, which was still further increased by the fact of one of them being in bad health, an event which, especially when occurring to a female, never fails to attract the sympathies in her behalf.

When I first saw our fellow-passenger, of whom Vanderclump had spoken so favorably, I was much struck with his appearance. He was very tall, I think about six feet, somewhat dark complexioned, thin and delicate, with a fine Spanish cast of countenance, indicating at once both feeling and extensive capacity. He was exceedingly quiet and retired; spoke little, and appeared to be laboring under bad health and low spirits, or rather the two combined. When he appeared upon deck, and at mess, I tried to draw him into conversation, but he evidently shunned it as much as possible, and seemed averse to communicate anything of his situation, a circumstance which, while it whetted my curiosity, prevented me from pushing my inquiries as far as I could have wished. Altogether, I was very sorry on his account, for I saw that something pressed upon his mind, and yet dared not ask him what it was, or do anything in the way of offering relief. To this hour I cannot tell to what country he belonged. He was certainly not a native of great Britain; for though he spoke English fluently, it was with a foreign accent. Neither did he strike me as being French or Italian. His appearance argued a Spanish origin, but his tone of thinking was evidently German; and it was plain he had resided in Germany, both from his familiarity with the tongue of that country, and his knowledge of its literature and customs. He spoke Dutch well, according to Vanderclump, and was familiar both with French and Italian, as I had occasion to notice when he addressed a Norman and Neapolitan seaman, each in his respective language.

No person on board had the privilege of entering the lady's cabin except himself. He waited almost incessantly upon her, took in her meals, and was seldom absent from her side, except when he retired at night to his own room. His whole thoughts seemed to be occupied on her account; and from the progressive lowness of spirits and mental anxiety which increased upon him from day to day, we conjectured that she was getting gradually worse. Nor were our surmises without foundation; for one day, after being closeted in her cabin for an unusual length of time, he made his appearance, and informed Vanderclump and me, who were seated together in the mess-room, that she was *no more*! This intelligence, though far from unexpected, distressed me much; and the captain, in spite of the roughness of his nature, was also deeply affected, and sympathized from the bottom of his heart, with the unfortunate stranger.

But if this event shocked me, how much must my feelings have been lacerated when on entering the cabin of the deceased, and viewing the body, I found it to be that of her whom I had so long sought after in vain—her from whose dark and melancholy eyes I drank in the inspiration of love! Yes, it was indeed she—the very same—the creature whom my fancy had pictured as the perfection of female loveliness—she whose living beauty glided away from my embrace—like an evanescent dream—lay before me, mute, motionless, inanimate, in all the beauty of death. Vain would it be for me to describe my feelings at this deplorable scene. I was struck at once with astonishment, sorrow, and despair. Every circumstance connected with the deceased was a

mystery which baffled my imagination to fathom. It seemed a horrible romance—a frightful dream ;—and while I reflected upon it, I sometimes doubted whether I had my waking senses about me, or whether I was not a sojourner in the land of sleep.

There was no mistaking the aspect of her who lay before me in the embrace of death. I knew her at once, and thought her hardly less beautiful than when she appeared to me in her living hours. She lay, not in bed, but upon a couch placed in the centre of the room, in front of the principal window. She was habited in an undress of black, had on a rich cap of Brussels lace, and was simply covered with a large Turkish shawl thrown loosely over her person, only leaving the face, neck and arms exposed. The head was supported on a common sofa-pillow ; and her hands, clasped loosely together, lay folded upon her bosom. Her eyes were closed, and her face somewhat thinner and paler than when I formerly saw her, but it had lost none of its beauty. The ringlets, dark, rich, and copious, still clustered over her marble and snowy temples with their wonted luxuriance, and her mouth wore a smile of placidness and content. At first sight she appeared as if merely enjoying a quiet sleep. Indeed, her departure seemed to have been undisturbed by pain of any kind ; and she may be said to have slept into eternity with a tranquillity which could hardly be called death.

Distressed as I was by this most unhappy discovery, I found that the present was no time to give way to the violence of my feelings ; and, difficult as the task was, I endeavored to smother them, and perform with manliness the sad duty which it now became me to execute.

Hitherto our voyage had been exceedingly tedious, and though ten days had elapsed, we were scarcely four hundred miles on the passage. The wind for the most part continued steadily against us, and Vanderclump declared he had no hopes of reaching Naples in less than three weeks. Such being the case, he communicated to me the necessity which existed of having the remains of the young lady committed within a reasonable time to the deep, and begged that I would mention it to her brother with as much delicacy as I could. This I took an early opportunity of doing, and he expressed his ready consent to the painful proceeding, being satisfied that, under present circumstances, it was impossible to act in any other way. The only favor he requested was, that I would superintend the funeral proceedings, and see that every kind of respect and decency was paid to the remains of his beloved sister.

It was a sad duty this, but I undertook it willingly, both for the sake of him who requested it, and still more of her who, whether in life or death, had appeared to me in such a singular manner. Circumstances—one of which was the illness of the carpenter, who had broken his fore-arm about a week before, from falling down the hatchway—prevented us from having a coffin made for the reception of the body ; an event which we all greatly regretted, but for which, situated as we were, there was no remedy. To obviate this want as far as possible, a plan was devised by Vanderclump, and carried into effect by me, with the assistance of the mate, who was a neat-handed fellow, and very well calculated to assist in such an emergency. I procured a couple of those small mattresses used in ships. On one of them—having previously cut off a ringlet of those beautiful tresses, as a token of remembrance—I caused the corpse of the deceased to be laid. The other was placed above her, and the two firmly sewed together on every side.

The whole was then wrapped in several duplicatures of the thickest canvas that could be procured, and strongly tied round with ropes ; and to insure its sinking at once, several heavy weights were affixed to it.

It is not necessary to enter into any minute detail of the interment, which took place next day, being the third after the young lady had breathed her last. Her brother acted as chief mourner, and I read the funeral service of the Church of England, not by any desire of his, but simply at my own suggestion, for I conceived, whatever his religion might be, whether Lutheran or Catholic—and I somehow, without knowing anything about the matter, set him down for one or the other—that this ceremony could not but prove agreeable to his feelings. It was therefore duly performed, and the body slowly lowered over the side of the vessel by the captain, the mate, and two of the crew, and committed into the bosom of the deep. It sank instantly, and, I supposed, forever, but, in about half a minute after, it suddenly bounded up to the surface, and there floated for a short time. It seemed that the portion of air contained within the two mattresses gave it sufficient buoyancy to keep it afloat, notwithstanding the ponderous weights attached to promote its immediate descent. As soon, however, as the water penetrated them, the buoyancy was destroyed, and it sank to the bottom. This incident, trivial as it was, vexed me a good deal, but fortunately it was not perceived by the brother of the deceased, whose eyes were all the while intently fixed upon the deck, and who retired to his cabin the moment the ceremony was over, without once lifting them up.

It is impossible for me even to surmise what effect this most distressing event might have produced upon me, if I had not been prevented from brooding too deeply upon my own sufferings by the state of the lady's brother. That sympathy which I would have expended upon myself, was turned towards him ; and in looking at his bitter loss, and consoling him under it, I forgot in a great measure *my own*. After the death of his sister, his spirits faded utterly, and along with them his health. He lost his appetite, became wan, sickly, and hectic, and degenerated into a mere shadow of what he had been, even when I first saw him. He was formerly thin, now he was emaciated ; his brow becoming glazed and streaked with transparent veins, his eyes sunk, his cheeks hollow and wrinkled. This remarkable change took place during the short interval which elapsed between his sister's death and our arrival at Naples, a period of only seventeen days ; and, by the end of that time, he was incurably sunk in the depths of consumption.

During the voyage I did everything in my power to console him ; and in these attempts the captain joined most assiduously, leaving nothing unsaid or undone which he supposed might contribute to his comfort. Sometimes, indeed, in a calm day, while I had him upon deck, beneath the pure sky of that beautiful south into which we were entering, and while his cheeks were fanned by the genial breeze from the sea, he would assume even an air of cheerfulness—sympathize with the glories of the magnificent element which surrounded him, and give vent to his feelings in an impassioned language. It was easy to perceive that he was a person of a very superior mind ; he possessed, at once, much both of poetry and philosophy in his temperament, and seemed well acquainted with almost every subject. But, notwithstanding all my efforts, there was a mystery about him which I could not

unravel. He studiously shunned all conversation which alluded to his own country, to his profession, to his object in going to the south of Italy, or, in short, to anything in the least degree connected with himself. His very name was unknown to us. It is true that neither the captain nor I asked, but it is equally true that he never allowed any expression to escape him by which it could be ascertained.

The approach to Naples from the sea, is perhaps the fairest upon the face of the earth. Language and painting may feebly attempt to give an outline of its beauty, but it must be seen to be appreciated. As we entered the bay, a vision of fairy-land seemed to have burst upon us. To our lee lay the Island of Capri; to the right towered Vesuvius, blackening the atmosphere around it with volumes of smoke, emitted from its hideous crater—while in front of us arose the city like a spacious amphitheatre from the extremity of the bay. It is overlooked by rising grounds, which rise up behind it; on the highest of which stands the fortress of St. Elmo, like a giant seamed with scars, frowning grimly over the city basking at its feet. The panorama was imposing in the highest degree, and struck not me only, but the dying stranger, with sensations of astonishment and delight. Though it was the 19th of October, the weather was delightfully warm and serene, and most unlike our own cloudy clime at this season of the year.

I had him brought on shore, and endeavored to procure suitable lodgings for him in the city; but this I found a much more difficult task than I anticipated; for the inhabitants have a mortal terror of consumption, which they regard as highly infectious, and shun with as much dread as the plague itself. From every lodging-house keeper to whom application was made, the answer was the same:—"Anything, signior, but the plague or consumption!" So universally diffused was this stupid prejudice, that I sincerely believe it would have been utterly impracticable to procure lodgings for my unfortunate friend, had it not been for the generous hospitality of Mr. Samuel Snelson, an English merchant, and a partner of one of the most eminent mercantile houses in London. This gentleman, with whom our captain was fortunately acquainted, agreed in the kindest manner to receive the invalid into his house, and saw him watched over with as much care as if he had been his own son. I can never sufficiently admire Mr. Snelson for his generous conduct on this trying occasion; and should this paper ever meet his eyes, I hope he will not feel offended by my introducing his name into it, seeing it is done in a way which redounds to his honor for humanity—although, had he himself been consulted, I doubt not that his modesty would have shrunk at the idea of having his name thus publicly blazoned before the world. Acts of this nature, however, are so scarce that it becomes a duty to relate them, when they do occur; not only for the honor of the individual who performs them, but for the credit of human nature itself. Alas! how few "good Samaritans" has the earth to boast of.

Had it not been for the unfortunate state of my dying friend, I should have derived great pleasure from this trip to Naples. As it was, I visited everything worth seeing in the vicinity. I went through the king's palace, inspected the citadel of St. Elmo, and ranged the pleasure grounds of the Carthusian convent. I was also more than once at the principal theatre, said to be the finest in Europe; and which may be so for anything that I can allege to the contrary, for in point of extent, splendor, and design, it surpasses anything of the kind either

in London or Paris. I also visited the palace of the archbishop, the university, the cathedral—in which the priests pretend to show the head and *some of the blood* of St. Januarius—and, latterly, Vesuvius. I ascended to the summit of this remarkable mountain, looked into its crater, and afterwards explored the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, overwhelmed by one of its eruptions, and now in some measure exposed to the light of day, after being for many centuries hid under a cloud of ashes and lava. Everything connected with Naples is apt to strike a stranger with surprise. The multitude of lazzaroni and priests who frequent the streets, the odd mixture of meanness and splendor in the equipages and housekeeping of the noblesse, and the lugubrious trappings of the soldiery, are at once novel and imposing. The situation of the city is unrivaled for picturesqueness—the atmosphere as clear as crystal, and the heat of the summer and autumn months finely softened by breezes from the sea. Indeed were it not for the severe spring blasts, which come off the Appennines, and the sirocco, or northeast wind, occurring about May, Naples would be equal to Rome or Pisa for salubrity, as it is superior to them both in beauty of situation. All these things, however, were in a great measure lost upon me. While the unhappy stranger continued in his helpless state, it was impossible to possess any real enjoyment; and the splendid scenery around, with all its novelty and richness, failed to exhilarate my spirits.

Three weeks had now elapsed since our arrival, and the invalid who, up to this time, had been able to move about a little, became so exhausted by his complaint, as to be confined constantly to bed. The signet of death was stamped upon him, and it was certain that, at the utmost, he had only a few days to live. Nothing was left undone by his humane landlord to alleviate his sufferings—the best medical assistance, which the city afforded, being called in, and every plan adopted which promised, in the slightest degree, to lessen his bodily sufferings, and support his spirits. Still all was mystery, deep and inscrutable. I knew no more of him—of his country, profession, religion, or circumstances, than I did at first; even his name was still a riddle, and as he continued to shun inquiry of every sort, none was made either by Mr. Snelson or myself. At last he died, and with himself died the history of this most singular young man.

Shortly after his death, his luggage, and that of his sister, were carefully searched, with the expectation that some clue would be afforded to the enigma; but in this hope we were disappointed. The names and designations of neither were upon their trunks, nor did these repositories contain bills, letters, or documents of any kind, to enlighten us. His own linens had simply the letters H. W. upon them, which we supposed to be his initials; those of the lady had no mark whatever. Some portions of her dress seemed of French, some of English, and others of Italian manufacture, and the same remark applied to her brother's. The wearing apparel of both was mostly new, very fine in its texture, and made in the first style of fashion. From this, we inferred that they were persons who moved in a high circle; indeed, their appearance indicated as much—to say nothing of other evidence in favor of the same supposition. What became of their dresses I do not, at this time, recollect, nor is it of much consequence; but with regard to the distribution of the remainder of the gentleman's property, I can speak more explicitly. The day before he expired, he made me a

present of a valuable diamond ring, which he begged me to keep for his sake ; and to Mr. Snelson he bequeathed an exquisitely-wrought opal brooch, set round with rubies and amethysts, as a mark of the deep sense entertained by him of his kindness. The money which he had with him, amounting to ten British sovereigns, twenty gold ducats, and fifty-five louis-d'or, he ordered to be distributed among the crew of the Hermanstadt and Mr. Snelson's servants. I forget, at this moment, in what proportions they were bestowed on all the respective individuals, but I remember that the sovereigns and ducats fell to the share of Vanderclump, and that ten of the louis-d'or were given to his mate. No money was found among the effects of the young lady.

On the eighteenth of November, just a week after the stranger's decease, the Hermanstadt weighed anchor, and left the harbor of Naples ; she was freighted by Mr. Snelson, on account of his house in London, with a valuable cargo, consisting chiefly of olives, manna, saffron, wines, dried fruits, and Florentine oil, with which she was ordered to proceed direct to the Thames. There were several passengers on board, mostly English ; with one of them, Mr. John Haddow, head clerk to Mr. Snelson, and, on this occasion, officiating as supercargo, I formed an intimate friendship, which, I am happy to say, still subsists. I may mention that Mr. Haddow resided in London till lately, in the service of the company, and having been taken into partnership, he left this country about six months ago, to take the management of a branch of their business, which has long been established at Buenos Ayres. Favored by prevailing east winds, we had a brisk run through the Mediterranean, stopping only once in our way, viz. at Minorca ; and in a few days we cleared the straits of Gibraltar, and got once more into the Atlantic. Nothing particular occurred during the rest of our passage, which, upon the whole, was rapid and satisfactory, with the exception of two smart hurricanes, one of which overtook us off Lisbon, and threatened to oblige us to put into that port, but we stood it out gaily, and the wind shifting about to the southward, and moderating considerably, we held on at the rate of eight knots an hour, till we got off Cape Ortegal, when we encountered the other, which held us aback for twelve hours ; this, also, gave way, without doing any damage, beyond retarding us for a little on the route. We crossed the Bay of Biscay in fine style, and got our due share of the heaving and tossing which everybody must expect to encounter in that unruly puddle. With these slight drawbacks, however, the passage was a good one, at least so far as Havre, where I was landed on the twenty-eighth of the month, ten days exactly after quitting Naples. How the brig fared on her way from Havre to London I never heard, but I suppose she reached the Thames cleverly, and in good trim, for I saw her advertised about a month afterwards, in an English paper, as ready to sail immediately for Amsterdam.

To conclude this singular, and, I fear, somewhat tiresome narrative, I set off immediately for Paris, which I reached safely, having been absent from it nearly ten weeks. It would wear out the reader's patience, were I to dwell upon the state of my spirits, which continued in a depressed condition for a very considerable period : even yet, when I think upon the strange events, it is with feelings of sorrow ; but time, which is the grand reliever of all painful emotions, has come to my assistance, and taken away from my feelings much of their former acuteness. More than six years have now elapsed, and no circum-

stance has yet occurred to throw light upon the fair unfortunate stranger and her brother ; still all is mystery ; at this hour I am as much in the dark as ever, and have not even "a peg whereon to hang a conjecture."

THE AUTOCRAT'S PRAYER.

[MIRROR.]

EUROPE ! hear the voice that rose
From the chief of Freedom's foes—
When he bade war's thunders roll
O'er the country of the Pole—
To his Cossacks on parade
Thus the Calmuck robber said :

" Mine the might, and mine the right,
Stir ye, spur ye to the fight—
Bare the blade, and strike the blow
To the heart's core of the foe—
Slaughter all the rebel bands
Found with weapons in their hands ;
On ! the holy work of fate
Russia's God will consecrate.

" 'Tis decreed that they shall bleed
For their dark and trait'rous deed.
Poles ! to us by conquest given,
Ye provoke the wrath of Heaven :
Therefore, purging sword and shot
Use we must, and spare you not.
Guardian of our northern faith,
Guide us to the field of death !

" Ere we've done, many a one
Shall weep they ever saw the sun.
Rouse the noble in his hall
To a fiery festival ;
Dash the stubborn peasant's mirth—
Drown in blood his alien hearth ;
Babe or mother, never falter—
Spear the priest before the altar.
Onward, and avenge our wrong !
God is good, and Russia strong ! "

SONG.

[MIRROR.]

OH fly with me, my lady love, my island home is free,
And its flowers will bloom more sweetly still, when gazed upon by thee;
Come, lady, come, the stars are bright—in all their radiant power,
As if they gave their fairy light to guide thee to my bower.

Oh fly with me, my little bark is waiting 'neath the steep,
 And the midnight breeze is fresh to wait thee o'er the stilly deep ;
 Though tempests blow they should not raise thy fears, nor scathe thy form,
 For love would hover o'er thee still, a halo in the storm.

I've found for thee, my lady love, the freshest flowing springs,
 Whose cooling waters ever burst in crystal sparklings ;
 It is for thee my shaft will wing the wild bird in the air,
 Or strike the swift gazelle to deck our simple mountain fare.

Oh, 'tis thou canst bid my spirit throb with rapture's warmest sigh,
 As gushing winds will make a lute's strings sleeping melody ;
 When other hopes have faded like the flow'rets of the spring,
 Thou'lt be to me a joyous wreath forever blossoming.

Then fly with me, my lady love, my island home is free,
 And its flowers will bloom more sweetly still, when gazed upon by thee ;
 Come, lady, come, the stars are bright—in all their radiant power,
 As if they gave their fairy light to guide thee to my bower.

ATTEMPTED CAPTURE OF PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY.*

[ATHENEUM.]—When his present Majesty William IV. served as a midshipman in the British navy, he was for some time on the coast of the North American colonies, then in a state of revolution, and passed the winter of 1782 in the city of New York. He is still borne in lively recollection by many of the elder inhabitants of that city, as a fine bluff boy of sixteen : frank, cheery, and affable : and there are anecdotes still told of his frolicsome pranks on shipboard. Among these is the story of a rough, though favorite, nautical joke, which he played off upon a sailor boy, in cutting down his hammock while asleep. The sturdy sea urchin resented this invasion of his repose ; and, not knowing the quality of his invader, a regular set-to of fisticuffs ensued in the dark. In this, it is said, the Prince showed great bottom ; and equal generosity on the following morning, when he made the boy a handsome present of money. His conduct in this boyish affair is said to have gained him the hearts of all his shipmates.

The Prince manifested, when on shore, a decided fondness for manly pastimes. One of his favorite resorts was a small fresh-water lake in the vicinity of the city, which presented a frozen sheet of many acres ; and was thronged by the younger part of the population for the amusement of skating. As the Prince was unskilled in this exercise, he would sit on a chair fixed on runners, which was pushed forward by a skating attendant, while a crowd of officers environed him, and the youthful multitude made the air ring with their shouts for Prince William Henry. It was an animating scene, in the bright sunny winter-days, so common in that climate, and probably still retains a place in His Majesty's memory.

While the Prince was thus enjoying himself in the city of New York, a daring plan was formed, by some adventurous partizans of the

* Authentic narrative of a plan, (now first made public,) for capturing Prince William Henry, his present Majesty, during his stay at New York in 1782 ; with the original letters of General Washington.

revolutionary army, to pounce upon him and carry him off from the very midst of his friends and guards. The deviser of this plan was Colonel Ogden, a gallant officer, who had served with great bravery in the revolutionary army from the very commencement of the war, and whose regiment at that time was stationed in the province (now state) of New Jersey.

The present statement is drawn up from documents still preserved by the family of Col. Ogden, a copy of which has been obtained from one of his sons. The Prince at the time was living on shore, with Admiral Digby, in quarters slightly guarded, more for form than security, no particular danger being apprehended. The project of Colonel Ogden was to land secretly on a stormy night, with a small but resolute force, to surprise and carry off the Prince and the Admiral to the boats, and to make for the Jersey shore. The plan was submitted to General Washington, who sanctioned it, under the idea that the possession of the person of the Prince would facilitate an adjustment of affairs with the mother country, and a recognition of the United States as an independent nation.

The following is a copy of the letter of General Washington to Col. Ogden on the occasion. The whole of the original is in the handwriting of the General :—

To Col. Ogden, of the 1st Jersey Regiment.

“SIR,—The spirit of enterprise so conspicuous in your plan for surprising in their quarters, and bringing off, the Prince William Henry and Admiral Digby, merits applause ; and you have my authority to make the attempt in any manner and at such a time as your judgment shall direct.

“I am fully persuaded, that it is unnecessary to caution you against offering insult or indignity to the persons of the Prince or Admiral, should you be so fortunate as to capture them ; but it may not be amiss to press the propriety of a proper line of conduct upon the party you command.

“In case of success, you will, as soon as you get them to a place of safety, treat them with all possible respect ; but you are to delay no time in conveying them to Congress, and reporting your proceedings, with a copy of these orders.

“Given at Morris Town, this 28th day of March, 1782.

“G. WASHINGTON.”

“*Note.*—Take care not to touch upon the ground which is agreed to be neutral—viz., from Raway to Newark, and four miles back.”

Before relating the particulars of this plan, it may be expedient to state, that the city of New York is situated on the point of an island which advances into the centre of a capacious bay. A narrow arm of the sea, vulgarly called the East River, separates it on the left from Long or Nassau Island ; and the Hudson, commonly called the North River, separates it from the state of New Jersey. The British army was in possession of the city, and was strengthened by a fleet ; but the opposite bank of the Hudson, which is about two miles wide, was under the power of Congress, and the revolutionary army was stationed at no great distance in New Jersey, in a winter encampment of wooden huts.

The party that should undertake this enterprise would have to embark in boats from the Jersey shore : and it was essential that the whole should be performed between sun and sun.

The following is the plan intended to be observed, copied literally from the original, in the handwriting of Col. Ogden :

"It will be necessary to have four whale-boats (which can be procured without cause for suspicion) ; they must be well-manned by their respective crews, including guides, &c. ; beside these, one captain, one subaltern, three sergeants, and thirty-six men, with whom the boats can row with ease.—N. B. It is known where the boats are, and that they can be collected without suspicion, with their oarsmen ; and it is taken for granted, the owners will not object, though, for fear of giving the least cause of alarm, nothing has as yet been said to them.

"The time of embarkation must be the first wet night after we are prepared. The place is not yet agreed on, as it will be necessary to consult those skilled in the tides previous to determining, which must be put off until we are as nearly prepared as possible, for fear of inferences being drawn from our inquiries. We must, however, set off from such part of the Jersey shore as will give us time to be in the city by half past nine. The men must be embarked in the order of debarkation.

"The Prince quarters in Hanover Square, and has two sentinels from the 40th British regiment, that are quartered in Lord Stirling's old quarters in Broad Street, 200 yards from the scene of action. The main guard, consisting of a captain and forty men, is posted at the City Hall—a sergeant and twelve, at the head of the old slip—a sergeant and twelve, opposite the coffee house—these are the troops we may be in danger from, and must be guarded against. The place of landing, at Coenties Market, between the two sergeants' guards, at the head of the old slip and opposite the coffee-house.

"The order of debarkation to agree with the mode of attack, as follows :—

"First—Two men with a guide, seconded by two others, for the purpose of seizing the sentinels—these men to be armed with naked bayonets and dressed in sailors' habits—they are not to wait for anything, but immediately execute their orders.

"Second—Eight men including guides with myself, preceded by two men with each a crow-bar, and two with each an axe ; these for the purpose of forcing the doors should they be fast, and followed by four men, entering the house and seizing the young Prince, the Admiral, the young noblemen, aides, &c.

"Third—A captain and eighteen to follow briskly, form, and defend the house until the business is finished, and retreat a half gun-shot in our rear.

"Fourth—a subaltern and fourteen, with half of the remaining boats' crew, and form on the right and left of the boats, and defend them until we return—the remainder of the crews to hold the boats in the best possible position for embarking.

"Necessary—Two crow-bars, two axes, four dark-lanterns, and four large oil-cloths.

"The manner of returning as follows :—

"Six men with guns and bayonets, with those unemployed in carrying off the prisoners, to precede those engaged in that business, followed by the captain (joined by the four men from the sentry) at a half gun-shot distance, who is to halt and give a front to the enemy, until the whole are embarked in the following order—

"First—The prisoners, with those preceding them.

"Second—The guides and boatmen.

"Third—The subalterns and fourteen.

"Fourth—The rear."

Such was the daring plan laid for the capture of the Prince, and which, even if not fully successful, might have placed his Royal Highness in a most perilous predicament. It appears, however, from a fragment of a letter addressed by General Washington to Col. Ogden, and apparently written almost immediately after the preceding one, that some inkling of the design had reached Sir Henry Clinton, then in New York, and Commander-in-chief of the British forces. General Washington communicates, in his letter, the following paragraph from a secret despatch, dated March 23d, which he had just received from some emissary in New York :—

"Great seem to be their apprehensions here. About a fortnight ago a great number of flat boats were discovered by a sentinel from the bank of the river (Hudson's), which are said to have been intended to fire the suburbs, and in the height of the conflagration to make a descent on the lower part of the city and wrest from our embraces His Excellency Sir H. Clinton, Prince William Henry, and several other illustrious personages, since which great precautions have been taken for the security of those gentlemen, by augmenting the guards, and to render their persons as little exposed as possible."

In another letter, dated Newburgh, April 2d, 1782, General Washington observes, "After I wrote to you from Morris Town, I received information, that the sentries at the door of Sir Henry Clinton were doubled at eight o'clock every night, from an apprehension of an attempt to surprise him in them. If this be true, it is more than probable the same precaution extends to *other* personages in the city of New York, a circumstance I thought proper for you to be advertised of."

This intelligence of the awakened vigilance and precautionary measures of the British commander, effectually disconcerted the plans of Colonel Ogden, and His Royal Highness remained unmolested in his quarters until the sailing of the squadron.

MINSTREL MELODIES.*

AWAY with the hypocrite-frown of the prude,

"The greater the sinner, the greater the saint ;"

When the colors of art upon nature's intrude,

We but the false traits of humanity paint.

We may banish the mirror that dares to express

The failings we scorn of ourselves to disclose ;

But the cheek's traitor-blush is still free to confess

We all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

The soldier, who battles his rights to maintain,

Or find on the red field of glory a grave—

The sailor, whose vessel rides proud o'er the main,

The champion of freedom, the lord of the wave—

When back to the land of their birth they return,

On beauty's fond bosom sink down to repose :—

* Minstrel Melodies, No. I. ; Songs of Social Hours, &c. By Henry Brandreth. Deptford, 1831.

The shorter love's taper, the brighter 'twill burn—
And all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

Some love on the canvass each tale to rehearse ;
Some bid the cold marble leap forth into life ;
One listens, entranced, to the magic of verse,
One speeds where the wild harp with music is rife ;
But all own of beauty the spell and the power—
All turn where the gates of her temple unclose ;
For, though but the nymph of some eglantine bower,
We all love a pretty girl "under the rose."

SHE hath quitted her chamber, her foot 's in the hall
Where lately she sparkled the star of the ball ;
Yet lingers she not, for her own leafy bower
Hath charms spell'd by passion at eve's placid hour.

The first rose of spring-tide is wreathed 'mid her hair—
'Tis gemm'd by a dew-drop, the last that is there ;
A sigh and a smile, and she hurries away—
The bride of to-morrow forgets not to-day.

Ah ! no—though to-morrow her destiny seal
Of sorrow or joy, recollections will steal,
At times, o'er her bosom, of friendships by-gone
Or parting, like autumn's red leaves, one by one.

For sweet though the feelings that hallow her mind,
They are not the feelings by friendship enshrined,
Which, like the calm music of waves on the shore,
Still cling to the soul, though they soothe it no more.

THE GAMESTER'S DAUGHTER.

[*NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*].—A fit, one bright spring morning, came over me—a fit of poetry. From that time the disorder increased, for I indulged it ; and though such of my performances as have been seen by friendly eyes have been looked upon as mediocre enough, I still believe, that if ever I could win a lasting reputation, it would be through that channel. Love usually accompanies poetry, and, in my case, there was no exception to the rule.

There was a slender, but pleasant brook, about two miles from our house, to which one or two of us were accustomed, in the summer days, to repair to bathe and saunter away our leisure hours. To this favorite spot I one day went alone, and crossing a field which led to the brook, I encountered two ladies, with one of whom, having met her at some house in the neighborhood, I had a slight acquaintance. We stopped to speak to each other, and I saw the face of her companion. Alas ! were I to live ten thousand lives, there would never be a moment in which I could be alone, nor sleeping, and that face not with me !

My acquaintance introduced us to each other. I walked home with them to the house of Miss D—— (so was the strange, who was also the younger lady, named.) The next day I called upon her ; the acquaintance thus commenced did not droop ; and, notwithstanding our

youth—for Lucy D—— was only seventeen, and I nearly a year younger—we soon loved, and with a love, which, full of poesy and dreaming, as from our age it necessarily must have been, was not less durable, nor less heart-felt, than if it had arisen from the deeper and more earthly sources in which later life only hoards its affections.

Oh, God! how little did I think of what our young folly entailed upon us! We delivered ourselves up to the dictates of our hearts, and forgot that there was a future. Neither of us had any ulterior design; we did not think—poor children that we were—of marriage, and settlements, and consent of relations. We touched each other's hands, and were happy; we read poetry together—and when we lifted up our eyes from the page, those eyes met, and we did not know why our hearts beat so violently; and at length, when we spake of love, and when we called each other Lucy and —; when we described all that we had thought in absence—and all we had felt when present—when we sat with our hands locked each in each—and at last, growing bolder, when in the still and quiet loneliness of a summer twilight we exchanged our first kiss, we did not dream that the world forbade what seemed to us natural; nor—feeling in our own hearts the impossibility of change—did we ever ask whether this sweet and mystic state of existence was to last forever!

Lucy was an only child; her father was a man of wretched character. A profligate, a gambler—ruined alike in fortune, hope, and reputation, he was yet her only guardian and protector. The village in which we both resided was near London; there Mr. D—— had a small cottage, where he left his daughter and his slender establishment for days, and sometimes for weeks together, while he was engaged in equivocal speculations—giving no address, and engaged in no professional mode of life. Lucy's mother had died long since, of a broken heart—(that fate, too, was afterwards her daughter's)—so that this poor girl was literally without a monitor or a friend, save her own innocence—and, alas! innocence is but a poor substitute for experience. The lady with whom I had met her had known her mother, and she felt compassion for the child. She saw her constantly, and sometimes took her to her own house, whenever she was in the neighborhood; but that was not often, and only for a few days at a time. Her excepted, Lucy had no female friend.

One evening we were to meet at a sequestered and lonely part of the brook's course, a spot which was our usual rendezvous. I waited considerably beyond the time appointed, and was just going sorrowfully away when she appeared. As she approached, I saw that she was in tears—and she could not for several moments speak for weeping. At length I learned that her father had just returned home, after a long absence—that he had announced his intention of immediately quitting their present home and going to a distant part of the country, or—perhaps even abroad.

* * * * *

It is an odd thing in the history of the human heart, that the times most sad to experience are often the most grateful to recall; and of all the passages in our brief and checkered love, none have I clung to so fondly or cherished so tenderly, as the remembrance of that desolate and tearful hour. We walked slowly home, speaking very little, and lingering on the way—and my arm was round her waist all the time. There was a little stile at the entrance of the garden round Lucy's

home, and sheltered as it was by trees and bushes, it was there, whenever we met, we took our last adieu—and there that evening we stopped, and lingered over our parting words and our parting kiss—and at length, when I tore myself away, I looked back and saw her in the sad and grey light of the evening still there, still watching, still weeping ! What, what hours of anguish and gnawing of heart must one, who loved so kindly and so entirely as she did, have afterwards endured.

As I lay awake that night, a project, natural enough, darted across me. I would seek Lucy's father, communicate our attachment, and sue for his approbation. We might, indeed, be too young for marriage—but we could wait, and love each other in the meanwhile. I lost no time in following up this resolution. The next day, before noon, I was at the door of Lucy's cottage—I was in the little chamber that faced the garden, alone with her father.

A boy forms strange notions of a man who is considered a scoundrel. I was prepared to see one of fierce and sullen appearance, and to meet with a rude and coarse reception. I found in Mr. D—— a person who, early accustomed—for he was of high birth—to polished society, still preserved, in his manner and appearance, its best characteristics. His voice was soft and bland ; his face, though haggard and worn, retained the traces of early beauty ; and a courteous and attentive ease of deportment had been probably improved by the habit of deceiving others, rather than impaired. I told our story to this man, frankly and fully. When I had done, he rose ; he took me by the hand ; he expressed some regret, yet some satisfaction, at what he had heard. He was sensible how much peculiar circumstances had obliged him to leave his daughter unprotected ; he was sensible, also, that from my birth and future fortunes, my affection did honor to the object of my choice. Nothing would have made him so happy, so proud, had I been older—had I been my own master. But I and he, alas ! must be aware that my friends and guardians would never consent to my forming any engagement at so premature an age, and they and the world would impute the blame to him ; for calumny (he added in a melancholy tone) had been busy with his name, and any story, however false or idle, would be believed of one who was out of the world's affections.

All this, and much more, did he say ; and I pitied him while he spoke. Our conference then ended in nothing fixed ;—but—he asked me to dine with him the next day. In a word, while he forbade me at present to recur to the subject, he allowed me to see his daughter as often as I pleased : this lasted for about ten days. At the end of that time, when I made my usual morning visit, I saw D—— alone ; he appeared much agitated. He was about, he said, to be arrested. He was undone forever—and his poor daughter !—he could say no more—his manly heart was overcome—and he hid his face with his hands. I attempted to console him, and inquired the sum necessary to relieve him. It was considerable ; and on hearing it named, my power of consolation I deemed over at once. I was mistaken. But why dwell on so hacknied a topic as that of a sharper on the one hand, and a dupe on the other ? I saw a gentleman of the tribe of Israel—I raised a sum of money, to be repaid when I came of age, and that sum was placed in D——'s hands. My intercourse with Lucy continued ; but not long. This matter came to the ears of one who had succeeded my poor aunt, now no more, as my guardian. He saw D——, and threatened him with penalties which the sharper did not dare to brave. My

guardian was a man of the world ; he said nothing to me on the subject, but he begged me to accompany him on a short tour through a neighboring county. I took leave of Lucy only for a few days as I imagined. I accompanied my guardian—was a week absent—returned—and hastened to the cottage ; it was shut up—an old woman opened the door—they were gone, father and daughter, none knew whither !

It was now that my guardian disclosed his share in this event, so terribly unexpected by me. He unfolded the arts of D— ; he held up his character in its true light. I listened to him patiently, while he proceeded thus far ; but when, encouraged by my silence, he attempted to insinuate that Lucy was implicated in her father's artifices—that she had lent herself to decoy, to the mutual advantage of sire and daughter, the inexperienced heir of considerable fortunes,—my rage and indignation exploded at once. High words ensued. I defied his authority—I laughed at his menaces—I openly declared my resolution of tracing Lucy to the end of the world, and marrying her the instant she was found. Whether or not that my guardian had penetrated sufficiently into my character to see that force was not the means by which I was to be guided, I cannot say ; but he softened from his tone at last—apologized for his warmth—condescended to soothe and remonstrate—and our dispute ended in a compromise. I consented to leave Mr. S—, and to spend the next year, preparatory to my going to the university, with my guardian : he promised, on the other hand, that if, at the end of that year, I still wished to discover Lucy, he would throw no obstacles in the way of my search. I was ill-contented with this compact ; but I was induced to it by my firm persuasion that Lucy would write to me, and that we should console each other, at least, by a knowledge of our mutual situation and our mutual constancy. In this persuasion, I insisted on remaining six weeks longer with S—, and gained my point ; and that any letter Lucy might write, might not be exposed to any officious intervention from S—, or my guardian's satellites, I walked every day to meet the postman who was accustomed to bring our letters. None came from Lucy. Afterwards, I learned that D—, whom my guardian had wisely bought, as well as intimidated, had intercepted three letters which she had addressed to me, in her unsuspecting confidence—and that she only ceased to write when she ceased to believe in me.

I went to reside with my guardian. A man of a hospitable and liberal turn, his house was always full of guests, who were culled from the most agreeable circles in London. We lived in a perpetual round of amusement ; and my uncle, who thought I should be rich enough to afford to be ignorant, was more anxious that I should divert my mind, than instruct it. Well, this year passed slowly and sadly away, despite of the gaiety around me ; and, at the end of that time, I left my uncle to go to the university ; but I first lingered in London to make inquiries after D—. I could learn no certain tidings of him, but heard that the most probable place to find him was a certain gaming-house in K— Street. Thither I repaired forthwith. It was a haunt of no delicate and luxurious order of vice ; the chain attached to the threshold indicated suspicion of the spies of justice ; and a grim and sullen face peered jealously upon me before I was suffered to ascend the filthy and noisome staircase. But my search was destined to a brief end. At the head of the *Rouge et Noir* table, facing my eyes the moment I entered the evil chamber, was the marked and working countenance of D—.

He did not look up—no, not once, all the time he played ; he won largely—rose with a flushed face and trembling hand—descended the stairs—stopped in a room below, where a table was spread with meats and wine—took a large tumbler of Madeira, and left the house. I had waited patiently—I had followed him with a noiseless step—I now drew my breath hard, clenched my hands, as if to nerve myself for a contest—and as he paused a moment under one of the lamps, seemingly in doubt whither to go—I laid my hand on his shoulder, and uttered his name. His eyes wandered with a leaden and dull gaze over my face before he remembered me. Then he recovered his usual bland smile and soft tone. He grasped my unwilling hand, and inquired with the tenderness of a parent after my health. I did not heed his words. “Your daughter,” said I, convulsively.

“Ah ! you were old friends,” quoth he, smiling ; “you have recovered that folly, I hope. Poor thing ! she will be happy to see an old friend. You know of course—

“What ?” for he hesitated.

“That Lucy is married !”

“Married !” and as that word left my lips, it seemed as if my very life, my very soul, had gushed forth also in the sound. When—oh ! when, in the night-watch and the daily yearning, when, whatever might have been my grief or wretchedness, or despondency, what had I dreamt, when imaged forth even the outline of a doom like this ? Married ! my Lucy, my fond, my constant, my pure-hearted, and tender Lucy ! Suddenly, all the chilled and revolted energies of my passions seemed to re-act, and rush back upon me. I seized that smiling and hollow wretch with a fierce grasp. “You have done this—you have broken her heart—you have crushed mine ! I curse you in her name and my own !—I curse you from the bottom and with all the venom of my soul !—Wretch ! wretch !” and he was as a reed in my hands.

“Madman,” said he, as at last he extricated himself from my gripe, “my daughter married with her free consent, and to one far better fitted to make her happy than you. Go, go—I forgive you—I also was once in love, and with *her* mother !”

I did not answer—I let him depart.

It was a little while after this interview—but I mention it now, for there is no importance in the quarter from which I heard it—that I learned some few particulars of Lucy’s marriage. There was, and still is, in the world’s gossip, a strange story of a rich, foolish man, awed as well as gulled by a sharper, and of a girl torn to a church with a violence so evident that the priest refused the ceremony. But the rite was afterwards solemnized by special license, in private, and at night. The pith of that story has truth, and Lucy was at once the heroine and victim of the romance. Now, then, I turn to somewhat a different strain in my narrative.

Those who know the habits of a university *life*, need not be told how singularly monotonous and contemplative it may be made to a lonely man. The first year I was there, I mixed in none of the many circles into which that curious and motley society is split. My only recreation was in long and companionless rides ; and in the flat and dreary country around our university, the cheerless aspect of nature fed the idle melancholy at my heart. In the second year of my college life, I roused myself a little from my seclusion, and, rather by accident than design, my acquaintance was formed among the men considered

most able and promising of our time. In the summer of that year, I resolved to make a bold effort to harden my mind and conquer its fastidious reserve ; and I set out to travel over the North of England, and the greater part of Scotland, in the humble character of a pedestrian tourist. Nothing ever did my character more solid good than that experiment. I was thrown among a thousand varieties of character ; I was continually forced into bustle and action, and into *providing for myself*—that great and indelible lesson towards permanent independence of character.

One evening, in an obscure part of Cumberland, I was seeking a short cut to a neighboring village through a gentleman's grounds, in which there was a public path. Just within sight of the house (which was an old, desolate building, in the architecture of James the First, with gable ends and dingy walls, and deep-sunk, gloomy windows,) I perceived two ladies at a little distance before me ; one seemed in weak and delicate health, for she walked slowly and with pain, and stopped often as she leaned on her companion. I lingered behind, in order not to pass them abruptly ; presently, they turned away towards the house, and I saw them no more. Yet that frail and bending form, as I too soon afterwards learned—that form, which I did not recognise—which, by a sort of fatality, I saw only in a glimpse, and yet for the last time on earth,—that form—was the wreck of Lucy D—— !

Unconscious of this event in my destiny, I left that neighborhood, and settled for some weeks on the borders of the Lake Keswick. There, one evening, a letter, re-directed to me from London, reached me. The hand-writing was that of Lucy ; but the trembling and slurred characters, so different from that graceful ease which was wont to characterize all she did, filled me, even at the first glance, with alarm. This is the letter—read it—you will know, then, what I have lost :—

“ I write to you, my dear, my unforgotten —, the last letter this hand will ever trace. Till now, it would have been a crime to write to you ; perhaps it is so still—but dying as I am, and divorced from all earthly thoughts and remembrances, save yours, I feel that I cannot quite collect my mind for the last hour until I have given you the blessing of one whom you loved once ; and when that blessing is given, I think I can turn away from your image, and sever willingly the last tie that binds me to earth. I will not afflict you by saying what I have suffered since we parted—with what anguish I thought of what *you* would feel when you found me gone—and with what cruel, what fearful violence, I was forced into becoming the wretch I now am. I was hurried, I was driven, into a dreadful and bitter duty—but I thank God that I have fulfilled it. What, what have I done, to have been made so miserable throughout life as I have been ! I ask my heart, and tax my conscience—and every night I think over the sins of the day ; they do not seem to me heavy, yet my penance has been very great. For the last two years, I do sincerely think that there has not been one day which I have not marked with tears. But enough of this, and of myself. You, dear, dear L——, let me turn to you ! Something at my heart tells me that you have not forgotten that once we were the world to each other, and even through the changes and the glories of a man's life, I think you will not forget it. True, L——, that I was a poor and friendless, and not too-well educated girl, and altogether unworthy of your destiny ; but you did not think so then—

and when you have lost me, it is a sad, but it is a real comfort, to feel that that thought will never occur to you. Your memory will invest me with a thousand attractions and graces I did not possess, and all that you recall of me will be linked with the freshest and happiest thoughts of that period of life in which you first beheld me. And this thought, dearest L—, sweetens death to me—and sometimes it comforts me for what has been. Had our lot been otherwise—had we been united, and had you survived your love for me (and what more probable!) my lot would have been darker even than it has been. I know not how it is—perhaps from my approaching death—but I seem to have grown old, and to have obtained the right to be your monitor and warner. Forgive me, then, if I implore you to think earnestly and deeply of the great ends of life; think of them as one might think who is anxious to gain a distant home, and who will not be diverted from his way. Oh! could you know how solemn and thrilling a joy comes over me as I nurse the belief, the certainty, that we shall meet at length, and forever! Will not that hope also animate you, and guide you unerring through the danger and the evil of this entangled life?

“May God bless you, and watch over you—may He comfort and cheer, and elevate your heart to him! Before you receive this, I shall be no more—and my love, my care for you will, I trust and feel, have become eternal.—Farewell.
L. M.”

The letter was dated from that village through which I had so lately passed; thither I repaired that very night—Lucy had been buried the day before! I stood upon a green mound, and a few, few feet below, separated from me by a scanty portion of earth, mouldered that heart which had loved me so faithfully and so well!

TRUTH.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

FRIEND, Truth is best of all. It is the bed
Where Virtue e'er must spring, till blast of doom;
Where every bright and budding thought is bred,
Where Hope doth gain its strength, and Love its bloom.

As white as Chastity is single Truth,
Like Wisdom calm, like Honor without end;
And Love doth lean on it, in age and youth,
And Courage is twice arm'd with Truth its friend.

Oh! who would face the blame of just men's eyes,
And bear the fame of falsehood all his days,
And wear out scorned life with useless lies,
Which still the shifting, quivering look betrays?

For what is Hope, if Truth be not its stay?
And what were Love, if Truth forsook it quite?
And what were all the Sky,—if Falsehood grey
Behind it like a Dream of Darkness lay,
Ready to quench its stars in endless, endless night?

THE POLISH WIFE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1831.

It was for this I loved him so,
 And lavish'd hopes that brightly shone;—
 My heart—my soul—my weal below—
 My trust in heaven,—on Him alone.
 All—all was given to retain
 One so beloved,—not loved in vain!—ANON.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—The struggle between the brave Poles and their despotic masters, has been productive not merely of scenes of interest and import, but the main incidents of individual life have been produced with a coloring and effect, that only similar circumstances could give birth to. Men that had hitherto plodded on through the even tenor of their way, unbroken by any occurrence of import, have suddenly burst, as it were, into a new existence, and opened a career of greatness and of glory; others that have, in the "sullenness of despair," borne the heavy weight of the oppressors' chains with a mere sigh, now throw down the galling burthen, and clenching the avenging sword, uprear their heads and shout for liberty! For liberty, the one darling idol that alone occupied their thoughts when groaning beneath the yoke of tyranny, and which alone possessed their souls, when they were forced to bend and kiss the dust at their master's feet, and, with bursting hearts, to implore heaven's blessing on them! But the bondage is now burst, the lion is freed from his toils, and, goaded to madness by the cruel torments which it has been forced to endure, rushes with deadly vengeance upon its oppressors, and liberty or extermination is its fixed resolve. In such a contest, widely must the streams of blood flow, and many must the patriots' hearts be that sink in the conflict, and yield their existence in the sacred cause for which their heart-springs have been so nobly drained. Many must be the incidents and anecdotes connected therewith, that deserve to be enrolled upon the sacred records of posterity, and many the names that should be carried down to latest ages, covered with glory and honor. Among these, Nicholas Rolofski, and his little family, with the story connected with the period of their life at this important period, is deserving of particular notice.

Rolofski had been an officer in the service of Constantine, but had quitted it in consequence of a disagreement with a brother officer respecting a female, whose affections the former had succeeded in gaining, to the destruction of the hopes of Wrelschoff. A continuance in the same regiment with his rival, after his marriage with Christine, Rolofski considered would not only be imprudent, but also hurtful to the feelings of Wrelschoff, whom, notwithstanding the quarrel between them, he still respected, and sought to avoid occasion of again coming in collision with. He retired from public life to the cultivation of a little farm and the enjoyment of domestic life, irradiated by the charm of happiness and contentment; and in which the smiles and endearments of an affectionate wife spoke a language of peace and contentment to his heart, and amply recompensed for the more noisy gratifications of society, and the business of the world. Where is the home that is not prized, which is hallowed by the spell of woman's love,—where is the abode that is not happy, sanctified by the purity of the affection of

woman's heart, infusing its divine spirit into all our thoughts and feelings, and breathing a language of perfect enjoyment and unalloyed felicity ?

Of all the gratifications of life, there is none superior, or holier, than the purity of a wife's affection : the other relative situations are mean in comparison ; we may feel for the affliction of a brother, and support and guide the steps of a beloved sister ; we may perform the offices of charity and benevolence, and become honored and respected from our kind interference in the cause of sorrow and distress ; the voice of gratitude may reach our ear, and the tear upon the eye-lid of the relieved may speak eloquently to our feelings ; but where is the sympathy, where is the tone, that is so irresistible as that breathed by the woman whom we love ? It falls like the rich dew from heaven upon the barren plain of the human heart, and brings to light and life the hidden treasures that no lesser power could reveal. In the affection of a wife, we can repose all our sorrows, all our cares ; *her* sympathy will lighten their weight, *her* voice will dissipate their power, and enable us to effect their dissolution. Are we happy ?—then, too, is the beloved object at our side, sharing with us the height of pleasure, as she had experienced with us the depths of woe.—*Rolofski* enjoyed this happiness,—loving and beloved by his faithful *Christine*, the years of his life rolled on in an unbroken stream of brightness, and nothing interposed to break the beautiful charm that so tenderly endeared to him existence and all other things. The birth of a son, who, as he grew in years, seemed to inherit the combined charm of his mother's beauty, with the noble spirit of his sire, more firmly knitted the bonds of affection, that had united *Rolofski* and *Christine*, and their happiness became the exemplar to which the aspirations of the youths of all the surrounding neighborhood were addressed.

The bolt, however, at length burst ; and the sacred banner of liberty was raised by the oppressed Poles, and patriots from all directions enlisted beneath it, and vowed to destroy the power that had bound them down in slavery, or yield their lives in the attempt. *Rolofski* beheld with joy the resolute steps of his countrymen, and his heart burned to enjoy with them the glory of redeeming the national character from the obloquy which had been attached thereto ;—dissuaded, however, from his desire, by the entreaties of *Christine*, who implored him for her sake,—for the sake of his boy,—whom the chances of war might render fatherless and unprotected,—he yielded to the fascinations of home, and displayed his patriotic fervor merely by assisting, to the utmost of his power, the noble spirits that had devoted their lives to the redemption of their native land. He received the wounded, and instructed the young recruit, revealed to him the science of warfare, and all the manœuvres of attack, which were so necessary for the contest,—and with blessings dismissed the young hero to the encounter. Exultingly, he beheld the banner of freedom floating upon the air, and the sons of liberty spreading death amidst the forces that had so long held their souls in subjection ; exultingly, he saw the spirit of popular determination crushing the power of tyranny ; and exultingly did he welcome the return of the young warriors who had succeeded in driving their oppressors from their seat of power. The first assault of the patriots had been crowned with success.

Too speedily, however, they resigned themselves to enjoyment and rejoicing ;—heated with success, they beheld nothing but glory

in the perspective, and in the confidence of future triumphs, gave themselves up to the gratification of the moment. In vain were the remonstrances of Rolofski addressed to them, in vain did he picture the, even then, perilous nature of their situation, opposed to such force and discipline ;—their own power was considered ample, and the fears of Rolofski deemed chimerical and vain. He had conceived, however, too truly, for a band of the government forces burst suddenly upon those assembled upon this spot, and an action commenced, that terminated in the complete dispersion of the patriots, and the triumph of their oppressors. Rolofski's farm, where many of the retreating had taken refuge, was assailed and fired ; the flames spread with rapidity,—the shrieks of the affrighted and agonized wife and mother, were drowned in the absorbing tumult of the fight ; Rolofski, beholding himself reduced to the last extremity, rushed upon the ruthless destroyers of his little property, and fought with all that desperation which his sense of public wrong and personal injury inspired,—but his effort was vain, for, exhausted and powerless, he sunk beneath the overwhelming weight of superior numbers, and was, with his infant boy, made prisoner.

Morning dawned, and the sun blazed with its full splendor over the spot where, on the previous day, the beautiful cottage of Rolofski shone in its beams ;—now they fell only upon a mass of smoking ruins, lonely and desolate, the fearful evidence of the destruction of the force of tyranny. One individual, alone, stood gazing upon the mournful scene,—one young and beautiful being, in the silent agony of sorrow, stood gazing upon the smoking ruins of her hitherto happy home ! It was Christine, the wife and the mother,—yesterday in the enjoyment of the richest blessings of heaven, now reduced to the depths of anguish and despair ; like a fairy dream her happiness had floated away, and she stood gazing upon the wreck, abstracted, pale, and motionless ! Husband and child were torn from her,—that husband so tenderly endeared to her, that child so fondly loved,—both prisoners, taken in the very heat of rebellion, whose punishment was instant death ! She shuddered as her imagination contemplated the fearful result, and turning from the scene of her burning home, she formed the resolution of following the band that were carrying away all that the world held dear to her, of throwing herself at their feet, of imploring mercy in the name of heaven, and trusting to her agony and despair for the relief of her husband and her child.

This was the natural resolution of an affectionate woman, of a woman whose soul was bound to that of her husband, not by the ordinary ties of law, but by that divine chain which should ever link the hearts of wedded beings,—of a woman esteeming existence but for the enjoyment of her husband and her son, in whose happiness she lived, and in whose death she could die, nor wish to live when those should be torn from her. It was the natural impulse of a wife's affection, that induced Christine to follow the hasty march of the despoilers of her home,—that impulse which we see so often exerted, but too frequently without avail : too often is the heroism of woman despised, too often the integrity of her character contemned, and her intrepidity laughed to scorn. Christine arrived at the camp, she made her way through the reveling soldiery, and fell directly at the feet of the commanding officer, and stretching out her arms in supplication, exclaimed—"Mercy, mercy !—forgive my husband, restore my unoffending child !"

The officer gazed in astonishment at the agony of the woman, and immediately raising her from the ground, inquired the meaning of her supplications ; but ere he could finish his inquiry, Christine had turned her languid eyes upon his countenance, and shrieking at the sight, shrunk hastily away. It was her husband's rival—Wreleschoff !

"Christine !" exclaimed the officer, as he recognised her,—
"Christine !"

"Mercy, mercy !" cried the agonized wife, and again sunk in supplication at his feet.

"Nay, rise, Christine," rejoined the officer, "so fair, so dear a friend, must not bend thus ; repeat your griefs, tell me the cause of all this agony, and trust in my sincere desire to serve you."

"My husband and my child are prisoners !"

"Your husband, Christine ! Rolofski a prisoner ! The darling wish of my soul,—my first, best hope was, that I might one day repay the insult and the injury Rolofski inflicted in depriving me of my love ; and now he falls a victim to the outraged laws, and is my prisoner !"

"Wreleschoff," exclaimed the wife, "you surely do not contemplate revenge ;—you do not mean to punish my husband for the mere act of loving me, of being beloved ! Oh no, you will not—cannot be so cruel !"

"Christine," rejoined the officer, "that I loved you, fondly, passionately, you well know ;—you know the restless days and sleepless nights of my boyhood, when this romantic feeling possessed my soul, burned in my heart, and maddened even my brain ;—you know that well. I might have won you, had not this Rolofski come between us, and snatched away the prize, at the moment I believed it truly mine ! Years have passed since that time,—Rolofski has been a happy, joyful bridegroom,—Wreleschoff a lonely soldier ; in the intervals of military duty, the form of Christine has ever presented itself, and the enjoyment of Rolofski, my hated rival, perpetually recurred ;—then, then, in these bitter moments, have I sworn, in the sacred face of heaven, to revenge the injury, if ever the chance of fate or fortune threw my rival in my power—"

"Oh God !—you do not mean——" interrupted the agonized wife of the patriot.

"Christine !" exclaimed the soldier, in a deep, low, and determined tone, "my feelings, now, are as they were in my boyhood ;—Rolofski's head is beneath the axe, and my vengeance is satisfied ! You can save him,—I need not add the means."

She hastily turned from the officer in indignation, and in a proud, contemptuous tone exclaimed, "Christine is a Polish wife,—and knows her duty !"

"Aye," rejoined Wreleschoff, "but Christine is a Polish mother."

Christine hesitated a moment as she contemplated the power of the ruthless soldier, and its probable effects, but as instantly assumed her former attitude of resignation, and rejoined, "My trust is in heaven, to whose power I commend my husband and my child !"

A soldier at this moment announced that the prisoners had escaped ; the sentinels had fallen asleep upon the watch, and Rolofski and his son had climbed to the grated window, from which they leaped into the open field, and had succeeded in effecting their escape.

"My prayer is heard,—I have not implored the protection of heaven in vain !" shouted the Polish wife, as the happy intelligence

reached her ears of her husband's safety and her child's. "Now, Wrelschoff, where's your *vengeance*?"

"Even here," exclaimed he, seizing her hand, "the pretty Christine must be an hostage for her husband's return:" and he ordered her instantly to be detained.

Rolofski and his son hastened with all their speed to the neighborhood of their home, in order to ascertain the safety of the beloved wife and mother;—all that met their view, however, when arrived, was the mass of black ruins, here and there venting thin streams of smoke, and all around and about, still, lone, and desolate. The distracted husband called upon the name of Christine, but no voice responded to his cry; he shouted with all his might, and the boy assisted, but all their hopes expired beneath the despairing conviction, that the one object of their search and solicitude had fled the mournful scene. Afraid to remain upon the spot, they immediately hastened to the nearest rendezvous of the patriots, and the name of Nicholas Rolofski was enrolled in the list of those intrepid heroes, whose lives were devoted to the redemption of Poland from its state of slavery and oppression.

All endeavors to discover the retreat of Christine were ineffectual; until at length a soldier of the enemy's forces was brought in prisoner, from whom Rolofski ascertained, that his wife was in the power of his rival, Wrelschoff. Maddened with rage, he meditated an immediate attack upon the enemy, and was only restrained by the cautious interference of a veteran, who suggested the propriety of a more matured arrangement, previous to entering upon a contest in which the numbers were so unequal. Rolofski, however, laughed his comrade's fears to scorn, and intent solely upon the rescue of his wife, he besought an immediate attack. His appeal, however, was ineffectual; the number of the patriots was too small to admit of the probability of success against the enemy's overwhelming forces, and some days must elapse before a reinforcement of the patriot party could arrive;—but to Rolofski, that interval was pregnant with danger and destruction: unable to induce his associates to the attack, he ventured to quit their assembly with his young boy, in order to attempt the release of his wife.

He gained the vicinity of Wrelschoff's quarters, unobserved and unmolested, and paused to consider upon the many plans that suggested themselves, all of which, however, vanished upon consideration, while the bare certainty of Christine's confinement presented itself. While musing upon the probability of success, he was challenged by an approaching guard. "Friends," exclaimed Rolofski, "friends to the Duke!"

"Nicholas Rolofski!" rejoined the guard, "I know the voice."

"You are mistaken, friend," immediately exclaimed Rolofski, in the apprehension of detection, "I know no such name."

"And yet," continued the other, "each word you speak, more forcibly convinces me that I am not in error. If you are the patriot, you are safe with me."

"Aye!" exclaimed Rolofski.

"I see—I read Rolofski written in every feature of that expressive face. Rolofski, who dealt death so bravely in the attack upon his farm, and charmed even enemies by his daring valor."

"You are an enemy to freedom."

"No, no," rejoined the guard, "I have quitted forever the service, and am hastening to enlist under the patriot's banner."

"Then heaven be with you," exclaimed Rolofski, pressing the soldier's hand, "I am Rolofski."

"And you seek your intrepid wife," said the soldier, "now suffering under the oppressive tyranny of Wrelschoff; but she bears her sorrows bravely:—never did man offer greater temptations to woman, —never did woman withstand them more nobly;—disdaining liberty and even life, she resists the insults of the commander, and scorns alike his prayers and threatenings; her gallant conduct charmed me, her stern devotion awed me into virtue, and lo! inspired by the virtue of the patriot's wife, I go to join the patriot's cause."

Rolofski heard the noble conduct of his wife with exultation;—his lips quivered, and the tear started to his eyelid, while the soldier recapitulated his story, and pressing his hand fervently, he inquired, what means he could take to rescue his beloved? "Simply this," exclaimed the soldier, "exchange clothes with me, and take my station in the guard-house; my flight will not then be discovered, nor in the hurry and business of the moment will the substitution. You will soon be ordered to guard the chamber wherein the lady is confined; you are bold and resolute, and to a spirit such as yours——"

"The rescue's certain!" interrupted the husband, and delighted at the anticipated result of his expedition, he hastily made the projected change of attire, and then, directing the soldier to the rendezvous of the patriots he had just quitted, the latter undertook to protect the boy until Rolofski's return, as his appearance in the guard-house might hazard detection, and produce the worst results. Rolofski thanked the guard for the suggestion, and also for his kind promise to protect the child: he feared to trust him, however, with a stranger. But the latter immediately assured the patriot of his integrity, and also of the danger that would attend his project if the boy went with him; the child, too, requested his father to proceed alone, as he was sure the stranger would not harm him, and he might be serviceable in directing his passage to the patriot's retreat; moreover, that the safety of his mother depended solely upon his caution, and he entreated, therefore, to be allowed to conduct their friend. The father, unable to resist such arguments, kissed the forehead of his boy, and commending him to the care of heaven, and the safe protection of the stranger, allowed them to depart. He saw them descend the hill, and cross the narrow valley, the soldier quick in his movement, and the boy equally anxious to conduct his fellow traveller, until the turn of the road obscured them from his sight; the fond parent then turned towards his destination, and, with a burning heart, progressed rapidly towards the quarters of the Russian detachment.

Rolofski dreamed not that he was the victim of treachery, that the snares of the enemy had completely entrapped him, and that he now hastened to his doom. The friend whom he had just quitted, and to whose protection he had resigned his child, was a spy of Wrelschoff's, and immediately he believed himself out of sight of his victim, he secured the boy, and hastened by a shorter path back to the Russian quarters. Rolofski had gained his destination, and mingled with the other soldiers in the guard-house; he had thus far succeeded in his project, and beheld, in his imagination, the speedy rescue of his beloved wife, and the termination of his anxious fears.

Christine was confined in an apartment, from which escape was altogether impracticable; massy iron bars secured the only window that

admitted light, and a sentinel was ever present to watch her conduct. Wrelschoff had expressed himself determined upon her detention, maddened by the reflection that the rival whom he had imagined so securely in his power, had eluded his vengeance, and deprived him thereby of an exquisite revenge. Christine, however, had been secured, and the idol of his passion was his beyond the possibility of assistance or of rescue; the boy, too, had now become his prisoner, and he exultingly discovered Rolofski again within his toils. Immediate orders were given for the arrest of the latter, who, at the moment he was projecting the release of Christine from her confinement, was secured by the guard, and conducted to the same prison from which he had so lately escaped. The patriot instantly discerned the treachery, and in the anguish of the moment raved in incoherent terms, and requested tidings of his poor boy, but the lips of the guard were sealed, and he obtained no reply.

"Madam, your child!" exclaimed Wrelschoff, as he entered the apartment of Christine with the boy. The mother shrieked at the sight of her darling, and springing towards him, clasped her white arms around his little form, and pressing him to her maternal bosom, mingled her tears with his.

"Madam," continued Wrelschoff, "the child again is mine."

"And its father?" inquired Christine, in a burst of agony.

"Is my prisoner!"

"Gracious heaven forbid!" she cried, and pressing her boy more passionately to her throbbing heart, gave vent to her agony in tears.

"Fortune has favored me, Christine," exclaimed the officer, "and led within my power those beings that have produced such anguish in my heart, such madness in my bosom. Vengeance, Christine, will be satisfied, your husband dies!"

"Oh no, you cannot be so very, very cruel, Wrelschoff."

"There is no cruelty, Christine, in a most dear *revenge*."

"Revenge is monstrous, Wrelschoff; more fit for demons than for men."

"Then men should not provoke it," said the officer, in a decisive tone; "the die is cast, and Christine seals her husband's doom."

"I!" exclaimed the agonized mother.

"You know the means by which he may be saved."

"Oh yes," rejoined Christine, and kissing the white forehead of her boy, she pressed him fondly to her bosom, and exclaimed, "I know, too, that Nicholas Rolofski would rather yield his life upon the scaffold, or at the cannon's mouth, than that Christine should render herself unworthy the distinction of a Polish wife!"

"You have resolved?" inquired Wrelschoff, and his eyes flashed fire as he spoke.

"I have," was the calm and dignified reply.

"Then be it so," cried Wrelschoff, snatching the boy from his mother's arms, and delivering him instantly to the guard—"Let it be as I have ordered!" and the guard withdrew with the child.

"Monster, what is it you would do?—give me back my child!" cried the trembling mother, as the door closed upon them.

"Aye, aye," replied Wrelschoff, "by-and-bye the boy shall return; he has first a deed to execute,—to serve his country and his king."

"What is it you mean?"

"There is a traitor to be shot to-day, and it is resolved that the

boy's hand shall be tried upon the firing of the cannon ;—that, madam, is all ! ”

“ Ah ! ” rejoined Christine, “ my mind pictures a scene of horror. Wrelschoff, your looks confirm my fears ; who, tell me, who is the boy to shoot ? ”

“ The traitor, Nicholas Rolofski ! ”

“ Oh no, oh no, you cannot be so monstrous ! ” shrieked Christine. “ Recal those words, tell me they are false,—are but to try me ; say you would cheat me to dishonor, and let me picture such a scene no more. ”

“ Christine, it is resolved on ; but the father's face will be concealed, and he will not know whose hand it is that fires the instrument of death,—neither will the boy be aware of the individual who receives destruction. Behold ! ” continued he, unfastening an iron window that overlooked the parade, “ behold the preparations for the execution. ”

Christine gazed from the window, and beheld the soldiers drawn up in military array, preparatory to the scene of death that was to ensue ; the cannon that was to destroy her husband was fixed, and her boy, her darling boy, was by its side, holding the lighted match that was to fire the fearful instrument, wholly unconscious of the being whom he would destroy : guards were over him to direct the child's hand, and everything appeared ready for the last ceremony. Christine instantly averted her glance, and fell at the feet of the author of this scene of horror.

“ For the love of God ! ” cried she, “ by the hope of heaven, stop these dreadful preparations,—recal the sentence, or withdraw my innocent child ;—let not his father's blood be on the poor boy's head ! ”

“ It is Christine, ” murmured Wrelschoff, “ that has caused these preparations ;—it is Christine that has placed her child with a lighted match at the cannon's head, and gives the signal for the destruction of Rolofski ! ”

“ Monster, monster, ” exclaimed she, “ how can you force me to this state of suffering ? ”

“ One word, Christine, and your husband is saved.—Behold ! ”

The procession was now seen advancing towards the scene of death. Rolofski, apparently resigned to his impending fate, received the religious consolation of the holy men that attended him, with composure and placidity, and beheld the engine of destruction without the least emotion or dismay.

“ He does not fear to die ! ” energetically exclaimed Christine. “ He falls as a Polish patriot should fall, and heaven will receive his soul ! But my boy— ”

“ One moment longer, Christine, and your resolve is of no avail ;—say, must he perish ? ”

“ Not by the hand of his child ;—you will not, dare not be so barbarous ! ”

“ He dies ! ” cried the officer, and hastily quitted the apartment.

Christine shrieked as she saw him depart ; she followed him to the door, but it was closed, fast and firm : she heard the bolts jar in the iron clasps, and she turned away disconsolate. The guard was her only companion, but he was mute and sullen. Reflection overpowered her, and she sank upon her seat motionless, gazing upon vacancy, her thoughts too great for utterance, too violent for tears. The trumpet announcing the arrival of the commanding officer upon the scene of

death awakened her from her stupor ; she shrieked, and turning to the window from whence Wrelschoff had directed her attention to the preparations for the execution, discovered that it had not been closed ; in the impulse of the moment, the distracted mother sprung towards the casement, and, before the guard could withhold her, leaped from her confinement, and with the speed of lightning rushed towards the spot where her darling boy held the match ready to destroy his father !

The alarm was instantly spread, but the action of Christine was too swift for prevention ; and ere her progress could be arrested, she struck the lighted match from her child's hand, and, in a frantic tone, exclaimed, "*Boy, boy, it is your father you would kill !*" Rolofski recognized the voice, and the fearful words it breathed ; and starting from his kneeling posture, rushed towards the spot from whence it proceeded, and, in a moment, clasped to his despairing heart the wife and child so dear to him. Wrelschoff furiously ordered their instant separation, and the destruction of his rival ; but a sudden tumult from the rear excited his attention, and, before he could collect his thoughts, a vast body of the patriot troops were upon him ; and so quiet and unperceived had been their progress, that the Russian soldiers were surprised and defeated, ere they could well imagine the cause of the alarm. Rolofski headed a party of his brave associates, and beneath his arm the villain Wrelschoff fell in the first assault. Short, but desperate, was the contest, and it ended in favor of the patriot troops. Rolofski was saved, and he clasped to his bosom his faithful wife, and their darling boy ; whilst the patriot troops planted the sacred banner of freedom upon the head-quarters of the Russian army, amidst the shouts of Victory and Liberty !

THE HOUR OF FANTASY.

[MIRROR.]

The atmosphere that circleth gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream.—*R. Montgomery.*

THERE is an hour when Memory lends
To Thought her intellectual part,
When visions of departed friends
Restore their beauty to the heart ;
And like the sunset's crimson light
To fading scenes of Nature given,
They make our meditations bright
With hopes, inspired by heaven.

The vivid glance of those blue eyes,
Which haunted us with early love,
Like stars that seem'd in cloudless skies
Transferr'd from earth to shine above,—
And voices whispering from the dead,
Or where the violets' lips enclose,
Around our languid spirits shed
Their halo of repose.

It is the hour of thought profound,
 When Memory's heart, depress'd with gloom,
 Laments upon the sculptured mound,
 And dreams beside the vision'd tomb ;
 When voices from the dead arise,
 Like music o'er the starlit sea,
 And holiest commune sanctifies
 The Hour of Fantasy.

PAGANINI.

[*LE GLOBE.*].—Paganini and his violin enter. A universal clapping welcomes his appearance on the stage. He advances several paces with embarrassment, and bows ; and the applause recommences. He proceeds with a gait still more and more awkward, and is again applauded. He bows repeatedly, and endeavors to throw into his countenance a smile of acknowledgment, which is soon, however, replaced by an icy coldness of expression.

He stops, and in a position in which he seems, if possible, still more constrained than during his walk and his salutations, he seizes his violin, places it between his chin and his breast, and casts on it a proud look, at once piercing and sweet. He stands thus for several seconds, leaving the public time to observe and examine his strange originality ; to gaze with curiosity at his lank body, his long arms and fingers, his chesnut-colored hair flowing over his shoulders, the illness and suffering imprinted on his whole person, his sunken mouth, his long hawk-nose, his pale and hollow cheeks, his large, fine, and open forehead, which Dr. Gall would love to contemplate, and under that forehead, eyes, hidden as if in shade, but every instant darting forth lightning.

Suddenly, his looks descend from his violin to the orchestra. He gives the signal, and, abruptly raising his right hand in the air, lets his bow fall upon his violin. You expect that all the strings are about to be broken. Nothing of the sort. You are surprised by the lightest, the most delicate, the finest of sounds. For several instants he continues to play with your anticipations, and to provoke you. All the caprices which occur to him are employed to rouse you from the indifference which he supposes you to feel. He runs, he leaps from tones to tones, from octaves to octaves, passes with incredible swiftness and precision the widest distances ; ascends and descends natural and chromatic gamuts ; produces everywhere harmonic chords ; draws forth the most extraordinary sounds of which the violin is capable ; makes it speak, sing, complain ; now there is a murmuring of waves, now a breeze of wind, now a chirping of birds ;—in short, an incoherent *charivari*.

This great artist has, however, other resources than such fantasies for the captivation of the public. To this musical phantasmagoria presently succeeds a broad, grand, and harmonious simplicity. Pure, sweet, brilliant, tuneful chords flow from his bow ; sounds which seem to proceed from the heart, and which plunge you into a state of delicious feeling. Then comes a vague sighing of melancholy and self-abandonment. While you are sympathising with the touching and melodious performer, a sudden access of violent grief, a sort of shuddering and rage, appears to seize him ; and cries which penetrate the

depths of the soul alarm and freeze you, and make you tremble for the unfortunate being whom you see and hear !

ANATOMY OF SOCIETY.*

THE title of this work leads the reader to expect a regular and connected series of illustrations of the constitution or frame-work of society, in which its scheme might be traced through the various ramifications. On the contrary, we have two volumes of essays of no consecutive interest, but well written, and in some cases abounding with turns of scholarly elegance. They seldom flag, or grow vapid, notwithstanding they are on subjects of common life and experience, upon which moralists have rung the changes of words for centuries past. Occasionally, however, there are some new positions and little conceits which have more of prettiness than truth to recommend them. To call Cowper's line

*
God made the country, but man made the town !

"a piece of impious jargon" is no proof of Mr. St. John's acumen or fair comprehension of the poet's meaning, but accords with his unproved assertion, "The mark of man's hand is as visible in the country as in the town to all those who make use of their eyes." Yet this sentiment is a fair specimen of the stern stuff of which Mr. St. John's creeds and opinions are made up. Nevertheless, the volumes are entertaining, and in proof we have carved out a few laconic extracts :

Love of Pleasure.—The cause why men visit each other and converse, abstracting all considerations of business, seems to be simply the love of pleasure. This is the passion truly universal ; this is the pivot upon which the world intellectual, as well as the world of sense, turns. Philosophers and saints feel it in their speculations and devotions, and yield to it too, in their way, as completely as the Sybaritish gourmand, whose stomach is his Baal and Ashtaroth. Nor is this at all surprising, in reality, for the gratification of this passion is *happiness*—a gem for which all the world search, and but few find.

Conversation.—The persons who shine most in conversation are, perhaps, those who attack established opinions and usages ; for there is a kind of splendid Quixotism in standing up, even in the advocating of absurdity, against the whole world.

Love.—Do we imagine, when we open some new treatise on Love, that the author has discovered a fresh vein, and mined more deeply than all former adventurers ? Not at all : we know very well that the little god has already usurped all beautiful epithets, all soft expressions, all bewitching sounds ; and the utmost we expect from the skill of the writer is, that he has thrown all these together, so as to produce a new picture. Love is immortal, and does not grow wrinkled because we and our expressions fade. His heart is still as joyous and his foot as light as when he trod the green knolls of Paradise with Eve. He will be young when he sits upon the grave of the thousandth generation of our posterity, listening to the beating of his own heart, or sporting with his butterfly consort, as childish as if he were no older than the daisy under his foot. His empire is a theme of which the tongue never grows weary, or utters all that seems to come quivering and gasping

* Anatomy of Society. By J. A. St. John, Esq., London, 1831.

to the lips for utterance. We think, more than we ever spoke, of love ; and if we have a curiosity when we first touch some erotic volume, it is to see whether the author has embodied our unutterable feelings, or divulged what we have never dared.

Wit in Season.—The jest of an ex-minister is as flavorless as a mummy ; as unintelligible as its hieroglyphical epitaph. Three days after his fall, his wit, under the sponge of oblivion, has grown as much a mystery as the name of him who built the pyramid, or the taste of Lot's wife.

Read my book.—When Hobbes was at any time at a loss for arguments to defend his unsocial principles, *ritâ roce*, he always used to say—"I have published my opinions ; consult my works ; and, if I am wrong, confute me publicly." To most persons this mode of confutation was by far too operose ; but they might have confoundedly puzzled the philosopher in verbal disputation.

In "*Vino Veritas*,"—Horace speaks with commendation of kings—

———who never chose a friend *
Till with full bowls they had unmask'd his soul
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.

But much dependence cannot be placed upon what is wrung out of a man under the influence of wine, which does not so much unveil as it disarranges our ideas ; and, therefore, whoever contemplates the character from the combination of ideas produced by intoxication, views man in a false light. Violent anger has nearly the same effect as wine.

Cupid—was painted blind by the ancients, to signify that the affections prevent the sight, not so much from perceiving outward as inward defects.

Character.—Whoever would study the characters of those with whom he lives or converses, must keep up the appearance of a kind of recklessness and frivolity, for the mind closes itself up like the hedgehog, at the least sensible touch of observation, and will not be afterwards drawn out. Men have been known in the middle of a discovery of their character, to be stopped short by a look, which brought them to themselves, and traced before them in an instant the danger of their position and the methods of escape. A keen observer, indeed, may always adjust the temperature of his discourse by the faces of his auditors, which are saddened or brightened, like the face of the sea in April, as more or less of the sunshine of rhetoric breaks forth upon them.

Greatness.—What renders it difficult for ordinary minds to discover a great man before he has, like a tree, put forth his blossoms, is the manner, various and dissimilar, in which such persons evolve their powers. For as in nature the finest days are sometimes in the morning overclouded and dark, so the development of genius follows no rule, but is hastened or retarded by position and circumstance. But to a keen eye there always appear, even in the first obscurity of extraordinary men, certain internal commotions and throes, denoting some *magna vis animi* at work within.

Physiognomy.—When Atticus advised Cicero to keep strict watch over his face, in his first interview with Cæsar after the civil wars, he could not mean that he might thereby conceal his character from Cæsar, who knew well enough what that was ; but he meant, that by such

precaution he might conceal from the tyrant his actual hatred and disgust for his person. Yet for the character and secret nature of a man, *fronti nulli fides*.

Writing.—It was Addison, we believe, who observed of the schoolmen, that they had not genius enough to write a small book, and therefore took refuge in folios of the largest magnitude. We are getting as fast as possible into the predicament of the schoolmen. No one knows when he has written enough; but, like a player at chess, still goes on with the self-same ideas, merely altering their position. This must arise from early habits and prejudices, from having been taught to regard with veneration vast collections of common-places, under the titles of this or that man's *works*. Tacitus may be carried about in one's pocket, while it will very shortly require a wagon to remove Sir Walter Scott's labors from place to place. Voltaire's *facility* was his greatest fault; better he had elaborated his periods, like Rousseau; who, notwithstanding, wrote too much. The latter, however, of all modern writers, best knew the value of his own mind. His prime of life was passed in vicissitude and study. He did not set himself about writing books for mankind, until he knew what they possessed and what they wanted. It was his opinion that a writer who would do any good should stand upon the pinnacle of his age, and from thence look into the future.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he, departed.—*Moore*.

SEEST thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm shadows fall?
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low:
Ever there:—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.

Guests come thither, and depart,
Free of step, and light of heart;
Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
In the haunted chambers rest!
One alone unslumbering lies
When the night hath seal'd all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

Seest thou where the woodbine-flowers
O'er yon low porch hang in showers?

Startling faces of the dead,
 Pale, yet sweet,
 One lone woman's entering tread
 There still meet !
 Some with young smooth foreheads fair,
 Faintly shining through bright hair ;
 Some with reverend locks of snow—
 All, all buried long ago !
 All, from under deep sea-waves,
 Or the flowers of foreign graves,
 Or the old and banner'd aisle,
 Where their high tombs gleam the while,
 Rising, wandering, floating by,
 Suddenly and silently,
 Through their earthly home and place,
 But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
 Are those sounds and visions known ?
 Wherefore hath that spell of power
 Dark and dread,
 On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
 Thus been shed ?
 Oh ! in those deep-seeing eyes,
 No strange gift of mystery lies !
 She is lone where once she moved
 Fair, and happy, and beloved !
 Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
 Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her ;
 Now those silver cords are broken,
 Those bright looks have left no token,
 Not one trace on all the earth,
 Save her memory of her mirth.
 She is lone and lingering now,
 Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow.
 Midst gay song and children's play,
 She is dwelling far away ;
 Seeing what none else may see—
 Haunted still her place must be !

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.*

In looking over these two volumes we learn little that was not known before ; but some of his letters in the second volume will compensate the reader. All that relates to the Princess Charlotte is of absorbing interest, and we shall extract every word of it :—

“ In 1817, Sir Thomas Lawrence was commissioned to paint her portrait the second time, and he staid at Claremont during nine days. He one morning filled up a few vacant hours in writing to his friend,

* The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knight, President of the Royal Academy, LL.D. F.R.S., Knight of the Legion of Honor, &c. By D. E. Williams, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

and his description of the habits of the newly-married and juvenile offsprings and heirs of royalty, forms a calm, unostentatious, and delightful picture of domestic life. How ill such pleasures would have been exchanged for the public splendor and costly amusements by which they were tempted. It is a source of infinite gratification to lay before the country such a testimony to the disposition and virtues of one, in whom centred so much of the public hope and love."

"Extracts from Letters of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"I am now returned from Claremont, my visit to which was agreeable to me in every respect : both in what regarded myself, my reception, and the complete success of my professional labors, and in the satisfaction of seeing the perfect harmony in which this young couple now live, and of observing the good qualities which promise to make it lasting.

"The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her : her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse ; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does everything kindly.

"She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think, that, in his behavior to her, he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet ; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slyly humorous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure.

"Their mode of life is very regular : they breakfast together alone about eleven : at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time : about three, she would leave the painting-room to take her airing round the grounds in a low phaëton with her ponies, the Prince always walking by her side : at five, she would come in and sit to me till seven ; at six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past ; soon after which, we went to dinner, the Prince and Princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Colonel Addenbrooke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them.

"After coffee, the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know my superiority at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting

down with unskilful players ; I therefore did not obey command, and from ignorance of the *delicacy* of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit there next week, which indeed must be a very short one.

"The Prince and Princess retire at eleven o'clock." p. 73—6.

We leave out the link in the narrative that connects this pleasant description with the melancholy scene described in the following, (for it is written in a sad taste,) and only add, that the most amiable and beloved of women died within a month from the date of the above letter :—

"Popular love, and the enthusiasm of sorrow, never towards greatness perhaps so real, saw in her a promised Elizabeth, and while yet she lived it was a character which I should sincerely have assigned to her, as that which she would most nearly have approached : certain I am that she would have been a true monarch, have loved her people, —charity and justice, high integrity, (as I have stated,) frankness and humanity, were essentials and fixed in her character : her mind seemed to have nothing of subtlety or littleness in it, and she had all the courage of her station.

"She once said, 'I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger's over.' I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said in answer to some inquiries, 'She's doing very well : she'll not die of fear : she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter.' She had a surprisingly quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of : whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the Baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations.

"I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the businesses of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns.

"How often I see her now entering the room, (constantly on his arm,) with slow but firm step, always erect,—and the small, but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see, were beautifully cut ; her clear blue eye, so open, so like the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to lie.

"I was stunned by her death : it was an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba ! Waterloo ! St. Helena ! Princess Charlotte dead !—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half enough for her : yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her, without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, as though she now saw me, heard me ; and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past, and meditated kindness.

"Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple, 'My love ;' and his always, 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner they were generally sitting at

the pianoforte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

"I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birthday, the 16th of the next month. * * *

"If I do not make reply to different parts of your letter, (always satisfactory in a correspondence,) it is because I fear, having no long time to write in, that I may lose something by delay, in narrating the circumstances of my yesterday's visit to Claremont, when I was enabled, through the gracious kindness of my sovereign, to fulfil that promise so solemnly given and now become so sacred a pledge.

"It was my wish that Prince Leopold should see the picture on his first entering the room to his breakfast, and accordingly at seven o'clock I set off with it in a coach. I got to Claremont, uncovered and placed it in the room in good time. Before I took it there, I carried it in to Colonel Addenbrooke, Baron Hardenbroch, and Dr. Short, who had been her tutor. Sir Robert Gardiner came in, and went out immediately. Dr. Short looked at it for some time in silence, but I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes filled to overflowing. He said nothing, but went out; and soon after him Colonel Addenbrooke. The Baron and I then placed the picture in the Prince's room.

"When I returned to take my breakfast, Colonel Addenbrooke came in: he said, 'I don't know what to make of these fellows; there's Sir Robert Gardiner swears he can't stay in the room with it; that if he sees it in one room, he'll go into another.'—Then there's Dr. Short. I said, I suppose by your going out and saying nothing, you don't like the picture. 'Like it!' he said, (and he was blubbing,) 'tis so like her, and so amiable, that I could not stay in the room.'—More passed on the subject, not worth detailing. I learnt that the Prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of recollections it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the Prince, and returning shortly, said, 'The Prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention; that he shall always remember it. He said, 'Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would, I shall be very glad to see him.' I replied that I thought you would: so if you like, he will see you whenever you choose, before your departure.'—Soon after, I went in to him. As I passed through the hall, Dr. Short came up to me, (he had evidently been, and was crying,) and thanked me for having painted such a picture. 'No one is a better judge than I am, Sir,' and he turned away.

"The Prince was looking exceedingly pale; but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the effort at composure. He spoke at once about the picture, and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone!—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from this country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte

as I did know her ! It was my happiness, my duty to know her character, but it was my delight.' During a short pause I spoke of the impression it had made on me. 'Yes, she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick—she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting, but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true. You saw her ; you saw something of us—you saw us for some *days*—you saw our *year* ! Oh ! what happiness—and it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other—except when I went out to shoot, we were together always, and we *could* be together—we did not tire.'

"I tried to check this current of recollection, that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me), by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old King. 'Ah ! and my child was like her, for one so young, (as if it had really lived in childhood). For one so young it was surprisingly like—the nose, it was higher than children's are—the mouth, so like hers ; so cut (trying to describe its mouth on his own). My grief did not think of it, but if I could have had a drawing of it ! She was always thinking of others, not of herself—no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—she was in that situation where selfishness must act if it exists—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not—any grief could not make her so ! She thought our child was alive ; I knew it was not, and I could not support her mistake. I left the room for a short time : in my absence they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, 'Call in Prince Leopold—there is none can comfort him but me !' My Charlotte, my dear Charlotte !' And now, looking at the picture, he said, 'Those beautiful hands, that at the last, when she was talking to others were always looking out for mine !'

"I need not tell you my part in this interview ; he appeared to rely on my sharing his thoughts. * * * * *

"Towards the close of our interview, I asked him, 'if the princess at the *last* felt her danger ?' He said, 'No ; my Charlotte thought herself very ill, but not in danger. And she was so well but an hour and a half after the delivery ! And she said I should not leave her again—and I should sleep in that room—and she should have in the sofa-bed—and she should have it where she liked—she herself would have it fixed. She was strong, and had so much courage, yet once she seemed to fear. You remember she was affected when you told her that you could not paint my picture just at that time ; but she was much more affected when we were alone—and I told her I should sit when we went to Marlborough House after her confinement. 'Then,' she said, 'if you are to sit when you go to town, and after my confinement—then I may never see that picture.' My Charlotte felt she never should.'

"More passed in our interview, but not much more—chiefly, my part in it. At parting he pressed my hand firmly—held it long, I could almost say affectionately. I had been, by all this conversation, so impressed with esteem for him, that an attempt to kiss his hand that grasped mine was resistless, but it was checked on both sides. I but bowed—and he drew my hand towards him : he then bade me good by, and on leaving the room turned back to give me a slow parting nod,—and though half blinded myself, I was struck with the exceeding paleness of his look across the room. His bodily health, its youthfulness

cannot sink under this heaviest affliction ! And his mind is rational ; but when *thus* leaving the room, his tall dark figure, pale face, and solemn manner, for the moment looked a melancholy presage.

" I know that your good-nature will forgive my not answering your letter in detail, since I have refrained from it but to give you this narration of beings so estimable, so happy, and so parted.

" Prince Leopold's voice is of very fine tone, and gentle ; and its articulation exceedingly clear, accurate, and impressive, without the slightest affectation. You know that sort of reasoning emphasis of manner with which the tongue conveys whatever deeply interests the mind. His ' My Charlotte ! ' is affecting : he does not pronounce it as ' Me Charlotte,' but very simply and evenly, ' *My* Charlotte.' " ii. 80—5.

We could not abridge these letters of a single word without doing them injustice ; and if, in our anxiety to present them to the reader, we have hurried forward somewhat hastily, we will in future proceed with more becoming regularity.

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

EVENING DRESS.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A dress of white *gros d'Orient*, *corsage uni*, finished round the top by a narrow tucker of blond lace, which stands up, and a *chef d'or*, under which a superb fall of blond lace is disposed *en mantille* around the bust and shoulders. *Béret* sleeve. The *ceinture* is composed of two *chefs d'or*. The trimming of the skirt consists of a fall of blond lace headed by two *chefs d'or*, placed at regular distances. The hair is dressed low, and in loose curls at the sides of the face, and fall low on the crown of the head. A *bouquet* of white ostrich feathers, and a gold *aigrette* ornaments the *coiffure*.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.*

A dress of lilac *gros de Chine*, *corsage en guimpe*, and short sleeve, with the fulness arranged in compartments, which are ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon to correspond with the dress. The hair is disposed in bands on the forehead, the bows of the hind hair are brought very forward, and a full-blown rose, with its foliage, is placed at the back of the head. The jewellery is burnished gold.

HATS AND BONNETS.—The most elegant, as well as fashionable, of the morning bonnets, are the *capotes à la modest* ; they are composed of watered *gros de Naples*, the crown is of moderate height, the brim not so short as that of a hat at the ears, and not so long as bonnet brims are in general ; is slightly arched in front, and cut square at the corners. It is ornamented, on the inside, with blond lace in the cap style, but in a manner perfectly novel. The trimming consists of a large cockade of gauze, or satin ribbon, or else a very large *rosette* of ribbon.

* Printed Wedding Dress on the Plate.

Beautiful bonnets of a more dressy description, and particularly those worn for morning visits, are of rice straw, crape, and watered *gros de Naples*; white is considered most elegant; many are trimmed with a large round bouquet of flowers, composed either of a camelia, surrounded by violets or hyacinths, or of a white rose in the centre of a bouquet of red rose buds; this bouquet is either attached near the summit of the crown on the right, by a ribbon cockade, or else it is inserted in the centre of a cornet of blond lace, disposed in deep plaits.

We see also several half-dress bonnets, whether of rice straw or silk, lined with colored crape, trimmed with a broad ribbon to correspond with the lining, crossed in front of the crown; and three short ostrich feathers, either white or to correspond with the lining, attached on the right side by a large cockade.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—*Gros de Naples*, of various new colors, and of uncommon beauty and richness, is the material most in favor for pelisses. Dresses are composed of a variety of new spring silks, as *Gros de Naples*, *Bayadères*, *Thessaliennes Chines Perses*, and *Foulard du Bengale*, a mixture of silk and thread, and a perfect imitation of Indian materials.

A good many of the new pelisses are open in front, with *corsages à schall*, and sleeves à la *Medicis*; they are lined, in general, with white sarsnet, and the trimming consists either of *rouleaus* disposed à la *Grecque* round the *corsage*, and down the front of the dress, or else of a *biais* of satin, cut in irregular *dents*, which are edged with a narrow *effilé*. Others are fastened up the front with knots, composed of the material of the dress, and corded with satin; they are of various forms.

Morning *colletteres* are composed of five rows of cambric trimming, festooned in cockscombs and small plaited; two stand up round the throat, and three descend; the space between is embroidered; a button attaches the *collettere* in front.

Several *coiffures* were ornamented with *epis* of gold or silver, and with large lions; the stalks were long, flat, and flexible, so that these ornaments had the graceful effect of a feather.

The most novel *bérets* are of gauze, flowered in different colors; those of green, pale citron, and rose color, are preferred. A bouquet of *marabouts panachés*, of the same colors as the flowers, are placed under the brim, and the crown is adorned with an *esprit*, mounted as a bird of Paradise.

The colors most in request are morning and evening primrose, lilac, green, pale citron, rose color, blue, and the palest shade of fawn color.

We see a good many dresses of colored muslins, but the only ones fashionable are those of very large patterns; stripes of different colors, and very full of varied patterns, are preferred. All those of the Persian kind are considered out of date when they present too many colors mingled together.

Such are the muslins for robes; many of those for *redingotes* are of small delicate patterns, as leaves or very small flowers, or else Chinese or Grecian patterns thickly covering a white or light-colored ground.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The new Parisian parasols are of a very elegant description, and the handles are ornamented in a very novel manner. It is no longer a *crosse*, a serpent, or an ivory hand, that adorns the handle; no, it is an eyeglass, and it must be small enough to be concealed in the pretty hand that holds the parasol.

VARIETIES.

CHOLERA MORBUS IN RUSSIA.—By accounts lately received from St. Petersburg, some particulars have been obtained of the extensive ravages of the cholera morbus since it has prevailed in Russia. The Government returns show, that since June last, up to last month, there have been attacked with cholera not less than 66,000 persons, and that the deaths in the several places where the malady has prevailed, amount to nearly 38,000. At Saratoff and its vicinity, and on the Caucasus, the cholera raged most violently, the deaths in the former place amounting to 6000, and in the latter to above 11,000 persons. There were ill in the former, 12,000 persons, and in the latter, 22,000 persons. At Moscow, in the whole, 6500 persons have been attacked, and about 3700 have died. The disease, in all places, was giving way to the extreme severity of the weather. The Emperor of Russia, in order to promote education among the lower classes, had directed the Finance Minister to appropriate a sum of money to the establishment of schools in various parts of the Empire, in which poor children were to be instructed in the common branches of education.

NEW METHOD OF MULTIPLYING DAHLIAS.—Some dahlias, belonging to M. Jacquemin, having been injured by the wind in the first days of June, and some branches broken off, he placed them in the ground, in hopes of developing the flower. This did not take place; the vegetation languished, but the plants appeared good; and, being carefully taken up, were found furnished with tubercles. Hence a new means of multiplying these flowers, and the illustration of a curious physiological fact.

FEMALE SERVANTS IN LONDON.—It is ascertained, that the number of female servants in London, is 165,732; that the time each servant remains in one situation, by an average, taken at seven different periods, is 462 days; consequently, on an average, 358 leave their situations every day. Seven out of every ten are young women from the country.

THE FOSSIL ELEPHANT IN TERTIARY SANDSTONE.—Professor Jarocki, of Warsaw, states, that in digging a well in June, 1829, there was found, in a white quarzose, slightly calcareous sandstone, the head, a tusk, and a grinder of an elephant, now preserved in the Museum of Krzeminiac. Several other bones, which were too firmly attached, were left in the rock. Here, then, (says Professor Pusch, in a memoir on the formations of Podolia and Southern Russia,) we have an elephant in the middle of a rock, containing only sea-shells, and at a depth of 456 feet beneath the surface. Now, this rock is identical in mineralogical and palæontological characters with the tertiary sandstone, near Szydtow and Chmielnik, in Poland, or with the upper marine sandstone of Paris. This remarkable fact connects itself with the discovery of an elephant's tooth at Wieliczka, in the tertiary sandstone of Rzaka, a sandstone which contains the *pectinites polonicus*, *saxicaves*, and several other marine shells. We see, then, that the remains of such *mammifera* exist, not only in the sand and marly clay, called diluvium, as M. Cuvier and others have stated, but are found already, in

the tertiary period, at the same time with the palæotherium and the anaplotherium, since, in Poland, the beds which enclose them correspond to those which, at Paris, cover the deposit containing the palæotherium, &c.

ECHO.—We are often amused by the epigrams and *bon-mots* of the *Sunday Times* newspaper. The annexed, in last Number, is very good :—" *Paganini*.—Our friend Sir Charles, who, by the by, never wears *creaking shoes*, consequently has no *music* in his *sole*, perpetrated the following, on learning the moderate charge to witness the performance of this modern Orpheus at the Opera House :—

What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?
Echo—Pack o' ninnies!"

MARCH OF EDUCATION.—In a trial lately reported in the newspapers, a witness swore positively that he had declined to take an individual into his service, because he had been assured by his former master, "in plain language," that he had committed a *bonâ fide robbery* upon him!

CHINA.—The following is a literal translation of two official bulletins which were last year published at Peking :—" First bulletin. Sien, minister, president of the college of war, and superior chief of the nine gates, (that is, of the city of Peking,) reports, that in the night of the fifteenth day of the seventh moon (20th of August), the water of the lake Kkhoun-Nin-Fou was absorbed by the soil; and that the canal which proceeds from that lake, and surrounds the walls of the city, is entirely dry." To render this event more intelligible, it may be well to state, that twelve miles to the west of Peking is a country palace, placed on the hill Tal-Chéou-Chân; to the south-west of which was dug the lake Kkhoun-Nin-Fou, above fifteen miles in circumference. " Second bulletin. The Academy of Astronomy reports that in the night of the fifteenth day of the seventh moon (20th of August) two stars were observed, and white vapors fell, near the sign of the zodiac Tsyvéi-Tehoun. They were seen at the hour at which the night-guard was relieved for the fourth time (about midnight), and announce troubles in the west."

THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE.—The works at this splendid structure are rapidly advancing to a state of completion; but the Bridge will not be open for public use until about Christmas next. The works on the bridge are carried on with great activity. Three-fourths of the parapet, on either side, have been completed, and nearly the same quantity of the foot-way is finished. The stairs on the four sides of the bridge are completed. On the Surrey side, the water is approached by a descent of about sixty-five steps, which have a very noble appearance, and are of very easy ascent, owing to their width and slight acclivity. On the City side, there are about eighty steps, the ground being here higher than on the other side of the river. The road-way upon the bridge is about forty feet broad, and the pavement about nine feet. The road will be much deeper than the pavement. The approaches to the bridge, on the Southwark side, are nearly completed; but, on the London side, it will require some time to complete that part of the work.

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Illustration by J. H. B.

CARRIAGE, EVENING & WALKING,
DRESSES.

For Rent & Co. Auctioneers

THE CONVICT.—By L. E. L.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

These are words that we should read like warnings,
 Meekly, as fearing, if we had been tried,
 We might have done the same, and thankfully
 That such temptation fell not to our lot :
 The human heart is evil in itself,
 And, like a child, requires restraint and care ;
 Restraint to keep from wrong, and care to soothe
 Its wilder beatings into peace and love.

THE light of two or three pale stars
 Is dimly shining through the bars
 Of my lone ocell, and the cool air
 Seems as it loathed to enter there.
 Now are those wan and gloomy hours,
 When Night and Day, like struggling powers,
 Make the sky cheerless with their strife,
 Then most resembling human life :
 It suits with me !—ill could I brook
 Upon a cloudless heaven to look ;
 The calm blue air, the clear sunshine,
 Were mockery to gaze like mine ;
 To watch the sun look bright on me,
 Although the last that I shall see.
 —Ah ! even while I speak, the light
 Is breaking beautiful through night.
 'Tis all the same ! the earth, the sky,
 Nothing with me has sympathy !

—The clouds are breaking fast away—
 Oh ! why art thou so lovely, Day ?
 Oh ! for a morn of clouds and rain,
 To shroud and soothe my last of pain.
 No—faster the glad sunbeams break—
 They will not sorrow for my sake !
 —It has been—it will be my fate—
 I've lived—I shall die desolate !
 —Oh ! take your rosary away,
 For what are prayers of mine to pray ?
 For pardon ?—if the burning tears
 That fed upon my earlier years—
 If blasted hopes and ruin'd name,
 And all the venom Love lends Shame—
 The violent death, and rabble eye,
 To look upon its agony ;
 If these are not enough to win
 A pardon for Earth's deadliest sin,
 Words will not, cannot !—never dare
 Tell me it may be won by prayer !
 The coward prayer, the coward tear,
 Not from remorse wrung, but from fear !

—Here still—then, yield my last relief—
 My woman's solace—hear my grief.
 Come nearer—thou a judge shalt be
 Between my misery and me !

“ I grew up a neglected child :
 The meanest flowret of the wild
 Has far more culture and more care
 From summer sun and summer air.
 —My mother, she was laid to rest
 Within the green earth's quiet breast ;
 My father had another bride,
 And other children grew beside
 The orphan one—his love could be
 So much for them—'twas nought for me.
 I never mingled in their mirth,
 I saw their smiles, but shared them not ;
 And in the circle round the hearth
 My very being seem'd forgot.
 They call'd me sullen, said my heart
 In natural fondness had no part ;
 For that I sate apart from all,
 With cold cheek turn'd to the dark wall.
 I hid my face—I could not bear
 It should be seen, while tears were there.

“ I had a haunt, 'twas by the shade
 Wherein my mother's grave was made :
 It was a church-yard, small and lone,
 Without a monumental stone ;
 But flowers were planted by each grave,
 Sweet, like the thoughts they seem'd to save
 From Time's forgetfulness—but one,
 One only, mid the sods had none—
 Grown with tall weeds, as if the wind
 Were the sole mourner it could find,
 And in its careless course had brought
 Whatever seeds its wild wings caught.
 And marvel you I had no pride
 To make that tomb like those beside ?
 —Methought if there my hand should bring
 The sunny treasures of the spring,
 It would reproach my father's eye,
 That long had pass'd it careless by.

“ My melancholy childhood gone,
 Youth, with its dreamy time, came on ;
 Affections long repress'd and chill'd,
 Days with their own vain fancies fill'd,
 Which haunt the heart—what soil was here
 For Love's wild growth of hope and fear ?
 —It matters not my early tale,
 My heart was won, my will was frail ;
 I knew I was not Evelyn's bride,—
 But what to me the world beside ?

One only voice was in my ear,
 I only sought to meet one eye—
 And if to me they ever changed,
 I knew that I could only die !

“ Terrible city !—London, thou
 Who liftest like a queen thy brow ;
 Stern, cold, and proud, the night when first
 Thy mighty world upon me burst ;
 Houses, yet none of them my home ;
 Faces, of which I knew not one ;
 I felt more than I ever felt—
 A stranger—utterly alone ;
 My very heart within me died,
 And close I crouch'd to Evelyn's side ;
 His soothing words were soft and low,
 Such as Love's lip alone can know.
 He loved me—ay, loved *is* the word !
 So lightly said, so vainly heard—
 But I—the light of heaven was dim
 To eyes that only look'd on him ;
 I listen'd—'twas to hear his voice ;
 I spoke—it was to win his ear ;
 I watch'd—it was to meet his eye ;
 I only lived when he was near ;
 His absence seem'd a void as deep,
 As dark as is a dreamless sleep.
 And was I happy ?—no ; still dread
 Hung like the sword above my head ;
 My thoughts to other hopes would roam—
 I knew his home was not my home ;
 I knew his name was not my name,
 And I felt insecure through shame.

“ Still less it recks how, day by day,
 I saw the life of love decay ;
 The absent look, the careless word,
 The anger by a trifle stirr'd,
 And found that Evelyn's brow could be
 Harsh, though that brow was bent on me.
 —Brief be my tale, as was his love—
 He, who had call'd on heaven above
 To witness every vow he spoke—
 May it record the vow he broke !
 He loved another—calm and cold,
 He wrote farewell !—and sent me gold.
 He came not—perhaps he could not bear
 To view what he had wrought—despair !

“ I thought that I would see his face—
 Secret I sought his dwelling-place,
 A villa, where the river strays—
 I had been there in happier days :
 There was one room, whose windows led
 To where the turf its carpet spread,

And shrubs and flowers a labyrinth wrought
 Of bud and leaf—that room I sought :
 'Twas late—I scarce could find my path
 By the dim ray the starlight hath :
 A lamp was burning in the room,
 So faint it scarcely lit the gloom ;
 Yet lovely seem'd the light—it fell
 Upon the face I loved so well.
 He'd flung him on a couch to sleep—
 Ah ! how unequal seem'd our share,
 For I was left to watch and weep,
 And he lay calmly slumbering there.
 How beautiful !—the open brow
 Like morning, or like mountain snow ;
 I leant mine, pale and cold, beside,
 And felt as if I could have died
 To save that sleeper from one pang—
 Ay, though the arch-fiend's summons rang.
 A murmur from his closed lip came ;
 I listen'd—it was not my name :
 Around his neck a ribbon clung,
 Close to his heart a picture hung :
 I saw the face—it was not mine ;
 I saw, too, a small dagger shine,
 A curious toy—you know the rest."

—Her forehead with her hand she press'd,
 As if to still the burning pain
 That throb'd in every beating vein.
 He took the cross, that holy man,
 And kind and gentle words began ;
 She fiercely raised to his her eye,
 As if such soothing to defy.
 " I tell thee, father, 'tis in vain,
 His life, mine own is not so dear,
 Yet would I do that deed again,
 And be again a prisoner here,
 Rather than know that he could be
 Loving and loved, yet not by me.
 Begun in guilt and closed in gloom,
 Our love's fit altar is the tomb !"

She died as few can dare to die,
 With soul unquail'd and tearless eye :
 None soothed the culprit as she pass'd,
 With look grown kind, because the last,
 Or with affection's desperate tone—
 She died, unpitied and alone !
 And never told that priest her tale,
 But lip grew cold and cheek grew pale.
 The guilt of blood on one so young,
 Such haughty brow, such daring tongue,
 And such wild love ; and some would weep,
 Some bear the image to their sleep,

And start from feverish dream to see
 The moonlight close their phantasie,
 And eager count their beads, and pray
 To keep such evil from their way ;
 Then while the warning in them wrought,
 Finding it food for serious thought,
 And marking how wild passions lead
 To wasted life and fearful deed,
 Pray, ere they sank to sleep again,
 Such tale might not be told in vain.

AUNT SUSAN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—"Are there ony fo'ks i' the house forby you, aunt?"

"What gars ye speer that, creature? An' what for are ye standin' gaping and glouring that gate?"

"Because—oh, aunt! I saw something ben i' your bedroom."

"Ye saw something ben i' my bedroom, creature? What was it?"

"I dinna ken what it was. It was something."

"Why, but speak out, ye wasp: what was't like?"

"It was like a man!"

"A man in my bedroom at this time o' night! how dare ye say sic a thing, ye little howlet?"

"I didna say it was a man, for it was nae man. I only said it was like a man. An', oh, aunt! its throat was cuttit, an' its een were set in its head, an' its hands were hangin' sae powerless-like down; I'm sure it was the ghost of a murdered man."

"His presence be round about us! then we're a' gane! Did ever onybody hear sic an' awsome-like story as that? Oh, what is to become o' us! Rin, ye little brat, and send Andrew directly for your father; an', d'ye hear, gar him take the best horse i' the stable."

"But, aunt, I darena gang for the ghost o' the murdered man."

"Hout, rin like a good bairn; ye ken the ghost's ben the house in the bedroom."

"Na, na, it's no there, for it vanished away out o' the room, an' me looking at it. Wad it no be better to send for the minister to pray against it an' speak to it?"

"No, no, Vear, I like not ministers speaking to spirits, for then there may come out confessions and secrets that neither ministers nor other men have aught to do with; and then, you know, if your father have murdered anybody, or if your late mother have murdered anybody, or if I—oh! what was I going to say?—pray stand near me, girl."

"Eh! I don't know. What were you going to say, aunt? Were you going to say, that if you had murdered anybody, then the spirit might tell on you? I should account it an' honest and respectable ghost if it did. I believe it was about this time last year that you lost my uncle, your husband, aunt?"

At this question Aunt Susan uttered a loud shriek, held up her hands to heaven, her eyes rolled wildly, and, at length, she uttered these ominous words in a deep, half-suppressed voice: "Is this the

night?—this the night?—the very night, as I live, of that dreadful trial! Then there was an eye in heaven and another in hell that saw the deed—that beheld it!—oh!”

“Whisht, whisht, dear aunt, an’ dinna scraugh that gate! It wad hae been a dreadful thing if onybody had murdered my uncle. Pray tell me what he was like, for I can tell you precisely what the apparition was like that I saw.”

“Oh, creature, haud that tongue o’ yours, an’ dinna pit me out o’ my reason aithgither; for there is a devil possesses you that can conjure things up out o’ the pit.”

“Hae patience, dear aunt, ye can be nae the waur o’ hearing distinctly what I saw. It was an auld man wi’ thin gray hair; he was long and lean, wi’ a snuff-brown coat an’ waistcoat. An’ there he was sitting on a muckle chair, wi’ his arms hangin’ down, his head leaned back ower the back o’ the chair, an’ his throat cuttit frae ae side to the ither.”

At every sentence of this speech Aunt Susan uttered a shriek, and when Vear uttered the last sentence, Susan fell down in a fit, kicking and spurning for some time; and, at length, in stepped her brother-in-law, John Burgess, from a closet in which he stood concealed. He appeared in great perturbation of mind, while his only daughter, little Vear, was snapping her fingers and laughing at him. “Do you believe it now, sir?” cried she, “I think I have her on the hip now.”

He shook his raised fist and his head at her to make her hold her peace, and then lifting the rigid female, he carried her gently to her own bed, and called in assistance. She recovered slowly and fearfully, and caused Burgess and the dairymaid to sit up with her all that night, while Vear was tripping through and through the house chanting the following stave in an under voice:—

A fairy is a spirit sweet,
A brownie kind and just too;
But a glauist row’d in its winding sheet,
I own, is nought to trust to.

She slept in the kitchen bed with the other servant maid that night, declaring that she would never sleep with her aunt again for fear of the ghost, for that she was determined to leave her and it to their own society, and she was sure she would yet get some excellent fun with them. She proved as good as her word, for she would not go to sleep with her aunt again, but continued to sleep with the two maids in the kitchen, and Aunt Susan having become nervous and afraid to sleep by herself, was obliged also to change her bed for one nigher to society.

But before proceeding further with the description of the scenes that took place at Ernet-holm, which was the name of John Burgess’s farm, it will, perhaps, be as good to give the history of Aunt Susan, which is rather an equivocal one.

In the spring of the year 1777, John Burgess, whose father was then living, went to a great border hiring fair, where he engaged two of the prettiest girls for servants that his eyes had ever beheld. They were, indeed, beauties of the first order, but of a peculiar cast. Their eyes were full, and blacker and more bright than the purest jet, their hair like the wings of the raven, their forms of the most exquisite symmetry, and their features of that expression of all others the most

fascinating to amorous young men. In short, they were gipsies, real tinker gipsies, but discovering, by experience, their extraordinary attractions for the other sex, they went and hired themselves at a distance from home by way of an adventure in pushing their fortune. Jack Burgess was a dashing young farmer at that time, sorely kept in by an old niggardly father, but, for all that, beyond measure fond of a bonny lass. Such a prize he never met with in his born days as these two lively, lovely, and altogether matchless maidens. He could hardly credit his own senses when he found that he had actually engaged them for his fellow laborers and daily companions. Such a vista of delicious sweets now opened before the eyes of Jack Burgess as youth's enraptured eye never peeped through! What glorious days and nights lay before him! Boundless treasures of love, perhaps hard to be won, for the value of such exquisite charms was generally known and duly appreciated, but for that only the more dearly to be enjoyed! In short, the time from the hiring-market until the term, proved an age to Jack Burgess. The two lovely brunettes were never from his mind's eye, sleeping or waking, and twenty times a day would he endeavor to settle with himself which of the two was the prettiest; but the thing was impossible. Their names were Susan and Mary Kennedy. Susan was rather tallest, a very small degree stouter, and her manner was more frank, free, and volatile than the other; but the gentleness, beauty, and modesty of Mary, oh they were beyond all description! Sometimes the one, sometimes the other, was superior in his estimation, according to the temperament of his mind; but Susan oftenest.

The term arrived, and the two maidens came home to their service. Jack, who was upon the look out, met them a short way from the house, welcomed them home—shook hands with them—praised their improved looks—asked after the health of their relations, and altogether showed more kindness than a young master ought to have done. He could not help that kindness, it was the overflowing of an amorous heart.

Not so with old Burgess, who was a crabbed, niggardly body, and though abundantly rich, kept his son's pocket very bare, and himself hard at work. When he came into the kitchen at night, with the muckle bible below his arm, to make family worship, he looked hard at the two girls. "Wha hae we gotten here the night?" said he—"tinklers?"

"My certy Goodman, but ye tinkler weel," said Susan. "Now I wad like to refer to an impartial judge wha's the maist tinkler like, you or me."

"Ye may weel say't," says Jack.

"Weel say't, Mr. John? An hae ye the face to back an impudent hizzy out against your father in that gate? Ill-bred neer-do-weel! it will be seen the gate you'll gang yet. But, my braw lasses, we dinna quarter ony o' your gang, sae ye had better chap your ways afore we begin to the prayers. Ye'll ken o' some learn or some up-pitting no far off, I's warrant."

"Na, na, Mr. Burgess," said Susan, "no sae fast as that, honest man, gin ye like. We'll keep the haud we hae gottin, that ye may depend on. You an' us will be better acquaintit afore we part yet."

"Aye, aye, woman! An wha may you be that sets up your crest sae crouslly?"

"They are the two lasses that I hired at the fair, come hame to their service," says Jack, like to burst with vexation at his father's rudeness. "And I really wish, father, that ye wad speak respectfully to fo'ks that are as good as you."

"As good as him!" exclaimed Susan, disdainfully, "ay, my certy, an' a great deal better! I wadna be an auld crabbit tyke like that for ten times the riches that he possesses! He ought to have been my servant, and no me his; but, sir, I was hired in a public market, and url'd in a public market. I ken I can do the work I hae ta'en in hand, sae either pay me down meat and wage for six months, or here I remain."

"A tinkler! A downright gypsie tinkler, were I to be sworn on't. Pray, my braw accomplished servant lass, that kens the law sae weel, what may your name be?"

"My name is Susan Kennedy, sir. I think nae shame to tell it."

"I kend it! I kend it! I kend it, Kennedy! Rank tinklers o' the very warst description! He, he, he! He, he, he! The tinkler Kennedies come to wark our wark! This beats a'! Poor man! Poor man! Ye never did a wise turn a' your life, nor never will! But this beats a'."

The truth is that they were *not* good workers. They liked much better to toy and frolic with their young master and other sweethearts, than to work hard; and Jack, poor fellow, had often to work double, in order to make up a feasible day's work among them. But in recompense for that, he was favored with every opportunity of making love to them. They were kindness and affability personified, and Jack's heart was delighted. Still he could not tell which of the two was the loveliest, or which he liked best. But all the neighbors thought it was Susan, and it was even reported through the parish that they two "were mair sib than they sood hae been."

Martinmass drew on, and the maidens were to flit, for old Burgess continued his hostility against them, and entered his solemn protest against their farther services. But Susan, that she might not lose such a chance, engaged herself with a neighbor for the ensuing half year. However, when it came close upon the term, there had come a qualm over Jack's conscience at parting with his kind, gentle, and modest Mary; so one night he ran off with her and married her.

Old Burgess was perfectly deranged with fury and disgust at such an alliance. He discharged his son from his house and service; but at the same time generously proffered to supply him with some tools wherewith to begin the tinkler business; such as a mould for making horn spoons, a hammer for mending kettles, and some soldering utensils.

But of all others, Susan was the most grievously disappointed. She had calculated with certainty of being herself mistress at Ernetholm, and did not believe that her young master could have parted with her. He had so often protested that he loved her, and caressed her so fondly, that she weened she had his whole heart. But the love that is too bland and flaming, is not that on which a maiden ought most implicitly to rely; but rather that which is diffident and respectful. Jack Burgess, after all his gallantry with Susan, ran off with Mary and married her.

Susan after that spoke not a word either to her sister or brother-in-law, nor, as some asserted, to any one person as long as she remained

there. Neither did she go home to her new place, but went off at Martinmass, and left that district altogether, crying bitterly, her proud heart galled at being slighted by her lover, and undermined by her sister. It cannot be supposed that a girl bred like her, without principle, could have had any very ardent affection for an impassioned and changeable lover, yet certain it is that she was exceedingly unhappy afterwards; her temper grew unbrookable, and she could not rest in any place. Whenever she went to a distance from home, however, her beauty always insured her plenty of suitors; but the prize at which she had aimed was lost, and for several years she rejected all proffers of marriage with scorn. Her choice at last fell upon an old rich miser in the town of Peebles, who, in a fit of amorous dotage, married her. They lived together for several months as happily as could have been expected, and at length went into Edinburgh, to spend a few weeks, about Christmas. In the month of February following she returned without him; but thereby hangs a tale. He returned no more to domineer it over her.

She was now a rich and lovely widow, and might soon have made a suitable match; but no living wight could calculate on the workings of her dark mind. Instead of waiting a decent time, and accepting of some respectable proposals made to her, she sold off everything that had belonged to her late husband for ready money, and set off a distance of sixty miles to live with her sister, whom she had not seen since her marriage.

She thought proper to travel the last stage in a postchaise, and when she alighted at Ernet-holm none of them knew her. She was clothed in mournings, and looked so beautiful and so like a lady; and coming in that style, too, her friends were utterly astounded. She found Mary mistress there herself, old Burgess having been long dead and forgotten; but her sister's reception of her was not so kind as some might have calculated on. Her manner was dry and distant, and whatever she knew of her sister it was manifest to all that she would rather not have seen her as a guest to reside there. Not so John Burgess. He was as kind, as glad to see her, and apparently as fond in every respect as he was the first night she came to Ernet-holm. His wife, Mary, had borne him one sole daughter, after which she had grown delicate in health, and was now far outshone by Susan in beauty.

No man can say that it was inconsistent in John Burgess to fall on and toy with Susan as he had formerly done; it was the very consistency of the thing that made it worse; for it showed the man's unguarded and volatile disposition. He had kissed and toyed with the one sister before, when his heart was united with the other, so that this was only a repetition of the former scene. A man's behavior to a woman generally continues the same through life, be their relative situations what they will. As it begins and is established in youth, so it carries on till old age, and so it proved with John Burgess and Susan Kennedy. Early and late were they toying together, bantering, teasing, quarreling, agreeing again, and kissing good friends. The servants and neighbors were scandalized at their behavior, and Mary was offended. She gave her husband several hints to no purpose, and at length she awakened on her sister, and gave her a complete hearing, ordering her to go about her business, and never look her nor her husband in the face again. She had better, perhaps, have let alone;

for, in a few days afterwards, she was seized with what they called a *cholera morbus*, which cut her off in a few hours. But there is no coroner's inquest in Scotland, so that people die whenever they have a mind to do so, and of whatever disease suits them or their friends the best. So Mary Kennedy died and was buried, and now Aunt Susan, the dashing, rich young widow, was left sole mistress at Ernet-holm, with the charge of her niece, Vear Burgess.

Vear was a girl of uncommon sharpness and activity; she had all the shrewdness and cunning of the gipsy, with the docility and keenness of the country maiden. At first she appeared to have some reliance on her aunt as her only female relative; but that reliance changed by degrees into disgust, and disgust into hatred.

Aunt Susan had a dangerous idiosyncrasy for an evil doer to possess. She was a great talker in her sleep, a singular propensity which I do not comprehend, but which the ingenious M^cNish would call a distribution of sensorial power to the organs of speech, by which means they do not sympathize in the general slumber, but remain in a state fit for being called into action by particular trains of ideas. I have often slept beside sleep-talkers, and very disagreeable companions they are. They generally appeared to me to have some weakness of mind about them, as well as some derangement in their mental faculties. Sometimes their language is perfectly consistent and regular, and at other times incoherent; but always relates to those circumstances of life that lie nearest the heart. I remember of a girl once falling asleep below my plaid, on a wet day, when, in the depth of her slumber, she fell a talking, and, addressing me as another man, revealed a secret of her own which she ought not to have done. When she began to speak, I was frightened, for her voice was so much altered, that I thought it was not hers, but that of a spirit speaking through her. When I heard the subject that she was on, curiosity kept me from awakening her until she had told me all. When I apprised her afterwards of what she had told me, she cried bitterly, and said, "she had tauld me a great big lee, but she coudna help it."

Such a weakness was constitutional to Aunt Susan. She told strange things to Vear in her sleep—dreadful secrets! which she repeated over and over again till the girl had them all by heart, and could almost make her repeat them whenever she liked, indeed always when her sleep was deep. Yet Vear continued to regard them as vagaries, which had taken possession of her aunt's mind she wist not how.

Vear had an uncle in Edinburgh, a respectable tailor, in a place called St. Mary's Wynde, to whom she went two or three months every winter to the school. His name was Abram, and he was kind to his little motherless brood as he called her, he having no daughter of his own. One Sunday evening, on their return from a walk in the King's park, a Mr. Thorburn, who was of the party, stopped short before a house near the head of the Cannongate, and said, "Abram, is not that the house where the old man was murdered the other year?"

"Yes, sir, that is the very house, on the second flat there, and still kept by the same persons as then. No good set!"

"Were they not suspected of the murder?"

"Yes, that they were, and all taken into custody and tried for it, but all fully acquitted. I heard the trial from end to end."

"It strikes me that there was something remarkably mysterious about that murder."

"Exceedingly so. But step down to our house here, and I'll detail the evidence to you." The party went down the wynde to Abram's house and had some ale to drink, and the worthy tailor related his tale, while Vear stood at his knee imbibing every sentence as the ox drinketh in water.

"It was on a new-year's night that a man, apparently a countryman of the middle rank of society, came into yon house with an exceedingly handsome country girl, and asked for a room and something to drink, which they got. But in a little while they were followed by an old man, who inquired for his wife, and there being no other strangers in the house he was shown into the same room with the first comers. Loud and violent altercation was heard at first, but by degrees it subsided and all was peaceable, and in less than a quarter of an hour the party left the house.

"It was a curious matter, sir, but it was clearly proven that, when they went out, the youngest man brought the candle in his hand and paid the reckoning in a sort of trance or lobby within the entrance door. At that time the girl was standing on the landing place, and Mrs. C——n hearing other steps on the stair, naturally concluded that the whole party was gone; so she took the candle from the gentleman's hand, bade him good night, and went to her own room.

"More than two hours after that, some more company having called, they were shown into the same room, and behold there was the old man sitting stark dead on a two-armed chair! his throat cut across to the very bone, his head leaning back over the chair, and the room deluged with blood. There was nothing about his person that could lead to the discovery of who he was, but he was described as a tall thin old man with grey hair, and clothed in a snuff-brown coat and waistcoat. The murderers were never discovered, as no clue could be found whereby to identify or trace them. They were suspected to have come from Berwickshire from their tongues, but no such people could be found in all that country."

"That is a very extraordinary story, sir," said Mr. Thorburn. "Well, they will be discovered sometime or other, for murder will out. Was there nought that they were heard saying to each other that could lead to a discovery of the perpetrators of so foul a murder?"

"No, there was very little heard," replied Abram. "When the girl took the two in some spirits, she heard the stranger girl saying, 'I don't like this room, John. It is not retired enough.'"

When Abram pronounced these words, Vear uttered a scream and held up her hands. "What ails the fairy?" cried her uncle. "I could bet a thousand pounds I know one of the murderers at least," cried Vear. She had heard these words repeated a thousand times in the dark and silent watches of the night. It was the most familiar sentence to her ear of all others. But on her uncle saying to her she was mad, she perceived she had gone too far, and said no more. Only she made Abram tell her the tale very often, and repeat and re-repeat every word which that bad girl was heard to say. There was one or two sentences more: "Dare you call me an impudent strumpet, do-tard?" and, "There will be a shower in the headlands for that, yet;" which were equally familiar to her ear with the other, and which she treasured up in her heart without babbling anything, but took care to

ascertain the very night and hour of the murder, resolved to make a trial of her aunt's conscience, if she had any, which Vear greatly doubted.

On returning home she told her father that there was a report that Aunt Susan had assisted, or been present, at the murder of her husband on such an hour and night; and that she (Vear) would like to make a little trial of her conscience on that night by way of experiment, to find out if there was any truth in the report. But Aunt Susan was grown such a favorite with her father, that poor Vear was only reprov'd very sharply. She was even apparently a greater favorite than Vear herself, or than ever her mother had been, for she had lent him plenty of money, which had enabled him to extend his farming concerns, and make a good figure in the country, as the saying is.

But Vear was cunning and persevering, and besought her father daily to humor her so far; as it could do no harm, and had a great chance to convince her of her aunt's innocence, which she desired above all things. At length the frequent solicitations of an only and pertinacious child prevailed, and her father condescended to conceal himself in a closet off the parlor, and listen to Vear's grand trial, resolved to turn the tables against the minion, in order to keep her quiet.

In the meantime, though Vear hated and abhorred her aunt, she kept her feelings close in her own breast and slept with her as usual, principally in order to hear the same sentences repeated which had been heard in that base house at the head of the Cannongate. But now another theme had become predominant in Aunt Susan's nightly dialogues, and that seemed to be some angry controversy with her late sister. Vear was thrilled with horror to the very soul. She could have brought her on to talk of the murder of the old man in her sleep, by whispering some of the words into her ear which her associate in the murder was heard to utter; but she rarely now began it of herself, as it appeared some other scene of enormity had taken possession of her waking thoughts. Vear began to think that her aunt might have heard the tale of the murder, and been deeply affected with it; but then, the time answered so *nearly* at least, to the loss of her husband, that it had a very suspicious appearance, and she resolved to make a trial of her feelings on the new-year's evening at ten, which she did with the most astounding effect, and thus the two ends of my tale have met after a curious zigzag circle.

It was evident John Burgess must after that exhibition have been convinced that all was not as it should have been. It was impossible he could have remained incredulous, yet, nevertheless, he continued to cherish Aunt Susan with more fondness than ever, to the disgust of his daughter, and all well-wishers beside. O how Vear did wish and pray that the old grey-headed man with the snuff-brown coat and waistcoat, would appear in good earnest, with his windpipe cut, and his arms hanging down. But the old man did not appear, and the former ghost, as may easily be conceived, was one of Vear's own making.

Time flew on, and matters in nowise improved about Ernet-holm. In the meantime Vear reached woman's estate, a perfect, though improved likeness of her mother, and a phenomenon of beauty. But her aunt ruled with a rod of iron, and made her life miserable; for her father approved of everything his beloved sister did or said. The ghost of the old man did not appear, and to bring the deed home to her, in a court of justice, was impossible.

But there is an eye that never slumbers nor sleeps, from which the most secret deeds cannot be concealed, and all at once the rod of vengeance appeared heaved over the heads of the transgressors. One night as Burgess and his beloved Susan were sitting up late, the parlor door was gently opened, and the late mistress of the house entered; she had on her common every-day robes, and her face was pale as death, yet her look seemed more in sorrow than in anger.—She pointed with her finger to a certain part of the room,—it was the bed on which she had expired; made some signals with her hand, and retired.

The two friends became rigid statues as they sat staring at one another; but no one knows how they spent the night. Their countenances were so much altered the next day, that their own servants did not know them. And now that the deceased had returned from the grave, she haunted them without intermission. The very next morning, as Annt Susan was taking a walk to breathe a little fresh air, ere ever she was aware, she beheld her late sister approaching her, dressed in her dead-clothes. She turned, and tried to run, but her knees lost the power, and she fell prostrate on the road, where she lay till she was lifted. Burgess likewise perceived her hovering about him again and again, and in short the Ernet-holm became a home too hot for either the one or the other. They became like people deranged, merely, it was weened, through terror and dismay. They left it and retired to a market town at the distance of six or seven miles; but finding the populace going to wreak some vengeance on them, they left that town likewise, and were never more seen in that district.

Many years afterwards, it was reported, and generally believed, that the ghost that banished them both from the house was no other than Vear. She, chancing one day to visit an old woman who had nursed her when young, the woman started up as in a fright, "Preserve us a', miss! sicken a surprise as ye hae gi'en me," cried she, "I's no be the name I am, gin I didna think ye war your mother's ghost! sic another likeness of ae body to another my een never beheld."

This speech suggested an idea to Vear's fertile mind, and not being able to bring up the old man with the snuff-brown coat and waistcoat, she determined to raise up another which would at least cause as much dismay to the woman she both dreaded and abhorred. So going to her late mother's wardrobe, of which she always kept the key, and dressing herself in a suit of her clothes, when looking into the glass, she was so affrightened at her own shadow, that she had nearly fainted. The metamorphosis was complete, and its efficacy undoubted; so after whitening her face properly, she appeared to her father and aunt, and from that hour was not slack in her visits. This was reported, but I do not vouch for its truth.

There is undoubtedly a strong propensity in some minds inducing their possessors to revisit scenes in which they were involved in, or witnessed, the deepest horrors. But the following instance of it is so singular, that I cannot help attributing it to the immediate agency of an almighty and invisible Power. A woman came breathless to the procurator fiscal of Edinburgh one day, and told him that the identical man and woman who had murdered an old man in her house at such a time, were returned, and had entered the same room. She set watchers over them to trace them till the legal measures were taken. They were seized, tried, and both executed.

JACK THE GIANT.

"Some mollification for your giant."—*Twelfth Day.*

SCENE—*The Galley of a Frigate.*

[METROPOLITAN.]—"What!—your *Trafflygar* tar?—*That* breed's gone by, my bo—few are now seen in the sarvis—Your present race are another set o' men altogether—as different, aye, as different as beer and bilge-water—They're all for *larning* now; and yet there's not one in a thousand as larns his trade—and, what's worse nor all, they're all a larning from the sogers to rig as lubberly as lobsters—Why, I was aboard of a crack craft t'other day, a *stationer* too, three years in commission, as came to be paid off at Portsmouth,—and I'm bless'd if ev'ry fellow fore-and-aft at divisions, ('twas Sunday, you know, and the ship's company were rigged in their best mustering togs),—well, may I never see light if ev'ry chap as toed a line on her deck, from stem to stern, had'nt his body braced up with a pair o' *braces* crossing his shoulders for all the world like a galloot on guard.

"Now I speaks as I knows, and knows what I speaks—for you see I was a *Trafflygar* chap myself—Did you ever hear of the *Le-Bellisle*?—Did you ever of *Billy-go-light*, her skipper?—Did you ever hear of her losing her sticks under an infarnal fire, and *Billy-go-light* singing out like a soger—'No, I *won't* strike—not *I*—no never, not *I*!'—and Billy being then brought up with a round turn by the captain o' the foremost quarter-deck gun, turning round and saying to the skipper—'There's no one a' *aring* you, Sir!'—Well, I've seed that—I've seed myself surrounded with sharks, when 'twas almost a mortal impossibility to escape the jaws of *Port-royal Tom*;* yet, I say, I'd sooner see all them there things over and over again, nor it ever should be said Bill Thompson was seen with *braces*—or, more properly speaking, top-pin-lifts, topping-up his trowsers—I'm blow'd if I wouldn't rather take three dozen with the thief's-cat. Then, again, your peace-trained tars are all such chaps for holding on the dibs—In my time, when rousing out his rhino, a fellow never looked to see if he pulled from his pocket a shilling or guinea. Paying for a pint o' pearl, a glass o' grog, or a coachee or guard a traveling—a fellow stood just as good chance of gettin' the one as the t'other."

"But then you see, Bill," said one of his auditors—"then, you see, men are beginning to get more sperience, to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider themselves as much a 'Part o' the people' as now other people do in the world."

"*People*!" returned Thompson indignantly, "I like to see the fellow as dare call me a 'part o' the people'—I'd people him!—That's your shore-going gammon—your infarnal larning as capsizes your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle and sets fire to all afloat. Is it because you can prate in a pot-house, you're to call yourself 'Part o' the people,' and think yourself as big as Burdett or a Bishop?—no, no, larn your trade—larn to keep your trowsers taut in the *seat*, to curse a steamer, and puddin' an anchor,—and then, instead of callin' yourself 'part o' the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar."

* A well-known shark in Jamaica.

"Well, but Bill, d'ye mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as *good* men as before Trafflygar?"

"I does—I means to say they havn't the mind as they had—they doesn't think the same way—(*that is they thinks too much*)—and more—they're not by one half as active aloft as we were in the war—chaps now reefin' taup-sails crawl out by the foot-ropes, and you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallant-studdin'-sail haliards."

"Yes, but Bill, perhaps in your day the men were smaller and lighter-built."

"Smaller!—not a bit of it—I've seen men at a weather-earin' as big as a bullock—No, no, my bo, they were big enough—they'd both blood and bone in 'em, but not so much beef in their heels as the top-men you now see afloat."

"Well, for my part, I likes a light hand aloft."

"Mind ye, I doesn't say," continued Thompson, "that your small men aboard are not mostly the best—They're certainly more active aloft, stow better below, and have far better chance in action than a fellow as taunt as a topmast:—And yet, a double-fisted fellow tells well rousing aboard a tack or hauling aft a sheet—and what's better nor all, they're less conceited, and oftener far better tempered nor chaps not half their height."

"Well; I dun know, Bill—I'm not a small man myself—" said one of the assembled group—"I'm not a small man, nor yet what you calls a large-un—for at the back o' the Pint, they says I'm just what ye calls the reg'lar size—but some how or other, your undersis'd fellows always do best in the world—for go where you will, you'll always find a little fellow making up to a lass double his length to give him a lift in life."

"We'd a chap in the old *Andrew-Mack**—not four feet five at furthest, and I'm bless'd if he wasn't spliced to a craft as long as a sky-sail-pole—he was, what they calls, a reg'lar-built dwarf, but he was as broad on the beam as the biggest aboard—He was captain o' the mizen-top, and well they knew it, the boys abaft,—for he'd an infarnal tyrannical temper—His wife was quite the reverse,—a better-hearted cretur never slept under a gun—See them at North-corner or Mutton-cove on liberty together, and you see what care she'd take of her Tom—her 'Tom-tit,' as he was christened aboard. Tom liked his drop, but the fellow was so short 'twould get to his noddle an hour sooner nor a common-sized man—There he'd drop as drunk as a lord—lay in the mud and mire, till his rib (long Kate as we called her) would coil him clean up in her apron, bundle the little beast on her back, and take him aboard in a waterman's boat—and yet, for the care she took of her Tom, the short-bodied bandy-legged beggar would hide poor Kate by the hour."

"D—n your dwarfs!" interrupted Thompson—"were you ever in a ship with a giant aboard—one o' the ship's company, you know,—a fellow reg'larly borne on the books?—'cause, you see, *I* sarved in a ship with a giant aboard."

"What! a reg'lar-built giant?"

"Aye,—a reg'lar-built giant—a fellow as stood six feet ten in his stockin'-feet—nor a better-built man was never seed for his size—No

* *Andrew-Mack*—*Andromache* frigate.

deck ever seed his equal—Poor Bill !—Bill Murdock—for he kept his name from first to last,—knowing 'twas never no use fixin' on a pursers',—for go where he would, his bulk wou'd *blow* him—Bill was a Scotchman—a Glasgow-man bred and born—and a better seaman or truer tar never commanded craft—for once Bill had the charge of one of his own—But Bill was something like myself, seldom backed by luck, and was more oftener down nor up in the world—We served together in the F—— frigate—That was the craft for cap'ring kites—Let's see, we used to set ring-tails—water-sails—studden-sails without studden-sails—sky-scrapers—moon-rakers—star-gazers, and heaven-disturbers—Never ship could carry such a cloud of canvass—And, as for the skipper, 'twas hard to say on which he'd carry longest.—his sail or his sarmon—for sure as Sunday came, there was strike-out for a sarmin *three* times a-day—and as sartin as Monday wou'd follow, there was crack-on the kites from day-light till dark—Yet, the skipper was a plucky chap, and a man as know'd well his work—and, I'll say that for him, he never was a man as spared himself—Report a strange sail in sight, and he was the first at the mast-head, glass in hand—and, what's more, blow high, blow low, there he'd stick, till he made her clearly and cleverly out—I've seen his glass fixed to his eye, resting on the cross-trees—for more, aye more nor six hours on a stretch—What d'ye think o' that !—a skipper of a frigate acting look-out-man aloft under a six-hours' sun !—As sure as a hauline-line came down for the captain's grub—(for his dinner went reg'larly aloft in a hand-basket)—so sure you'd hear a hubbub below—The 'twix-decks had it in a crack—'A prize ! my bosc,' you'd hear fore-and-aft—'the skipper's grub's gone aloft : ' but he wasn't a man as liked his lickor—six-water-grog was strong, to what we used to call his 'look-out-aloft swizzle'—But take him, on one tack as well as the t'other, and he was a smart little man—Bill and he, to be sure, had sometimes a bit of a breeze—though when we laid at Cork, and company comed to the skipper, Bill was the man as amused the ladies—Whenever Bill seed a boat-full o' muslin pulling off to the ship—and the whip* getting ready for the ladies—down he'd dive,—off' with his muzzle-lashing, and on deck in a crack in his mustering rig ;—for as sure as dinner was done in the cabin, the skipper would send for Bill—and make some sham-abraham excuse about the water bein' bad—or the likes o' that, just for the purpose of givin' the ladies a treat in showing 'em a giant.

" But though Bill was a scholar, he wasn't a man as took to the trash of tracts as was sent aboard by some o' the skipper's *she*-metho-dy-parsons—Nor could Bill always bring his bible to book whenever we went to divisions—for, you know, at three-bells† every forenoon, there was beat to divisions and muster prayer-books and bibles—As for myself, in the bible-business, I managed the matter very well—and moreover, with the skipper I was a bit of a fancy-man—for, you see, my bible (as captain o' the mess) was always kivered in baize—nor never was opened, you know, nor pawed by tarry paw—There wasn't, no, not as much as the sign of a soil to be seen inside or out—The skipper reg'larly overhauled the books himself—and one morn, going round at divisions, I says to myself—' Come, this is too bad, by Joe !—Here's my bible's been bagg'd in baize for three years and upwards,

* Chair-tackle for hoisting ladies on board.

† Half-past nine, A. M.

and the skipper's never once noticed the kelter she's in—so here's try him on a wind,' says I to myself—'Here she is, Sir,' says I, pulling out the book from my green-baize bag just as he comes to my elbow—'here she is, Sir, just as *clean*, you see, as if she'd comed bran-new out o' the mint'—'That's a *good* man,' says the skipper, givin' me a friendly tap on the shoulder—'that's a *good* man—come down to *my* cabin,' says he, 'as soon as divisions are over.'—Well, as soon as the drum beats retreat, you may well suppose I wasn't long divin' down to get my drop; but when I enters the cabin, there wasn't, no, not the sign of a glass to be seen—There was the skipper alone at the table, fumbling a Newland* in his fist, and seemin' as shy o' me as I was of him—'Come here, my man,' says he—'come here, Thompson—you're a very *good* man,' says he—'take this,' says he, shoving a five-pound Newland into my fist—'take this, and recollect,' says he, 'I give it for presarving so well the Word o' God.'—Well, you may be sure after this, the bible sees less daylight nor ever;—and there wasn't a fellow fore-and-aft,—even Murdock himself,—as didn't bag his book in baize.

"Howsomever—to try back to Bill—Poor Murdock!—I think I now sees him on his beam-ends trying to take a caulkt† in the bay below—I think I sees him lying at full length, looking, for all the world, like a South-Sea whale sleeping on the sarfis—Poor Bill!—I think I never seed his like—He did his duty as captain-o'-the-hold—for 'twould never 'ave done to've let a two-ton-fellow like Bill aloft—Moreover, he was a capital hand in the hold—Why, he'd take a butt o' water on his knees, and sup out o' the bung-hole easier, aye, by far, easier nor I could out of a breaker—But poor Bill had a crack in his head—a wound in his pate, as got him in many a scrape—It made him reg'larly mad whenever he'drank—but keep him from lick-or, and there wasn't his fellow afloat—A nicer mannered man never Sally-port seed—and a prettier spoken chap never entered a tap—Though big and bulky as a bulluck, his voice was as mild as milk, and no foot afloat trod lighter the deck, big as he was—Keep him from drink, and he'd sing a stave as 'ould win, aye, the first lady in the land—Sober, the skipper himself wasn't better behaved—he hadn't the heart to hurt a fly—He'd take off his hat to the smallest reeer aboard—and, as for the young gemmen, they'd a-gone to h-ll for Bill—I'm blest if he did'n't live more in the midshipmen's berth nor ever he did in his own—Bill could amuse both man and boy—he was as much a child as any child in the ship—and sartinly, more of a *man* nor any ten together—He could converse with the best aboard—but, though a monster in a mob, I never heard that he called himself '*part-o'-the-people*'—But he was a scholar—he know'd figurs well—the rule-o'-three better—could hail a foreigner (and that too when the skipper couldn't) in any tongue—no matter, Dutch, or Algebra, or even Maltese—he could make himself understood in any lingo—that is, he could ax 'em 'where they were from?' and 'where bound?' and the likes o' that—He could spin, too, a capital yarn—He was shipwreck'd twice—once as mate, and once as master,—and *such* a chap at *chequers* I never seed in my day—In short, Bill was a man in a million—But with

* A Bank-note.

† Caulk a nap on the deck.

all that, Bill was the devil in drink—one glass more nor his allowance and stand clear fore-and-aft—"Twasn't the *frigate*, nor yet any *three-deck'd* ship in the sarvis as could hold him, once poor Bill had his beer aboard—I've seen him, aye, I may say, more than twenty times clear the lower, main-deck, and folksel—There you'd see midshipmen, marines,—every blue-jacket below tumbling up the hatchways, and flying from Bill, as if, for all the world, a thund'ring Senegal tiger had been reg'larly turned adrift on the deck—A topmaul had better fall on your pate than his fist;—and once catch a fellow in his flipper, and he'd fling him from side to side, or stem to stern, making no more of a middle-sized man nor a middle-sized man wou'd make of a cat.—The sing-out of '*Murdock adrift!*' was worse afloat nor the cry of '*Murder!*' ashore—The sick, and lame, and chaps as couldn't bend their backs with the bago, would fling themselves out o' their hammocks, and fly upon deck, clear of his clutches—You'd sometimes see the bowsprit reg'larly lined with men, and the riggin' swarming wi' fellows scuddin' from Murdock's grip—The officers never, *never* could quiet him—"Twas worth more nor the best o' their commissions was worth to make the trial—for they know'd to a man they might as well try to capsize St. Paul's as try to level Bill in his beer—In these here fits a frightfuller sight never was seed—He'd foam and froth at the mouth, tear his hair, and gnash his teeth in a terrible way—and yet, poor Bill!—how *soon* I've seed him *calmed* by a *cap*—The sight of a petticoat would *tame* him in the turn of a quid—The weakest girl aboard had nothing to do but face him full in front—and down like lightning, on all fours, poor Bill would drop—clinging to the lass's petticoats, and licking her feet for all the world like a lady's lap dog—though I'm blest but he looked a precious sight more like a dancing elephant."

"What! d'ye mean to say," interrogated the last interlocutor—"that a lass like Bet Bowles could manage a monster like Murdock?"

"Yes, I does—a child (providing she was a *she*-child) could manage him easier, aye, nor a party o' marines under ball and bagnet—Once catched by the *cap* and all was calm in a crack—the fire in his eye and froth of his mouth (as soon as the girl swabbed with her apron the foam from his bows) was lost in the sudden lull—and in less than a minute there wasn't, no,—no, not as much as a *ripple* o' rage to be seen on his phiz.

"Well, after the lull o' the lickor, there wasn't to be seen a more down-i'-the-mouth man for a month—Why, the old *Royal Billy** herself—the *Billy* buffetin' about the Bay† in a breeze, wou'dn't a-felt more shook and shattered—more pulled to pieces nor poor Bill 'oud be after comin' out of one of his heavy Nor-westers—Not a limb could he lift for a week—He'd shake like a leaf; and the sight of an officer would set him a tremblin' worse, aye worse nor a fellow in a-Flushing' fit—D—n that infarnal agey—D—n the Dutch and their dirty dikes—I'll never be the man as I was—But, mind ye, it wasn't the dread o' the cat as made Big Bill afeard of an officer—for I'm sartin and sure, the skipper would sooner a-seized-up himself, nor ever 'ave brought poor Bill to the gratin'—No, no, 'twasn't the thought o' the gratin' as

* Royal William—said to be one hundred years old when broken up.

† Bay of Biscay.

gauded him—but 'twas the thought of offending mortal in lickor—you'd sometimes see him backin and filling and boxing about a bit of a boy—a reefer* not twelve years old, afore he'd go up to the child, to 'hope and hope he didn't offend him in his fit—I wouldn't,' he'd say, —'I wouldn't young gemman offend you, no, not for a butt o' beer, much more hurt a hair o' your head'—and then he'd take and tug the few locks as was left on his pate, and curse th' unfortnet crack on his sconce, as made him, he'd say, 'made him worse and wickeder nor a baited bull'—He'd write to the skipper,—to the first-leafteenant,—to the mate-o'-the-grog-tub, and to all the gemmen as had weight in the ship—to 'Mollify'—yes that was the word—to 'Mollify,' as he called it, 'the mischief his madness made'—He'd lay down the law as natral as life—argufy the matter in a manner as would soften the heart of a hangman—and mind ye, there was never nothing like sniveling—no double allowance of *larning*—no sayin' a-one thing as unsaid the t'other, and usin' words as went for nothing—For ten—let's see—was it ten?—no,—for six—for six days he took his reg'lar bob on the book never to touch the taste of lickor—not as much as the dew of a drop lit on his lip—yes—for six days he suffered that tortur—One time at Port-royal on a Patrick day, he goes reg'larly aft, and axes permission to be clapt in the bilboes—'Please, Sir,' says he, turning as red as a soger's coat as he faces the first-leafteenant—'Please Sir,' says he, 'I axes your pardon—I hope no offence—but if so be,' says Bill, 'its all the same to you, Sir, I'll be glad if you'll clap me for four-and-twenty hours in irons'—'In *irons*! what for?' says the first-leafteenant—'What for?' says *Sprinkle-and-swab*, for that was his name with Bobby below—'What for?' says Bill, heavin' a bashful glance at the first-leafteenant—for, you see, Bill was ashamed to say for *why*. 'Yes, what for?' again says *Sprinkle-and-swab*—'Well,' says Big Bill,—'if you must—*must*, Sir, know for *why*—to be moored out of mischief's way—for, you know Sir,' says Bill, 'I darn't,—darn't trust the drop'—Well, seein' Bill was bent on the bilboes, in course, *Sprinkle-and-swab* sends for the master-'t-arms, and orders poor Bill both legs in limbo.

"But Bill was the boy for a brush in the boats—one time we'd a cuttin' out job in the Bay—'Twas'nt in the F—frigate—for Bill and me, and the first twenty-five on her books were drafted together into the *Saucy-go-where-she-will*—the lee L—she was the ship for the boat.—Crappo's craft was a brig—an armed brig anchored off the Isle of Jew† (tho' I never afore heerd of a Jew had been found in France). Well, she was lying all a taunto, royal yards across, and moored head and starn close under a six-gun battery. As soon as the fun was fixed, and the word '*volunteer*' gets wind below, in course Big Bill must make his way aft to clap down his name for the fray. To see Bill comin' aft, scratching his pate, with a smile on his mug as seemed to say 'here I am—more nor a barge's-crew in myself,'—was better, aye, better by half nor a reg'lar-built play. At first he dodges about the bitts afore he takes courage to face the leafteenant—one Smith was first-leafteenant,—a very good man in his way, but he hadn't the manners o' Bill. He'd a shore-going, sneering manner of callin' a

* Reefer-Midshipman.

† Isle Dieu.

man as Bill could never abide.—‘Well, *Mister* Murdock!’ says Smith, ‘What do *you* want?’ says Smith—Well, this *mistring* the man was near the capsizing of Bill—it fairly floored him—and no wonder—for where’s the tar in togs as likes to be *mistered*—why, ‘tisn’t worse to be called ‘*Part o’ the people!*’ ‘Well,’ says Smith, in a mockin’ manner,—‘so you, *Mister* Murdock, *you* must come aft to give in your name.’ Well, this *youing* the man was worse to poor Bill nor callin’ him *Mister*—‘I hopes, Sir,’ says Bill, ‘I only comes aft like a man.’ ‘A *man!*’ says the first leaftennant—‘a precious sight more like a monster!’—Besides, Mr. Murdock,’ says Smith, ‘you’re *nothing*, you know, when sober; and drunk, your courage is *Dutch!*’ Big as he was, a child would ‘ave floored him—Poor Bill!—To touch his pluck was more nor the man could stand—his mouth as was playful and cheerful afore, fell taut and stiff, and his lips were glued together—his eyes seemed fairly to fill, but he disdained to drop a drop—he knew well he was a man, and knew well he was *more* nor a man—he looked like a fellow as felt ‘twas better to feel within nor to show what he felt without—so Bill bolted it all till the skipper comes up to look at the list—‘I axes your pardon,’ says Bill, as soon as the skipper looks over the list, ‘I hopes no offence, Sir,’ says Bill, brightning up at the sight of the skipper, and a ring of good-humour again breakin’ round his mouth, for you soon could see what Bill was bent on, ‘I axes your pardon,’ says he to the skipper, ‘I’m sorry to say, Sir—sorry to say, Mr. Smith won’t let me go—he thinks me too *sober*, and says, ‘I’m nothing unless I’ve my beer aboard.’ ‘Well, no more you *are*, Sir,’ says Smith, snapping at Bill, ‘no more you *are*—and you *know* it.’ ‘Very well, Sir,’ says Bill, ‘if that be the case, just give me an *extra* allowance, and I’m blowd,’ says Bill, thumping his fist on the capstan, ‘if *another* soul in the ship need be sent!’ ‘No, no,’ says the skipper, trying to smother a smile, ‘no—no, my man,’ (for a man *was* a man with the skipper, and *he* never, no never *mistered* a man,) ‘no—no,’ says he, ‘we want you for better work—your day’s to come as well as my own—Go below, my man—go below,’ says the skipper, trying to comfort Bill.—Well, Bill goes below—but seed he was not, the whole day long—he kept oversight in the hold—refused his dinner—refused his supper, and, as we all atwixt-decks a-thought, took the thing too much to heart—entirely too much.

“Well, the time drew nigh—The boats were manned and armed—each man with a white stripe on his left flipper to mark him from Crappo’s crew—All was ready; the thing was managed in a manner of silence never afore seed or since—Hands were shook to be sure, but more was said by a squeeze, more *felt* by a fist nor ever was said or *felt* by any of your palavring Parliment-chaps—Well, the word ‘Shove off!’ was given—The oars all muffled, and away slipt the boats out o’ sight, like craft as were sliding in slush—The jolly was the last that left—for she was the hospital-boat, and the doctor’s mate, one Mullins, an Irish chap, was the only officer in her—The doctor was ordered to keep out of fire, and to do no more nor dress the wounded and patch their pates—Well, when the jolly shoved off, there wasn’t a breath to be heerd aboard—nor as much, no, not as much as the glimmer of light to be seen in the ship—a churchyard at night was never so still—never so dumb and dark.

“‘Twas exactly one bell after twelve when the jolly shoves off—

the bell did'nt strike in course, but the glass was turned—Yes, 'twas exactly one bell, for I had it from old Jack Martin, the quarter-master o' the watch at the time—exactly one bell, when they hears a thund'ring of a row in the jolly—She'd hardly gone twice her own length when they hears the bowman singing-out like a fellow as was fairly mazed—'Holloa! holloa! what the hell have we *here*?—a thund'ring grampus by G—!—my wig, the boat's capsized!'—'Silence, silence,' says the skipper, not more in the dark nor they in the boat—'Oh, for shame! for shame! Mr. Mullins,' says the skipper, singing out to the doctor's mate—'for shame! Sir, making such a shockin' noise at a moment like *this*?'—for Martin said often, the skipper was in a terrible takin'—'Pull away! Sir, pull away!—By heaven!' says the skipper, for he never swore by never nothing but heaven—'if you're in sight another second, I'll try you by a court-martial for cowardly conduct!'—Jack Martin often and often repeated the skipper's identical words—Well, you know this here court-martial threat was quite enough to put Pat Mullins on his mettle—not that he disliked a fray—for the fellow liked fun as well as the best—So the jolly was off from the ship in a crack.

"Well, no sooner we in the barge, pinnace, and cutter pulls up alongside the brig, nor we gets, one and all, a dose as sends us all staggering astarn—Empty bottles was heaved at our heads, cold shot thrown into the boats—and the fire of musketry Crappo kept up was the most infarnalist fire as ever was seed—We made three attempts—twice on the starboard side, and once on the larboard—each time the boats were beat back—Well, just as we intended to try a fourth, we hears Mr. Smith sing out, 'What boat's *that*?'—and the answer we hears was, '*Dutch*—Courage! my bo—I'll show you the way.'—'*Big Bill*! Big Bill, by the Lord!' was the cry in the boats—'Hurrah! hurrah! Big Bill aboard and she's ours!'—And soon Big Bill was aboard—and if he did'nt soon clear her decks there's never no snakes in Virginny—'Jabble, Jabble,' you'd hear Crappo cry—'Jabble,' you know, means devil in English—and a-course the French thought the *devil* himself was adrift—She soon was ours, and no sooner she was, nor Bill comes aft to the first leaftennant and says, 'Mr. Smith,' says he, 'I think for a *sober* man I've not done amiss.'"

"Well, but Bill, how did he get in the boat?" interrupted one of Thompson's auditors, impatient to come at the sequel.

"How did he get in the boat?—why you may depend he hadn't side-ropes goin' over the side—nor he wasn't whipped in by the lady's chair—No, no—he did this tho'—lowered himself over the bows of the ship, and swam quietly off to the jolly—It was then as they thought in the jolly they'd grappled a grampus—Come, spell oh!—the watch is out."

GRAVE DOINGS.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—My gentle reader—start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a RESURRECTIONIST. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession, conjure up in your fancy a throng of vampire-like images and associations, or earn your "Physi-

cian's" dismissal from your hearts and hearths. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler!—your own superstitious prejudices that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren, to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come—let us have one word of reason between us on the abstract question—and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet deny us the only means of learning *how*? You would have us bring you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil, or sink a shaft! Is this fair, *fair* reader? Is this reasonable?

What I am now going to describe was my first and last exploit in the way of body-stealing. It was a grotesque, if not a ludicrous scene, and occurred during the period of my "walking the hospitals," as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge. A young and rather interesting female was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms even defied our nosology. Now it seemed an enlargement of the heart—now an ossification—now this, that, and the other; and at last it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter—no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic—or whether it *was* really the heart that was at fault. She received no benefit at all under the fluctuating schemes of treatment we pursued, and at length fell into dying circumstances. As soon as her friends were apprized of her situation, and had an inkling of our intention to open the body, they insisted on removing her immediately from the hospital, that she might "die at home." In vain did Sir—— and his dressers expostulate vehemently with them, and represent in exaggerated terms the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our designs, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion—but in vain, and at last said to the young men, "Well, if you are afraid only of our *dissecting* her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she died with you, as with us."

"Well—we'll *try* that, measter," replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father's house, which was at a certain village about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir——'s two dressers had taken great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that come what might, we would have her body out of the ground. A trusty spy informed us of the time and exact place of the girl's burial; and on expressing to Sir—— our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, "Ah, my fine fellow—if you have spirit enough—dangerous," &c. &c. Was it not skilfully said? The baronet further told us he felt himself so curious about the matter, that if fifty pounds would be of use to us, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *eclat* with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow-students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M—— and E——, Sir——'s dressers, and myself, with an experienced "*grab*," that is to say, a *professional* resurrectionist—

were to set off from the Borough about nine o'clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach, provided with all “appliances and means to boot.” During the day, however, our friend the grab suffered so severely from an over-night’s excess, as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew, were absent on *professional tours*! Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of “ne’er-do-weel” hanger-on at the hospital, whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and in the presence of my two coadjutors, persuaded, threatened, and bothered into acquiescence, promising him half a guinea for his evening’s work—and as much whisky as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chief tools; with which, in a sack large enough to contain our expected prize, he repaired to my rooms about nine o'clock, while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received a quiet *douceur* in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip, under the effects of which he became quite “bouncible,” and *rauted* about the feat he was to take a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top-coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious about, was the darkness, to shield us from all possible observation. I must own that in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated as powerfully as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs!—It took our fancy amazingly; and then—Sir——’s cunning hint about the “danger”—and our “spirit!”

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of—church, with its hoary steeple grey-glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it was standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rudely to violate, Tip’s spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, *none* of us felt over much at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hairbrain’d aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister’s grave? They were not likely to stand on much ceremony with us. And then the manual difficulties! E—— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us *spoke* our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach-pocket; and before we drew up, we had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length, the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the churchyard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to

shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

"Come, Tip," said I, "out with you!"

"Get out, did ye say, sir? To be sure I will—Out! to be sure I will." But there was small show of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for while I was speaking, I was interrupted by the solemn clangor of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sounds seemed to warn us against what we were going to do.

"'Tis a could night, yer honors," said Tip, in an under tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if anything was stirring but ourselves. "'Tis a could night—and—and—and"—he stammered.

"Why, you cowardly old scoundrel," grumbled M——, "are you frightened already? What's the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane."

"Och, but yer honors—och! by the mother that bore me, but 'tis a murderous cruel thing, I'm thinking, to wake the poor cratur from her last sleep." He said this so querulously, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his defection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of no use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited us. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided us all on jumping into the coach again, and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprized of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously! As it were by mutual consent, we stood and paused a few moments, about half way down the lane. M—— whistled with infinite success and distinctness; E—— remarked to me that he "always thought that a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable;" and I talked about *business*—"soon be over"—"shallow grave," &c. &c. "Confound it—what if those two brothers of hers should be there?" said M—— abruptly, making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

"Powerful fellows, both of them!" muttered E——. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders—elevated both hands in a listening attitude, and exclaimed, "Whisht!—whisht!—By my soul—*what* was that?" We all paused in silence, looking palely at one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little over-head.

"Fait—an' wasn't it somebody *spaking* on the far side o' the hedge, I heard?" whispered Tip.

"Pho—stuff, you idiot!" I exclaimed, losing my temper. "Come, M—— and E——, it's high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense, and if we mean really to do anything, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet, you see." Several large drops of rain, pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunder-storm. We therefore buttoned up our great-coats to the chin, and hurried on to the churchyard wall, which ran across the bottom of the lane. This wall we had to climb over to get into the churchyard, and

it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us ; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. He had hardly time, however, to peer over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed in a second or two by a loud burst of thunder ! Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cock-chaffer shaken from an elm-tree, and lay crossing himself, and muttering Pater-nosters. We could scarce help laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flash of lightning. "Now, look ye, gentlemen," said he, still squatted on the ground, "do ye mane to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye've done wid her ? An' will ye put her back again as ye found her ? Case, if you wont, blood an' oons"——

"Now, look ye, Tip," said I, sternly, taking out one of a brace of empty pistols I had put into my great-coat pocket, and presenting it to his head, "we have hired you on this business, for the want of a better, you wretched fellow ! and if you give us any more of this nonsense, by —— I'll send a bullet through your brain ! Do you hear me, Tip ?"

"Och, aisy, aisy wid ye ! don't murther me ! Bad luck to me, that I ever cam wid ye ! Och, and if ivir I live to die, wont I see and bury my ould body out o' the rache of all the docthers in the world ? If I don't, devil burn me !" We all laughed aloud at Mr. Tip's truly Hibernian expostulation.

"Come, sir, mount ! over with you !" said we, helping to push him upwards. "Now, drop this bag on the other side," we continued, giving him the sack that contained our implements. We all three of us then followed, and alighted safely in the churchyard. It poured with rain ; and to enhance the dreariness and horrors of the time and place, flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, shedding a transient awful glare over the scene, revealing the white tombstones, the ivy-grown venerable church, and our own figures, a shivering group, come on an unhallowed errand ! I perfectly well recollect the lively feelings of apprehension—the "compunctious visitings of remorse"—which the circumstances called forth in my own breast, and which I had no doubt were shared by my companions.

As no time, however, was to be lost, I left the group for an instant under the wall, to search out the grave. The accurate instructions I had received enabled me to pitch on the spot with little difficulty ; and I returned to my companions, who immediately followed me to the scene of operations. We had no umbrellas, and our great-coats were saturated with wet ; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoes and spades, &c. ; and taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such energy, that we had hardly prepared ourselves for work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally rumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unholy doings—at least I felt it so. The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarce see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got

into the ground ; taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. On—on—on we worked, till we had hollowed out about three feet of earth. Tip then hastily joined a long iron screw, or borer, which he thrust into the ground, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth at which the coffin yet lay from us. To our vexation, we found a distance of three feet had yet to be got through. "Sure, and by the soul of St. Patrick, but we'll not be down by the morning !" said Tip, as he threw down the instrument, and resumed his spade. We were all discouraged ! Oh, how greatly I wished myself at home, in my snug little bed in the Borough ! How I cursed the Quixotism that had led me into such an undertaking ! I had no time, however, for reflection, as it was my turn to relieve one of the diggers ; so into the grave I jumped, and worked away as lustily as before. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, startled me so, that I protest I thought I should drop down dead in the grave I was robbing. I and my fellow-digger dropped our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two, in an ecstasy of fearful apprehension. We could not see more than a few inches around us, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet ! They proved to be those of an ass, that was turned at night into the churchyard, and had gone on eating his way towards us ; and, while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw ! hee-haw ! hee-haw ! Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh ! The brute was actually close upon us, and had *given tongue* from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprang the jackass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got into it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury, and fear, lest the noise should lead to our discovery, that I could have killed the brute, if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered in an affrighted whisper—"Och, the baste ! Och, the baste ! The big black devil of a baste ! The murtherous—murthering"—and a great many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned ; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whisky as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy, that we soon cleared away the remainder of the superincumbent earth, and stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grapplers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice, accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of five or six minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four of us upon it—and depositing it on the grave-side. Before proceeding to use our screws, or wrenchers, we once more looked and listened, and listened and looked ; but neither seeing nor hearing anything, we set to work,

and prized off the lid in a twinkling, and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us the shrowded inmate—all white and damp. I removed the face-cloth, and unpinned the cap, while M—— loosed the sleeves from the wrists. Thus were we engaged, when E——, who had hold of the feet, ready to lift them out, suddenly let them go—gasped—“Oh, my God! there they are!” and placed his hand on my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter where his eyes were directed, and, sure enough, saw the figure of a man—if not two—moving stealthily towards us. “Well, we’re discovered, that’s clear,” I whispered as calmly as I could. “We shall be murdered!” groaned E——. “Lend me one of the pistols you have with you,” said M——, resolutely. “By ——, I’ll have a *shot* for my life, however!” As for poor Tip, who had heard every syllable of this startling colloquy, and himself seen the approaching figures, he looked at me in silence, the image of blank horror! I could have laughed even then, to see his staring black eyes—his little cocked ruby-tinted nose—his chattering teeth. “Hush—hush!” said I, cocking my pistol, while M—— did the same; for none but myself knew they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon withdrew the small scantling of light she had been doling out to us, and sunk beneath a vast cloud, “black as Erebus,” but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. “Surrounded!” two of us muttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, “Where are they? where? *Sure* I saw them! Oh, there they are! *Halloa—halloa!*”

That was enough—the signal for our flight. Without an instant’s pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprang like small shot from a gun’s mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away, scarce knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves,—now coming full-butt against a plaguy tombstone, then stumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed close at my heels panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe I knew not. At length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue. At the moment of my ensconcing myself, the sound of the person’s footsteps who had followed me suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stifled cry of, “Ugh—oh—ugh!” and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch dark—and if I crept from my hiding-place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never! There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till daylight? What was become of my companions?—While I was turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two’s distance, mingled with the sounds of a half-smothered human voice—“Ugh! ugh! Och, murder! Murder! murder!”—another splash—“and isn’t it drowned and kilt I am!”—

"Whew! *Tip* in trouble," thought I, not daring to speak. Yes—it was poor *Tip*, I afterwards found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as fright could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—souse—head over heels, into a newly-opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side, to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:—

"Och, *Tip*, ye ould divel! Don't it sarve ye right, ye fool? Ye villainous ould coffin-robber! Won't ye burn for this hereafter, ye sinner? Ulaloo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be treated like that poor cratur—and yourself alive to see it! Och, hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then it's kilt I'll be!"—a loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he was re-adjusting his footing—"Och, an' I'm catching my dith of could! Fait, an' it's a divel a drop o' the two bottles o' whisky I'll ever see—Och, och, och!"—another splash—"Och, an' isn't this uncomfortable! Och, an' if ever I come out of this—sha'n't I be dead before I do?"

"*Tip—Tip—Tip!*" I whispered, in a low tone. There was a dead silence. "*Tip, Tip*, where are you? What's the matter, eh?"—No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself—"Where am I, by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murdered I am—that's all!"

"*Tip—Tip—Tip!*" I repeated, a little louder.

"*Tip*, indeed! Fait, ye may call, bad luck to ye—whoever ye are—but its divel a word I'll be after spaking to ye."

"*Tip*, you simpleton! It's I—Mr. —!"

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out, "Whoo! Whoo! an' isn't you, sweet Mr. —? What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother's son of you?" he asked eagerly, in a breath.

"Why, what are you doing, *Tip*? Where are you?"

"Fait, an' it's being washed I am, in the feet, and in the queerest tub your honor ever saw!"—A noise of scuffling not many yards off silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E—, calling out,—"Help, M—!" my name—"Where are you?" The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking-place, and aided at *Tip's* resurrection, and both of us hurried towards the spot where the sound came from. By the faint moonlight, I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could come up to them, both fell down locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, gasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E—'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had discomfited and affrighted us all—OUR COACHMAN.—That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search after us. He it was whom we had

seen stealing towards us ; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name, when we should all have understood one another—when lo, we all started off in the manner which has been described ; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels, and fled for his life ! He supposed we had fallen into a sort of ambuscade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E—. Finding all quiet, he and E—, as if by mutual consent, were groping from their hiding-places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another—each too affrighted to speak—and hence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement, we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, &c., in the coffin, re-screwed down the lid—fearful—impious mockery ! and consigned it once more to its resting-place—Tip scattering a handful of earth on the lid, and exclaiming reverently,—“ An' may the Lord forgive us for what we have done to ye ! ” The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M—, and E—, and Tip, to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not yet ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence was throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right ! On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold it lay several yards further in the lane, tilted into the ditch—for the horses, being hungry, and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge had contrived to overturn the vehicle in the ditch—and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up—his whole body off the ground, and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however—deposited our unholy spoils within, turned the horses' heads towards the high-road, and then, after enjoining Jehu to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that “ shoveling in was surprisingly easier than shoveling out ! ” We took great pains to leave everything as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it, as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected. We then carried each our own tools, and hurried as fast as possible to our coach, for the dim twilight had already stolen a march upon us, devoutly thankful that, after so many interruptions, we had succeeded in effecting our object.

It was broad daylight before we reached town—and a wretched coach-company we looked—all wearied and dirty—Tip especially, who snored in the corner as comfortably as if he had been warm in his bed. I heartily resolved, with him, on leaving the coach, that it should be “ the divel's own dear self only that should timplt me out agin *body-snatching* ! ” *

* On examining the body, we found that Sir —'s suspicions were fully verified. It was disease of the heart—but of too complicated a nature to be made intelligible to general readers. I never heard that the girl's friends discovered our doings ; and

THE PLAINT OF ABSENCE.—By DELTA.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

I think of thee at morning, when the shades
 Fly off like spectres from the blessed sun ;
 I think of thee when twilight's march pervades
 The world, and wraps it in her mantle dun ;
 Beneath the moon, and when the midnight skies
 Sparkle o'er earth, with their bright myriad eyes :—
 Life seems a wilderness ; I look around
 In vain for thee, who spake to me of heaven :
 My thoughts are mantled in a gloom profound,
 And o'er my heart Grief's furrowing plough hath driven ;
 I see no beauty in the shining day,
 But peak in loneliness, and pine away :
 Wrapt in the past, mine ardent longings flee
 To dwell with thee !

I think of thee in Spring-time, when the flowers
 Expand in beauty to the wooing sun,
 When sing the small birds 'mid the greening bowers,
 And from the hills the ice-freed waters run ;
 Amid the Summer's wealth, and when the hues
 Of Autumn gentlest pensiveness infuse ;
 And when is howling the tempestuous gale
 Of Winter o'er the desolated heath ;
 When floods the rain-shower, or the rattling hail
 Mantles the mountain in a robe of death ;
 From the bleak pasture and the leafless tree
 I turn my weary gaze—and think of thee—
 I think of thee—and lo ! before my sight
 Thou comest in beauty bright !

I think of thee—I muse on thee—and then
 Thou stand'st before me, idol of my heart,
 In thy subduing loveliness, as when,
 Though link'd in spirit, Fortune bade us part :
 On thy sweet presence Hope and Peace await,
 And in thy melting eyes I read my fate ;
 Thy voice comes o'er me like the lulling sound
 Of desert fountains to the traveller's ear ;
 Again this dim earth grows enchanted ground,
 I cling to life, and feel that thou art near ;
 The present disappears, the past returns,
 And with the light of love my bosom burns,
 But when I name thee, the illusions fade
 To silence and to shade !

I think of thee—of all thy beauty's glow,
 Such as, when flashing on my raptured sight,

for all they know, she is now mouldering away in — churchyard ; whereas, in point of fact, her bleached skeleton adorns —'s surgery ; and a preparation of her heart enriches —'s museum !

With bright brown hair and alabaster brow,
 With cheek of roses, and with eyes of light,
 Thou stood'st before me in thy cloudless prime,
 An angel pilgrim, sanctifying time !
 And then I think, since we are sunder'd, pass
 How languidly the listless hours away !
 While Memory comes, in slumber, with her glass,
 When hush'd to peace is all the strife of day,
 To pour upon my visions richly bright
 Joys that have been, and hopes that set in night ;
 And in the virgin glory of thy charms,
 I clasp thee in mine arms.

I think of thee, as when, in happier hours,
 Thou stood'st in smiles, a heaven-descended guest,
 When life seem'd like a garden strewn with flowers,
 And sorrow fled at thy benign behest.
 Alas ! we little dreamt how soon the cloud
 Of disappointment pleasure's sky may shroud.
 Oh Fortune ! wilt thou ever take delight
 To tear asunder heart that grows to heart
 In mutual faith—Affection's blooms to blight—
 To step between link'd souls and bid them part,
 Hope's Eden-tinted landscapes to destroy,
 And mingle poison in Love's cup of joy :—
 Alas ! when shall the flowers of Pleasure's tree
 Unshaken pass by thee ?

I think of thee at morn,—at noon,—at eve,—
 'Mid cities and in solitude—I call
 Thine image up, while Hope delights to weave
 Love's rainbow hues, and clothes thee in them all ;
 Of thee I think upon the shore and sea—
 Awake and in my dreams I pine for thee !
 For 'mid the changes of this changeful world
 Thou hast been steadfast as the lucid star
 Duly on Evening's radiant map unfurl'd
 The first, and shining through the dusk afar.
 I gaze from out the deep abyss of care
 To greet that ray—and ever it is there ;
 Then bow, renew'd in faith, to Heaven's decree,
 The Heaven, which gave me thee !

THE MAGDALEN.

BY A MODERN DRAMATIST.

[*ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.*]—Under certain circumstances there is always a danger in a young man's playing the benefactor towards the other sex, in his own person. A thousand times better do it by a second hand—engage the services of some kind aunt or female cousin. You cannot extend protection without taking an interest in the object whom you benefit, and there is no telling where the interest which we take in woman—how slight soever it may seem to be at first—may

terminate. Many a man who has entered upon a speculation of the kind, perfectly free, has presently found himself embarrassed by entanglement, beyond the possibility of voluntary extrication. But this is only one half of the question, and not the more important half. If in such a case there is danger to you, there is another who stands in still more imminent peril; a being, in whose heart, gratitude, like every other virtue, when once it takes root, grows strong; and, where the more tender affections have not been previously excited, not unfrequently undergoes transmutation, and changes into love—a result, with a rather remarkable illustration of which I am about to present you.

Returning from a party one night about eleven o'clock, in the autumn of 1810, an unfortunate female accosted me. In reply to a remark which I made, declining her company, she uttered a sentiment which would have done credit to one who had never forsaken virtue. I was struck by it. "A pity," said I, "that a woman who feels as you do, should follow an occupation so degrading!" In reply, she told me it was necessity; that she was unhappy; that she would give worlds to be rescued from her present mode of life. I perceived at once that she was a girl who had received an education, and her manner convinced me that she spoke from her heart. The idea of the Magdalen Hospital occurred to me. I asked her if she would avail herself of the refuge which that institution offered to persons of her description. She declared her readiness to do so; and to put her sincerity to the proof, I proposed that she should instantly abandon her present abode, and take up her residence in mine; where I would place her under the care of a prudent and kind old woman who waited upon me. She looked up inquiringly in my face; and, for a couple of minutes, at least, neither of us spoke a word. "Are you serious, Sir?" she at length exclaimed. I felt that I had acted rashly; but something prevented me from profiting by the opening which her question afforded me for retraction. "Yes," said I, "my girl, my roof shall shelter you till you can be admitted into the Magdalen." She made no reply. Unresistingly she allowed me to draw her arm within mine—it was the least suspicious way of walking with her—and in a quarter of an hour she was sitting in my parlor.

I had now leisure and opportunity to observe her. She was an uncommonly beautiful creature. Her eyes were full, and of a deep blue; her eyebrows, two unbroken regular arches, surmounted by an open forehead, sufficiently high, and remarkably smooth and fair. Her face was a perfect oval; with a nose, somewhat between the Grecian and aquiline; while an upper and a nether lip, where the master line of the artist waved convincingly, composed a mouth of exceeding delicacy and expression. Her cheek was full of softness; but not a trace of the rose, that must once have grown there, was on it. Sorrow had plucked the flower—had taken it up by the roots. Though she wore her gown high at the neck, and her sleeves reached to her wrists, yet I could see that she was finely formed. She appeared to be an inch or two above the middle height; and a slight elevation of the skirt of her gown, as she endeavored to disengage her handkerchief from her pocket, in order to wipe her brow, which, I saw, was moist with agitation, discovered to me a small, well-formed foot, and a delicately-turned ankle. From such a combination of personal requisites, it was impossible not to infer a mind and a heart. Indeed, the whole demeanor of the poor

girl bore testimony to their presence. She entered my parlor as though she had no right to be there. I handed her a seat, but she remained standing; and when I desired her to take it, she scarce occupied a third of the chair. The light seemed intolerable to her; but what I perceived distressed her most, was the presence of my servant. "Mary," said I, addressing the latter, "This is a young friend of mine, whom I have unexpectedly lighted upon, and find in unfortunate circumstances. You shall take care of her for me till I can restore her to her connexions." At this the girl slightly raised her head; I could not see the direction of her eye, but I guessed it. "She will occupy my room, and I shall sleep out. Make her as comfortable as if she were your master's relation." What a look she cast upon me here.—It went to my soul. I bade her good evening, and that night she laid her cheek upon an innocent pillow in my bed; and I took a bed at a friend's.

The next morning I saw her again. There was the same uneasy and reserved demeanor as on the preceding evening. She looked but once at me, and that was when I entered the room; but that once was enough.—She was grateful, though she did not say so. I inquired how she had slept? "Well;" if the servant had made her comfortable? "Yes;" if she regretted the step which she had taken—"No;" if she persevered in her wish to go into the Magdalen? "Yes." After some time I asked her if her parents were alive? She was silent. I repeated the question.—She was silent still. After a pause I repeated it again.—She burst into tears. I felt distressed for her and vexed with myself. "I am sorry," I remarked, "that I inquired after your parents; I fear they are dead." "Well for them if they are, Sir!" she exclaimed—"Well for them if they are! Alas! that their child should say it!—their girl to whom they gave life, and for the sake of whom it were well for them if they had never been born, for she has brought sorrow and shame upon them!" I never witnessed anything half so piteous, as the agony with which she uttered this. 'Twas thrilling, and I felt too much affected to speak; besides, I thought it best to leave her to herself. Her heart had been oppressed almost to bursting with the feelings which my question had awakened in it; nature had suggested to her the way to ease it; she had given vent to what was laboring within it; and the gush, if left to itself, would keep on. I was not mistaken. "It would have been nothing, Sir," she resumed, "had they been unkind to me—but they loved me, Sir!—I was their only child—the dearer to them for that. Happy for them had they never seen my face! The care they took of me! The pains they bestowed upon me! The sufferings they underwent for me! For two whole months was I once confined to my bed; and night or morning never did I open my eyes, but one or the other of them was watching beside me! And their thankfulness, when I recovered, that Heaven had restored their child to them—to break their hearts!" She started up. "I'll go back to the street again!" she exclaimed, "I ought not to be allowed to repent!—Repentance is a blessing a wretch like me should not taste of! I'll quit this roof, where I have no business to remain! The roof that is fit for me is that under which vice and infamy are received, and, cursing themselves, take shelter!" "Stop," said I, "sit down and compose yourself. Just now you know not what you are about. Compose yourself, and then remain or go as you please, but sit down for the

present." She resumed her seat. "Surely," continued I, "one to whom the sense of error seems so intolerable, could never have been a willing trespasser." She appeared all at once to recover her self-collectedness. She turned full round, and fixing upon me a look, which demanded credit for the truth of what she was going to say, "I was not a willing trespasser, Sir," she exclaimed. "Will you hear my story? Few words will suffice to tell it."

"My parents gave me an education far above their rank in life. I contracted friendships at school, most of which were continued after I had left it. Although my old school-fellows used not often to visit me, yet I was frequently invited to their homes; whither, owing to the humble station and homely manners of my family, I always went alone. Ah, Sir! a young girl just entering upon life, has need of a parent's eye upon her! My parents were flattered by my being admitted into society so much above me, and always, on my return, inquired what gentleman had paid attention to me; for it constantly ran in their heads that I should marry a man of rank or fortune. This made me aspiring—Good souls! it was only their love for me. Well, Sir; attentions I certainly did receive from gentlemen; and many a fine thing was said to me; but there was one who was particularly assiduous in his civilities. He used to make a point of seeing me home. He always contrived to find out what parties I was invited to; and if he happened not to be one of the company, he was nevertheless sure to call for me when it was time to break up. He professed a passion for me, but for certain reasons, which he told me I should learn hereafter, he begged that I would keep his addresses a secret, and I did so. Oh, Sir! young creatures are fools who keep such things a secret; especially from those who, they know, sincerely love them. Had I confided in my parents, I might—I might—"

Here she could not go on for weeping. Presently, however, she proceeded, "I cannot relate the circumstances, Sir.—He was a villain!—He was a coward! O that my body had been only as strong as my heart! He ought not to have lived, Sir! But shame is sometimes more powerful than revenge,—I durst not tell the tale,—I durst not show my face at home again. I was soothed, too, with promises of instant reparation. It was postponed, and postponed again; and at last flatly refused. I dared to reproach, and suffered the penalty of my presumption in his utter desertion of me. I had now been three months from home. Two days did I remain in the apartment where he had parted from me without ever undressing myself to lie down, or even so much as tasting food! On the third, the mistress of the house came in to demand the week's rent. He had left me without a shilling, Sir! What was I to do? I tremblingly confessed my inability to pay her. She would not believe me, accused me of falsehood and dishonesty, ordered me instantly to quit the house, and even pushed me violently towards the door. I was desperate, Sir!—"Twas night,—I rushed from the house without bonnet, cloak, shawl, or any other kind of street-covering, and flung myself upon the town! My parents!—I know nothing about my parents! For five years I have neither gone near them, nor inquired after them. I suppose I have killed them! and if I have—so much the better for them, so much the worse for me!" It was a considerable time before I could restore her to anything like a state of composure. At length she was partly soothed. I learned from her the address of her parents, and promised

forthwith to make inquiries after them ; and, if they lived, to see them and speak with them. I then left her, having first exacted a solemn promise that she would not attempt to quit the house till my return.

I set out on my errand instantly. I cannot describe my feelings, as I drew near their abode. Should the poor girl's worst fears have been realized ! I forgot to mention that, several years before her misfortune, they had retired, she told me, from business ; and resided in a respectable house, at H——. I took a stage, and was there in little better than an hour. When I reached the house, I took a brief survey of the outside, as though I could gather from its looks whether or not its former inmates were its present ones. At length I lifted the knocker with a beating heart.—'Twas answered—all was right ! My agitation, however, did not subside when the servant-maid desired me to walk up into the little drawing-room, where the desolate old couple were sitting. To me, who had heard the relation of their child, it was not difficult to read her story in their faces—sorrow had traced them all over. I don't recollect how I introduced my business, but I opened it as carefully as I could, to prevent the shock of a too sudden surprise. At length, by degrees, I came to the point—I had come to speak about their child. From this moment neither the one nor the other of them spoke or stirred, whilst I went on with my story ; but each bent an earnest, anxious, searching gaze upon me, which nothing but conscientious integrity, both in intention and act, as to the errand I had come upon, could have enabled me to encounter. When I had concluded, they still remained motionless and silent, and I was beginning to feel my situation an exceedingly uneasy one ; when the female rose slowly from her seat, and tottering towards me, with the infirmity, as I thought, of age, fell suddenly on her knees before me, and the next moment was stretched in a swoon upon the floor. This had the effect of rousing the father, who started from his seat and assisted me in raising his wife. The servant was called, and she and her master conveyed the still insensible mother to her chamber, which was only the next room.

In little more than ten minutes he returned. He made a motion with his hand, as if he was either unwilling or unable to speak to me. I took the hint and prepared to depart. He opened a room-door for me, to show me down stairs. As I descended, I recollected that I had accomplished only the half of my errand. I stopped and turned round, "You'll see your child, I hope ?" said I. He made no answer, either by word or look. I slowly descended another stair or two, and paused again ; "Sir," said I, "your child was the victim, not of a seducer, but of a ruffian ! She is a penitent ; she loves you, and her heart is breaking with remorse for the misery she has caused you ! Will you not see her ?" My second appeal was as fruitless as my first. He never opened his lips, but kept them firmly pressed together. Without interchanging a word with me, he saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and stepping on smartly before me, he hastily opened the street-door. I paused a third time. "You are a father, Sir," said I, "and you know your own duty best. Your child repents her of her errors, and is willing to abjure them forever ; but, so strong is her sense of the wrong she has inflicted upon her mother and upon you, she doubts the practicability of penitence. How far your inflexibility may confirm her in her misgivings, I do not pretend to calculate. I have only my own duty to answer for,—I have taken her under my protection, and I will save her if I can !" Saying this, I was in the

act of passing out when I felt myself arrested, and firmly, though tremulously grasped by the hand. I turned round, and saw in the old man's countenance the workings of the father's soul, struggling, in defiance of nature, to preserve the man. The contest had been kept up till the last moment; it was impossible to maintain it longer—his tears were gushing—he drew me back into the hall and put to the door. "I thank you, Sir," said he, "an old, broken-hearted father thanks you. I'll see my child, and tell her so—I'll see her to-morrow; for her mother is unable to accompany me to your house to-day,—and tell her we forgive her, Sir! She has, indeed, afflicted us!—shamed us;—but we have nothing else to live for,—she was our all, Sir, and fallen as she is, she is still our all. Although she could forget that she was our child, she shall find that we are still her parents, Sir." His voice here was entirely overpowered by his feelings, and precipitately retreating to the end of the hall, he sat down upon the stair-foot, and sobbed as if his heart would burst.—I could not stay any longer. I let myself out, and hastened home.

The manner in which the poor girl received the intelligence that her parents were still alive—that she should see them and be forgiven by them—may be easily imagined; and I shall leave it to be so, as well as what took place upon her meeting with them; on which occasion, not daring to take her home with them, lest their tenderness for her should induce them to dispense with the course of probation to which she had consented to submit, and which they had the good sense to see was necessary, they enjoined her to remain under my protection; and solemnly assured her, that when her term of seclusion should have expired, they would joyfully receive her, and employ every means in their power to render her contented and happy.

It was upwards of three weeks before there was a board of managers, or directors, at the hospital. The first that took place her case was inquired into, she was pronounced to be a proper object for the benefits of the charity, and a day was appointed for her admission. Although I never slept in the house during her residence in it, yet I constantly saw her—for I had no apprehension for myself—and sometimes sat and talked with her for two or three hours together. But I ought to have had apprehensions for her—not that I was a coxcomb, and attributed any merit to my face or person; but because, when you once get admittance into the mind of a woman, and possess her confidence, the chance is you are not many doors off from her heart—especially when you approach her with kindness and protection, to which she has been long unaccustomed. You will laugh at the idea of a young fellow of two-and-twenty playing the ghostly counsellor to a fair penitent—for fair indeed, as I said, she was—of something less than the same age; but it was truly the case. And he played the part honestly, too, and well; as her cheeks would have convinced you, had you seen her tears roll down them, as more than once or twice they did, when he descanted upon the savage cruelty of compassing a young woman's destruction, for the sake of a heartless triumph. If there appears to be any mystery in the thing, one brief sentence will unravel it—I was engaged at the time. She used to listen to me at first with fixed attention, presently with interest, and that interest grew deeper and deeper every day. Her heart was evidently already more than half reformed, and had begun to taste the relish of a sinless life. During the third week, each day, when I entered the room, her eyes

sparkled with the welcome of pleasure ; and I could perceive, from a slight confusion in her movements, and from her hurried manner of addressing me, that she had been upon the watch, listening for my approach. Between the board's approval of her, however, and her reception into the establishment, there was a change which I was chagrined to remark, because I thought it argued regret for the step which she had taken. She tried, indeed, to look composed and cheerful, and she did so ; but it was with an effort which too clearly showed that her heart had no participation in the act. I sat and conversed with her daily, as usual ; but though I accosted her with greater kindness than ever, she was constantly abstracted. To be immured for twelve months, without once being allowed to set foot out of doors, was certainly rather a dismal prospect to a young creature of scarcely one-and-twenty. I endeavored all I could to reconcile her to it. She made light of it, and emphatically wished that, instead of twelve months, it were to be for twelve years ! " She should like it all the better ! " I dwelt upon the comfort that she would enjoy, when she returned home to her father and mother. The anticipation seemed to awaken anything but a pleasurable feeling ; she would turn from me to wipe away a tear. I had made her a present of a book, which, I told her, I wished her particularly to read. The next day I found her sitting with it, closed, upon her knees. Her hand was on it, and her eyes were red, evidently with weeping. It could not have been at the book, for it was of a cheerful, though a moral nature. The day before her departure for the hospital, her father and mother dined with her. I looked in, in the evening, and perceived that sorrow and anxiety were strongly painted in their faces. She was the very picture of desolation. They spoke to her in the most affectionate manner, and used every argument to cheer and encourage her. She scarcely noticed them, but sat without moving, and looked as if, every moment, she would burst into tears. I felt mortified—almost angry. I did not speak a word to her. Upon their taking leave of her, I saw them down stairs without bidding her good night : but I had left my hat in the room, the servant had stepped out, and I was obliged to return for it myself. The door was a-jar, and I entered the room without her perceiving me. She was sitting at the table, upon which her arms were folded, and her head was reposing upon her arms. I stood still, for a picture was before me. That day she had dressed herself, for the first time. She wore a lilac gown with short sleeves, and a rather low neck, displaying a pair of arms and shoulders of exceeding symmetry and fairness. Alas ! they were riches that had little blessed their owner ! I sighed heavily at the thought. She started ! looked at me, and shrieked—at the same moment, and, running towards me, fell at my feet ! I lifted her up in amazement. She seemed ready to faint, and caught at my shoulder. I supported her firmly in my arms. She burst into a passion of tears, and hid her face in my breast ; then suddenly disengaging herself, broke from me, and rushed out of the room ! I was utterly confounded. I threw myself into a chair, and knew not what to think.

I believe I had remained a quarter of an hour in the same attitude, my arms folded, and my feet crossed, when the door opened.—It was she. She no longer wept. Her eyes were cast upon the ground. Her cheek was flushed, but her air was composed. " I have come back, Sir," said she, " I have come back to ask your pardon." I de-

sired her to come in, for she remained standing at the door. She obeyed me, hesitatingly ; and sat down at a distance from me, upon the first chair she came to. "I am a poor unhappy girl, Sir," said she, "and I hope you will forgive me." I told her there was nothing to forgive. "But there is, Sir," she rejoined, "there is much to forgive !—too much ! I am the object of your charity—You have snatched me from a life of infamy.—How dare I feel anything but thankfulness ? and yet for the last three days, you must have thought me discontented and ungrateful." I told her I never suspected her of ingratitude, but that I had remarked she had been unhappy. "I have been unhappy, Sir," she exclaimed, "and I must be unhappy ! I had no conception till now of the extent of my ruin—or of the nature of my own heart. I feel that it was capable of loving virtue—O ! of how devotedly loving it ! but love it now as it may, to the virtuous that heart can never be an object of value. A gulf, Sir ;—a gulf is placed between me and the good—in this world—a broad—a deep—an impassable gulf !—God forgive him that made it for me ! and pity me that fell a victim to his designs ! I was not on my guard, Sir ! I was only turned of seventeen !—a poor, weak, foolish, trusting thing, that knew not herself nor the world !" She uttered this, without once lifting her eyes ; nor was there the slightest appearance of emotion, until she alluded to her girlhood, when her voice faltered a little, and a short pause or two indicated that it was a struggle whether she should keep in her tears, or let them flow. I felt an indescribable uneasiness, and durst not trust myself to speak. After an interval she continued, "But I am not ungrateful, Sir ; God knows my heart, I am not ungrateful !—O ! that I could prove it to you ! What would I stop at ?—what would I hesitate to sacrifice ?—Not my life, Sir ;—no, not my life ! You are the only man that ever showed me kindness, out of kindness—for myself—out of true charity ! I thought the best of men—Ay, the very best—were selfish, Sir ; till Heaven threw you in my way ! I know not how to account for it, but while I talked with you that night, I had a feeling of safety in your presence, such as I never felt in the society of man before. And I have been now upwards of three weeks in your house—at your mercy, to use as you pleased—and I have been treated with nothing but respect by you !—I that have no title to respect !—that have been little accustomed to it !—that have been used—O ! how have I not been used !—The insults, Sir !—the treatment !—You could not practise it, or conceive it. It has made me wish myself dead a thousand times ! I never met with protection from your sex, until I met with it from you ! From whom shall I meet with it when I leave you—never—never to see you more !"

I told her she was in error there ; that, in the place to which she was going, she would meet with the greatest attention and kindness ; and that, as to her never seeing me again, that was not a necessary consequence of our parting at present ; that, at all events, she should find a friend in me if ever she needed one ; and that I should assuredly see her, as soon as her twelvemonth of seclusion was complete. "Twere better not, Sir," she rejoined, "twere better not !" and in a tone so touchingly impressive, that my heart throbbed. The idea struck me fully, for the first time, that I had excited an interest in the heart of the girl, such as she had never felt before. We both sat silent for a time. At length she drew a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, and breathed again, as it were to her-

self, " 'twere better not ! " Was she acting ? The life of infamy she had led recurred to me—the arts of women of abandoned character—the proverbial difficulty of ever thoroughly reforming them. " My girl," said I, " what do you mean ? " She made no reply ; but, averting her face, she sat with her back half towards me ; her elbow upon the back of the chair, and her hand supporting her head. " Ellen," said I, " I have dealt with you honestly, hitherto, and honestly will I deal with you to the last ; I am convinced that you are sorry at having consented to go into the Magdalen. 'Tis still in your power to take that step or not. You have till to-morrow to think of it ; and by that time you can make up your mind. " She shook her head. " You wrong me, Sir," said she, " to-morrow I shall go into the Magdalen. " " I am utterly at a loss, then," said I, " how to interpret your conduct. What do you mean by saying that it would be better for me not to see you again ? I have no desire to see you, except to be of service to you. " " I know it," was her remark. " I know that I am nothing more to you than the beggar in the street, whom your charity relieves with an alms—a large alms, Sir, have you given to me ! " I felt as if her reply was a reproof for the observation which had elicited it. " Not so, Ellen," said I, " you never asked an alms of me ; I spontaneously proffered you service, and was more than repaid by your accepting it. " " Why," said she, " why do you talk to me thus ? But for you, to whom might I have been listening to-night ? To a profligate ! perhaps an inebriated brute ;—accosting me in language—O, how different from that which for the last three weeks has been addressed to me under your generous roof !—language, which, depraved as I was, I never could hear without loathing !—instead of a man ! " She uttered that word, as though she had thrown her whole soul into it—and stopped short, keeping her face still averted. " Come, Ellen," said I, " we must not part to-night without understanding each other. From your manner now, as well as from what has already passed, it strikes me as if you would have me infer that I am not indifferent to you. If that is your meaning, don't deceive yourself—don't deceive me. " Scarce had I uttered the last word, when she turned full round upon me. No tongue ever vented reproach with half the eloquence that the look did, which she gave me. Her tears had been streaming all the time since she had last sat down ; to prevent me from suspecting that she was weeping, she had not attempted to wipe them ; and they were trickling down her neck and into her bosom. She kept her eyes fixed upon me for a minute or two ; then, suddenly starting upon her feet, with one hand she clasped her forehead, and waiving the other to me, without speaking, precipitately approached the door ; which, in her trepidation, she bolted instead of opening.

I followed her to it. I saw that I had deeply wounded her. I entreated her to return to her seat, and compose herself. She neither moved nor spoke, but sobbed convulsively. My heart bled for her—I could have taken her to my bosom if I durst. " Ellen," said I, at the same moment unbolting the door, " good night—I shall not see you again, before you leave me. I fear I have displeased you, but, indeed, I did not mean it ; and I entreat your pardon ! " She shrank at the word " pardon. "—" Good night," I resumed. " Under God, the most efficient friend you can meet with is yourself—if you can determine to become, and remain, your own friend. Should you ever require assistance from another, be sure you apply to me. I shall always take

an interest, Ellen, in your happiness, and, to the utmost of my power, will promote it." She slowly passed into the lobby, and ascended the first stair of the flight that led to her chamber, and stood there. I bade her good night again ; and held out my hand to her. She did not offer to take it. Her forehead was still clasped by her hand—which, partly covering her eyes, prevented her, I think, from noticing the action. "My girl," said I, "once more good night. I shall not see you to-morrow. I know that what I said before you left the room has offended you. We part to-night for a year. Heaven knows what may happen in that time ! Shake hands with me, good girl, in token that I am forgiven !" Just at that moment the latch-key was turned in the street-door. She started, and clasping her hands, stood a moment or two with her eyes straining mournfully upon mine. She leaned towards me till I thought she would lose her equilibrium. My heart melted within me ; and, yielding to an impulse which I found it impossible to resist, I caught her to my breast, and pressed my cheek and lips to hers. "Good night, dear girl," I said, "Good night, and God bless you," and, withdrawing myself from her arms, descended, and left the house.

When I came the next morning, I found her gone. Her parents had taken her to the benevolent abode where she was instantly to enter upon a new course of life ; but before she went she left a message, saying, that she should ever remember me and pray for me ; and hoping that I would sometimes think of her. My servant added that, upon going up to bed, she found the poor girl sitting upon the foot of the second pair of stairs—the spot where I had left her ; that, upon accosting her, she answered more cheerfully than she had done for many days before ; and took her hand, and thanked her most gratefully for her attentions to her, at the same time invoking the richest blessings of Heaven upon me ; that, when she went to call her, in the morning, she found her in a deep slumber, dreaming, and talking in her sleep, as though she was speaking to me—pronouncing my name, and accompanying it with epithets of the most tender endearment ; that after she had been awakened, it was a long time before she left the room ; that, when her parents came for her, she lingered till the very last moment, looking anxiously out of the window in the direction in which I was used to come ; and that, at her departure, she wept bitterly. And the good woman further assured me, that upon going up to make the bed, she found the pillow-case so wet—no doubt, she said, with the tears which the poor creature had shed upon it—that she could almost have wrung it. "Oh," continued she, "I pity her from the bottom of my heart ! I never saw a more quiet, a more kind-hearted, or a more thankful girl—no, nor a sweeter looking !—And the mortification she will have to endure !—That fine head of hair, Sir,"—I forgot to mention that her hair was most luxuriant, and of a shining jet—"She will have to lose it, Sir !—She must part with every lock of it !" I was not aware till then that it was the custom, when a female becomes an inmate of the hospital, to cut the hair close ; and I sighed for the poor Magdalen. To say the truth, it was not the lapse of a few days nor weeks that sufficed to get her out of my head—not that my heart had swerved a jot in its loyalty to the fair maid to whom I had plighted it—but that I was—somewhat—interested.

This adventure took place in autumn ; and autumn came round again without my recollecting that a year had flown. The parents of the

Magdalen generally called upon me once a month, and always brought me the most favorable accounts of her conduct ; which, they gave me to understand, was so exemplary, as to call forth the highest testimonies of approbation, on the part of the governors of the establishment. Upon such occasions they never failed to dwell upon their deep sense of obligation for the service I had rendered their child ; and to assure me that, as far as she was concerned, nothing should ever be wanting, to prove to me that my kindness had not been bestowed upon an object that was unworthy of it ; that what above all things stimulated her in prosecuting, with assiduity, the work of amendment, which, under my auspices, she had begun, was her anxious desire to gratify me ; that, in their interviews with her, I was almost the only subject of her remarks and inquiries ; and that, they were sure, she never laid her head upon her pillow, nor lifted it from it again, without addressing to Heaven her most fervent supplications for my happiness. Of course I was gratified at hearing all this ; I unreservedly expressed my satisfaction at the success which promised to crown our plans for their daughter's restoration to virtue, and, at parting, never failed to charge them with a message to her full of congratulation and encouragement. I little knew what I had done, or was doing.

One day, after an interval rather longer than usual, they paid me their customary visit : when upon inquiring after my young friend, as I used to call her, they informed me that her term had expired a fortnight ago ; that she quitted the institution, leaving the most favorable impression behind her ; and that she would have called upon me, had not her health been greatly impaired by confinement, and by the exertions that she made to surpass the expectations of those who were placed over her, in executing the tasks that had been assigned her ; that she had gone into the country to recruit her health, but at her return would take the very earliest opportunity of waiting upon me, and thanking me. This was followed by some allusions to the substantial state of their circumstances ; and by a declaration that the bulk of their property should go to any young man who would make honorable proposals to their child, now that she was thoroughly reclaimed from the courses into which despair and not inclination had led her. I applauded duly the liberality of their determination ; the drift of which, at the time, escaped me.

This happened on a Thursday. Exactly on that day fortnight, as I was sitting in my study, in the act of completing the third page of a letter to a friend, the good woman opened the door, and with a countenance that glowed again with pleasure, informed me that Ellen was in the parlor. I will not deny that there was something like a throbbing at my heart, as I went down stairs. Our parting scene occurred to me, and as I opened the parlor door, I did not breathe quite so freely as I am wont to do. At first I hardly knew her. It was because all traces of the invalid had vanished. Her nature seemed to have been renewed, as though she had retraced a stage or two of life, and was again in the first, fresh-glowing burst of womanhood !—The spirit of young hope was in her eye, that swam in liquid crystal ; and the lily, which all-possessed her cheek when last I saw her, had now made room for the rose, and gained, beyond belief, by what it yielded. Her form, too, had infinitely more of shape ; and, without any material increase of bulk, appeared of a richer, firmer roundness. Such was the impression of the first glance. The second presented to me nothing

but a face and a neck—one blush ; and a pair of downcast eyes, veiled by a pair of lids, as full and rich as ever drooped over the orbs of woman. I guessed at once how the matter stood. The act of endearment into which my sympathy—say my weakness—betrayed me, when I parted from the poor Magdalen, and the interest which I allowed her to know I subsequently took in her fate, and which, in their communications with her, her parents had perhaps exaggerated ; rose up in accusation against me. But my resolution was taken on the instant. I had inadvertently betrayed her into an erroneous impression, as to the state of my feelings towards her ; not a moment was to be lost in disabusing her of it. I approached her ; and, taking her hand, cordially shook it, and immediately dropped it again ; and then, addressing her with an air of kind and unembarrassed frankness, I told her that I was glad to see her, and happy at the complete success that had attended the meritorious step which she had taken ; and, in that success, was more than rewarded for any little assistance I had rendered her ; that I was convinced she would now prove a blessing to her parents, to smooth whose downhill of life was a duty, the discharging of which, I was sure, she would regard as her most delightful occupation ; that I knew she would persevere in cultivating the virtuous habits to which she had returned, and that it would always give me pleasure to hear of her prosperity. I did not trust myself to look at her till the close of this address, and then it was only a glance—her cheek was bloodless. I told her to sit down and rest herself, and that I would order some refreshment for her ; but was sorry I could not stop, as business called me away. She listened without uttering a word—almost without breathing ; I bade her good by—shaking her by the hand, which I felt was damp and cold—and left her. I went out and walked as far as Charing Cross, not without a sensation of pain at my heart. I had never done anything in my life, which cost me such an effort ! 'Twas clear that the girl was sincerely—tenderly attached to me ; and, deprived though she had been, I should have been a brute not to have felt gratified at it. It is sweet to be loved by anything—but to be loved by a woman !—I know not what thoughts passed through my brain—what wishes rose in my heart. As I walked along I saw nobody—heeded nobody. Friends—mistress—all were for the time forgotten. Had any one accosted me, I am sure, from the replies I should have made him, he would have thought me mad. Every faculty was absorbed in the idea of the Magdalen. I had scarcely reached Temple Bar, on my return, when some one came right against me—'twas the Magdalen. She staggered—recovered herself, and without looking up or speaking, passed on. I looked after her, as, unsteadily and listlessly, she pursued her way—like Hamlet, finding it without her eyes. My heart smote me for leaving her without a guide, and she in such a state of abstraction ; but what kind of a guide should I have been for her ? In so crowded a thoroughfare as Fleet-street, you may easily imagine that she was soon out of sight. I felt indescribably oppressed ! When I reached home, my servant informed me, that upon taking up to her the refreshments which I had ordered, she found her standing like a statue in the room ; that she had no small difficulty in awakening her attention ; that when she at last succeeded, and pressed her to partake of what she had brought, a smile of unutterable bitterness was all her reply ; after which, casting once or twice a look of anguish round the room, she hurried precipitately from the house.

One—two—three weeks elapsed, and no sign of the Magdalen or her parents. I made up my mind that I should never hear from her, or see her again—'twas best. A month elapsed,—a second one, with the same result. I seldom or never thought of her now. If she had felt a passion for me, she had seen the folly of it, and got over it. I had now completed a three years' term of courtship, and had proved at last a thriving wooer. My wedding-day was fixed; and at length the morning, which the lover thinks will never dawn, broke smiling in upon me. At nine o'clock I led my bride to the church. A couple had just been married, and were in the act of retiring from the altar. The bride, who was veiled, stopped at a little distance before us, while the bridegroom, who seemed to be considerably her elder, and another person, stepped aside to speak with the clerk. As I led my blushing, trembling partner forward, I heard a half-smothered shriek. It came from the young woman! whom I caught as she was sinking upon the pavement of the aisle. I called for water. The bridegroom, his friend, and the clerk, ran all together into the vestry to fetch it; in the mean time I lifted the bride's veil—I was supporting the Magdalen! but so changed, so miserably changed, I scarcely knew her. She had not quite fainted. I called her by her name. It seemed to rouse her. She made a violent effort and raised herself, her eyes strainingly fixed on mine. She essayed to speak, but a convulsive action of her throat and chest, for a minute or two, prevented her. At length, by an almost preternatural effort, she succeeded. "Thank God, I die in his arms!" she exclaimed; and with a slight shiver fell back. Water was brought; her face was sprinkled with it; they tried to pour some of it into her mouth—but it was endeavoring to restore the dead. My friends led the way into the vestry, whither I followed them with my bride, who, most unaccountably, seemed not to have been struck by what had passed, except to feel the liveliest concern for the fate of the unhappy girl. Indeed she was extremely agitated, and wept for a time bitterly; nor did she weep alone. In half an hour afterwards the ceremony—which, could I have invented any reasonable apology, I verily believe I would have put off—was duly performed, and I became the husband of the most affectionate and virtuous of wives.

I learned subsequently that, from the day of my last interview with the Magdalen, her health rapidly declined; that, notwithstanding, she had been addressed by a man who was considerably older than herself, and whom she had peremptorily refused; but, at the earnest supplications of her parents, at last consented to marry.—Many a time have I recalled this striking incident of my life, and never without emotions of a painful nature. Never could I acquit myself of having been blameably instrumental in bringing about the catastrophe which closed the brief and melancholy term of the unhappy girl's existence. Woman, I have heard some men say, will love upon slight grounds. It may be so. I am sure that when once she really loves, she loves deeply and lastingly; and never shall I hold that man guiltless, who nourishes in her tender breast the hope which he knows cannot meet fulfilment.

THE "SAINT GREGORY" OF ANNIBAL CARACCI.

[ATHENÆUM.]—In the gossip of art, few stories are more interesting than that relating to the importation of this celebrated work of art into

this country. As it is now one of the glories of our own, so it was once considered in Rome one of the richest jewels in that world of art. At the time when the French army were on their triumphant march through Italy, all were anxious to dispose of the valuables they possessed; so that the finest productions of art were everywhere offered for sums very far below their real value; and to such an extent did this ransacking of the palaces proceed, that the Pope at last issued his edict to forbid the exportation of all works of art, except with the permission of a committee learned in those matters, who had positive directions to let no work pass which might be considered a loss to the collections of the city. It was at this period that Lord Northwick was at Rome, when, not a little to his surprise, an offer was made to him of the "St. Gregory" of Annibal Caracci—but as a secret, for should the learned committee hear of it, for certain its departure would be prevented. What was to be done?—my lord was willing to purchase, yet fearful to lose his prize. A happy thought was hit upon. A poor dauber was sent for, who was ordered to paint, in body color, over it, a copy of the "Archangel Michael," of Guido. This was done, and a vile affair it was. When the picture, thus prepared, was ready for the packing-case, a learned cardinal, who was on the committee of taste, was requested to see the picture before it was sent away. He came, and not a little did he smile at the taste of the noble patronizer of art, in sending to England such a villainous daub. A gentle hint was given, that it was hardly worth the expense; but my lord was all raptures with it, and off it went. When the case arrived in England, several of the first collectors of the day were invited to see the unpacking of it, upon the promise of being shown a marvellous work—(Lord Radstock and Holwel Carr were of the number.) The picture was unpacked, and the "St. Michael" of Guido stood before them. At first they stared at the picture—then at each other—then at my lord. After enjoying their surprise for some time—"Really," said he, "gentlemen, you hardly admire the picture so much as I had imagined persons of your judgment would have done. Give me a sponge, for the dust, I see, has destroyed some of the brilliancy of the coloring." A sponge was brought. Another stare was given by them all, while my lord began rubbing away at the picture. Not long had he rubbed, before, to their surprise, out peeped the matchless head of St. Gregory;—another rub, and the attendant angels appeared;—again, and the magnificent picture was visible, to their great admiration and delight. Lord Northwick afterwards parted with it, and it is now one of the finest in the splendid collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

EVENING DRESS.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—Evening dress, composed of a gold-colored gauze, worn over a slip of the same colored satin. The body cut low and square across the bust, is finished with a vandyked garni-

ture, forming a revers. The sleeve is very full, but the whole of the fulness is not taken in at the top; those parts which are left are so disposed as to add greatly to the novelty of the sleeve. The bottom of the sleeve is composed of flutings which support the fulness of the upper part. The skirt is trimmed with a rich scroll-work of double shells of crape, bound with satin and placed rather lower than trimmings have lately been worn. The bindings and *ceinture* of this dress are of deep rich violet satin. Hair dressed *en corbeille* at the top, with small bunches of the ranunculus placed in the shade of the comb, which is of tortoise-shell, with a high gallery. The front hair is dressed so as to display great part of the forehead, which is relieved by a double chain of gold, passing across the hair, and losing itself among the side tresses. Shoes, gold-colored satin. Earrings and necklace of pearls.

WALKING DRESS.

Walking dress of rich pink silk. *Corsage* plain at the top, slightly full at the waist. A beautiful mantilla of embroidered muslin, cut in an entirely new style, is worn over the body of this dress. Sleeve large at the top, and not quite so close to the arm at bottom, as for last month; finished by a cuff of embroidered muslin and a ban of ribbon. An elegant trimming surrounds the skirt of the dress; it is formed of pointed *clochettes*, and is headed by a succession of graceful scrolls. Head-dress, a bonnet of watered *gros de Naples*, of a pale, but beautiful shade of green. The crown is flat at the top, and rather low on the right side. A superb plume of ostrich feathers, and a tasteful mixture of foliage, complete the *toute ensemble* of one of the most becoming bonnets the season has produced. The hair is simply arranged in curls on either temple. Green shoes and gloves.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A robe-pelisse of satin, color bright green, lined and faced with rose-colored *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* is cut rather lower than usual, and displays, to great advantage, a *chemisette* of cambric, which is made very full in front, and finely plaited lengthwise. Two plaited frills of cambric surround the collar, one of which is continued to the waist. The skirt has no other trimming than the facing, which is continued from the waist across the bust, to the back. Sleeve very large at the upper part, but small below the elbow. The upper sleeve is ornamented with three large leaves, set on full, and meeting a point, a little above the bend of the arm, where they are terminated by a *nand* of satin. A beautiful *capote* is worn with this dress: it is composed of white crape and satin: the front is of the cottage shape, and is edged with blonde. The crown is low, and surrounded by a *guirlande* of roses, with their foliage. Above the roses are placed *feuilles* of crape and blonde, intermingled with *dents* of fringed ribbon. The hair is arranged in plain braids in front, and ornamented with a jewel and small chain of gold on the forehead. *Brodequins* of green silk, gloves of white kid.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Since the warm weather commenced, *peignoirs* of printed muslin, or of white *jaconot*, have been a good deal worn in promenade dress; there is nothing new in their form, which is that of a wrapper with a large falling collar, and large sleeves of equal width from the shoulder to the wrist. Robes, whether of silk or muslin, have almost all pelerines of the same material; they have either

a festooned trimming, or else a very broad hem, surmounted by a small fancy trimming, either wrought silk or a cord, an embroidery, or a tuck. Pelerines are mostly made of the shawl kind, and to cross at the waist. Sleeves have not altered at the top, they are for the most part tight from the elbow to the wrist, but we still see some of the *demi gigot* shape.

HEAD DRESSES IN DEMI-TOILETTE.—There is more novelty in this than in any other part of half-dress. Some *merveilleuses* have lately appeared in *capotes* of *gros de Naples moiré*, of a rose so deep as to be nearly cherry color; the top of the crown, in front, was formed of four rows of rose-colored gauze ribbon to correspond, turned in a spiral direction, separated by blond lace, also in four rows, and set on with a little fulness.

Leghorn *capotes* may be worn in half-dress, but they must be of the most beautiful kind. The favorite trimming for them is either a long spray of marshmallows in flower, which is placed at the back of the crown behind, and winding round it, rises above on the right side, or else a bouquet of *épés d'eau*, placed on the left of the crown, which is trimmed besides with two bands of twisted green ribbon. The inside of the brim is ornamented with leaves of green ribbon, resembling those of a reed.

Some of the prettiest white crape *capotes* have the brim sustained by five bands of straw plait, placed lengthways; three similar bands surround the crown, which is round: a large bouquet of snow-balls, or of the platina in flower, is placed *en pompose* on the top of the crown before.

Blond lace is very much used to trim the inside of the brims of bonnets; it is generally arranged *en éventail* on each side, a little hollow in the centre, and the ends terminating *en mentonnière* under the *bridés*.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—Although gauze and tulle, as well as fancy materials of silk and wool, are fashionable, they are not so *distingué* as India muslin. The general form of these dresses is a *corsage* in crossed drapery; the draperies are edged on each side by a row of open-worked points, and the sleeves, from the elbow to the wrist, have the fulness confined to the arm by three or four rows of embroidery to correspond. The skirt is embroidered above the hem in feather-stitch, in a wreath placed between two rows of open-worked points.

Scarfs of *organdy*, or colored muslin, are much worn in evening dress; they are either flowered or of Turkish patterns. Those of a brown ground, strewed with *arabesques* or lozenges of green, lilac, *ponceau*, and other colors mingled together, have a pretty effect on a dress of one color; but if there are different hues in the pattern of the robe, then the scarf is always plain. The most novel are those of white muslin, ornamented at the bottom in gold braiding, in exact imitation of the embroidery of a Polish lancer's uniform. We have seen some embroidered in silk braiding of different colors, but those of gold are most *distingué*.

Every article of a lady's dress is now manufactured in paper, and many *élégantes* have a fancy for wearing aprons, *fichus*, &c. of that kind at home; these articles are a most excellent imitation of muslin, silk, &c. &c.; but, as may be supposed, they only last a few hours. However, the fair wearers cannot complain, for the price is but a few sous.

VARIETIES.

REVOLVING OBSERVATORY.—Sir J. South has completed his revolving observatory. It is composed of cedar wood, moved by a variety of wheels, and weighing altogether six tons, yet a power of sixteen pounds will move it. The mechanism of this part is the invention of Brummell, jun. The celebrated twelve-inch objective glasses of Guineaud, are in the hands of Tully, the optician, to fit them to a tube twenty feet in length, constructed by Troughton. It is moved by clockwork, and thus follows the course of a planet, allowing the same facility of observation that could be afforded were the star a stationary object. Planets have been subjected to observation by this glass with a magnifying power of 1,400. The observatory, altogether, is said to be most perfect, and science will, no doubt, owe obligations to Sir J. South, which we trust public encouragement will repay.

CAST-IRON BILLIARD TABLE.—Among the various works of ingenuity now exhibiting at the National Repository, is a full-sized billiard table, constructed of cast iron; a complete triumph of art in the department of iron manufacture. The most extraordinary feature in this table, as a work of art, is the great extent of surface, 9 feet by 6-54 square feet of iron worked perfectly horizontal, for without perfection in this respect, it could not answer the purpose intended. However fine the large mirrors may be ground, it is well known that they are seldom, if ever, perfect planes when of a large size: this double slab of cast iron is, however, said to be perfect in this respect. The table has been planed by means of machinery erected for the purpose, and a series of parallel grooves being worked throughout the whole extent of the plates in the first instance, like the process of copper-plate engraving, these grooves are afterwards worked in cross directions till the entire surface is perfectly plane.

URAL MOUNTAINS.—The gold and platina obtained from the mines of these mountains in 1830, is estimated at—

	Poods.	Pounds.	Value.
Gold . . .	355	6 1-2	17,750,000 rubles.
Platina . .	105	1	1,200,000 ditto.

Gold is estimated at 50,000 rubles per pood (40 lbs., or 36 lbs. English); platina, at 11,520 rubles. M. Demidoff, counsellor of state, received from his mines of Nijne-Tahel, a unique specimen, viz. a piece of native platina weighing about twenty pounds; the largest piece before known weighs ten and a half pounds. The new platina coin has very speedily got into circulation in the interior of the empire; and the greater part of the platina found has been converted into coin.

RAPHAEL'S HOLY FAMILY AND THE ANGELS.—A miniature copy of this celebrated picture is now exhibiting in Piccadilly. The original, in the Louvre, was, it is said, valued at 40,000*l*. A very moderate *per centage* would, we should imagine, purchase this copy. It is, however, worth seeing, and may be original; but the explanatory pamphlet gives no insight into its history, and there is proof manifest of its having been retouched, and by a bungler.

MODELS OF NAPOLEON'S STATUE.—No less than thirty-six models of Napoleon were produced by the French sculptors, in the contest for

the honor of erecting the statue in the Place Vendome. MM. Seurre and Bra were the most successful ; and of these, the former was finally chosen. His model represents the hero in the costume made familiar to us by Messrs. Warde and Gomersal, holding a telescope in his right hand.

WEST-INDIA POPULATION.—The following table exhibits the relative proportions of the White, Free Black, and Slave population, in the several islands of the West Indies :

	Slaves.	Free Blacks.	Whites.
Jamaica	341,812	35,000	25,000
Antigua	31,000	4,000	5,000
Barbadoes	79,000	5,000	16,000
Nevis	4,000	1,000	450
Grenada	25,000	2,500	900
St. Kitt's	19,500	2,500	1,000
Total	505,312	59,300	48,350

CLERICAL BULL.—It is not always necessary to go to Ireland for bulls. A clergyman, preaching in the city of London, a short time since, took occasion to reprove some of his congregation for sleeping in church, and observed that many arguments could not be necessary to show the enormity of that offence, as it was one of those sins which people must commit with *their eyes open* !

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.—This stands upon a rock, which was found in a morass near Lachta, in Karelin, at a distance of eleven versts, or about 41,250 English feet. The dimensions of this stone were found to be 21 feet by 42 in length, and 34 in breadth ; its weight is calculated at 3,200,000 lbs. or 1,600 tons. The mechanism for its conveyance was invented by Count Carbury, who went by the name of Chevalier Lascuri. A solid road was first made from the stone to the shore ; then brass slips were inserted under the stone to go upon cannon balls of five inches diameter, in metal grooves, by windlasses worked by 400 men every day, 200 fathoms towards the place of destination. The water transport was performed by what are called camels in the dockyards of Petersburg and Amsterdam.

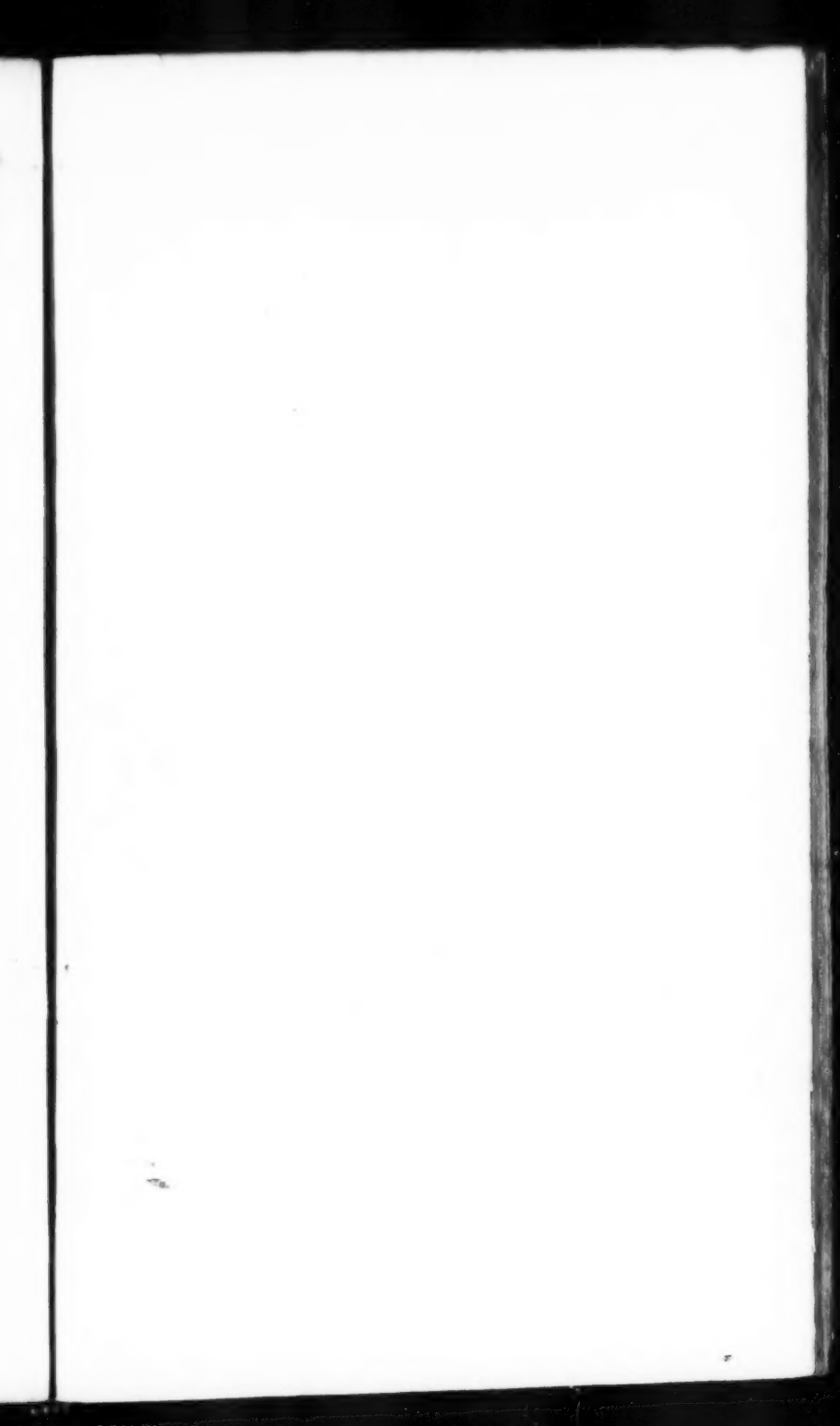
JOURNAL OF THE LANDERS.—We understand that Mr. Murray has given a very large sum for this work, and that it will appear forthwith—we have indeed heard, as a volume of the Family Library.

GAS IN THE EAST INDIES.—In the district of Keo-ting-too, in the province of Sze-chueni, are ancient salt pits or wells, which no longer afford water, although they have been dug for that purpose to the depth of three thousand feet, but, instead, they yield matter for a prodigious quantity of fire, which is applied to use, being, by means of conducting tubes of bamboo, employed to heat the cauldron in which the salt is boiled down. The residue is used to light the streets, halls and kitchens, by means of conducting tubes.

"Monseigneur," said a place-hunter to Talleyrand, one day, "your Excellency had the goodness to promise you would do something for me ; such a place is vacant."—"Impossible," answered Talleyrand, "learn, my friend, that when a place is vacant, it is already given."

"America," exclaimed Talleyrand, at a fashionable party the other evening, "is the cleanest part of the whole world ; they even call their capital, *La Vieille Blanchissante* !" (Washington.)

The Washington Times





Front view of dress & hat.

FANCY BALL DRESS.

FULL EVENING DRESS.

For Rose & Co's Athenaeum.

THE HEIRESS.

Look on her with impartial eyes, and then
 Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature
 In which she is defective.—*Massinger*.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—It was near midnight when the traveling carriage, which contained Lord Baltimore and his confidential valet, stopped at the door of the principal hotel at ———. The post-horses, which had brought them through the last stage, were covered with foam and dust; and as his master entered the house, Sciner gave an order for fresh cattle to be brought out immediately; this order could not, however, be complied with, owing to an extraordinary influx of travellers from the continent, and the young nobleman found himself necessitated to pause in his hasty journey, to repose the four jaded animals that they were even now removing from his traveling chaise. The valet bestowed a few guttural German curses on the innocent waiters and ostlers, who crowded round the equipage to tender their services; and after having despatched some articles of value into the house, he followed his lord to an apartment where the lately decaying embers were now rapidly expanding into flame and cheerfulness.

Lord Baltimore was an only son; he had lost his mother early in life, and had spent the last seven years abroad. He had just been summoned by the earl to fulfil a wish, which, unknown to his son, he had been nursing since his youth; it was that of uniting him to the daughter of an old friend; "there is another reason," urged the letter, "which will, I doubt not, influence a young man of your good sense. Miss Ashtonville is an heiress—our estates are involved, almost beyond all other hope—I revere the memory of your mother too much to dwell on the manner in which they became thus embarrassed—it suffices to inform you that they are so. Ada Ashtonville's father knows this, and yet he is too generous to annul the contract into which we entered in your childhood. Remember, however, my dear boy, that if your acquaintance with the lady engenders other feelings than those which will promise to make the union a happy one, *you are free*;—but I will, I do fervently hope the contrary; Miss Ashtonville is too lovely and too amiable not to inspire you with the highest regard."

Lord Baltimore received the intelligence of his father's arrangement with Mr. Ashtonville like one who dreams; but he instantly resolved to obey the earl's first wish, by immediately returning home, and to leave to time and circumstance the fulfilment of the second.

"This is a sad bore, Sciner, said the young nobleman, as his valet entered the apartment.

"It is, my lord," replied the equally-annoyed domestic.

"Wheel the sofa to the fire, and throw on a few coals; this room is as chilly as the catacombs."

"Had not your lordship better lie down for an hour?" asked the more considerate valet, "you are really looking fatigued, my lord."

"Pho pho, Sciner," smiled his master, "you would make a woman of me—why I must not nurse myself into effeminacy when I am just going to be married."

"Married, my lord?"

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"Yes, most ejaculating Sciner, married—is the idea of my becoming a Benedict so very extraordinary?"

"It is strange, my lord, that I should not have heard of it before;—hen there is an end to my hopes."

"And what were they?" asked lord Baltimore, willing to encourage the loquacity of his attendant, from mere lack of amusement.

"I confess, my lord, that I had hoped one day to see the beautiful Miss Ashtonville Countess of Mountmorris."

"What! do you want to give the young lady to my father?"

"Not exactly, my lord; but as I trust that I shall live to see your lordship earl of Mountmorris—that is, not hope, I ought rather to have said *expect*, my lord—for the will of Providence and the order of nature must be accomplished—so I might see Miss Ashtonville Countess of Mountmorris, without marrying her to your lordship's father."

"Upon my word, Sciner," said his master, laughing, "my honored papa would be much obliged if he heard you so learnedly speculating on the order of nature, and disposing of him to make way for me! But what of this Miss Ashtonville?" he added in a graver tone. "I have not seen her since I first left home for Eton: is she pretty? is she—is she—in short could you think her handsome now you have been in Italy?"

"My lord," replied the valet, "when I left Featherington to join you at Venice, I thought Miss Ashtonville the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; I have traveled since—I have heard your lordship admire a great number as beauties, in every country we traversed, but I have never changed my opinion."

"Why, you would not, surely, Sciner, compare my old playfellow with the Signora Tarentia, or the pretty Neapolitan?"

"I would not wrong the lady by such a comparison, my lord."

"Preposterous!" said Lord Baltimore: and the subject was dropped.

As speedily as it could be effected, the traveling equipage was again drawn out, and the young nobleman in his seat. "Featherington," vociferated Sciner, with an air of blended importance and satisfaction, as he took his place beside his master: and the horses once more flew forward with the velocity so endeared by habit to continental tourists. Lord Baltimore made but one pause on his homeward journey, and that was to shake hands with the old couple at the lodge, who had been pensioners of his mother; a short time sufficed him to traverse the park, and springing from the chariot, he was the next moment in the arms of his father.

"Francis, my generous, my noble boy!" cried the earl, as he pressed him to his heart, "you have surely traveled on the wings of the wind; I did not venture to expect you so soon. I have summoned an old friend to welcome you, Sir Robert Drewnorth; but he good-naturedly forbore to rob me of your first embrace—we will now join him."

Accordingly, the present and future lords of Featherington entered the library together, where the young men cordially exchanged greetings, and the earl had the satisfaction to hear his son declare his pleasure on again finding himself under the roof of his father. A substantial luncheon soon divided the interest, and Lord Baltimore joked his friend on his protracted bachelorship, and consequent want of interest in the fair sex.

"Why, Drewnorth, you must be nine-and-twenty; you had, I remember, a wife chalked out for you when you first came to college, and yet here you are still, the admiration of your own sex, and the terror of the ladies—what became of your *cara*?"

"Married!" drawled out the baronet, with an affected ruefulness of visage.

"Indeed!" said his interrogator; "whom did she marry?"

"My brother's tutor."

"What, young Syntax, as we used to call him?"

"The same."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Lord Baltimore, "she conjugated the verb *aimer* once too often for you, Drewnorth, did she?"

"Why, to be candid with you, I was quite easy on the subject: and you know that as *le passé est passé*, we have only to wish her long life and good fortune."

"Well, well, I'll spare you!" cried his friend, gaily; "but I should have inquired for the Ashtonvilles, my lord."

"They are quite well, Frank, quite well; and Ada is a perfect beauty."

A slight hectic crimsoned for a moment the cheek of Sir Robert Drewnorth, as, after a short pause, the earl added, "and extremely anxious to see you."

"The young lady, my lord, anxious to see *me*?"

"Yes, Frank, the young lady; the county rose, as she is called."

"It is rather singular, I think," said Baltimore, drily: "I can scarcely flatter myself that she remembers me, and should be still less able to do so, on a recollection in which I should figure in all the unprepossessing attributes of a hoydening schoolboy."

"Singular!" echoed the earl, "not at all—she knows how anxious I have been for your return, and she consequently wished it on my account."

"I am extremely flattered," said his son, still more coldly, and then sank into silence. The earl looked at him with astonishment, and the baronet with some difficulty succeeded in keeping up a disjointed conversation, until the young nobleman expressed a wish to divest himself of his traveling-dress, and motioning to his friend to accompany him, rose, and quitted the library.

"Drewnorth," commenced the heir of Featherington, as he closed the door of his apartment, "have you seen this Miss Ashtonville?"

"I have," replied his friend.

"Is she really good-looking?"

"She is, by many degrees, the most lovely woman I ever beheld."

"Is she sensible? Is she rational? Or is she what novel-writers call a *pretty rustic*?"

"If a rustic," replied the baronet, "it is certainly of a very novel description."

"I detest pretty dairy-maids!" pettishly exclaimed Lord Baltimore. "I hate country misses, and country educations, and young romance-reading ladies, who talk about 'purling streams,' and 'verdant meadows,' and such odious fooleries."

"But Miss Ashtonville talks of none of these."

"May I inquire her usual subjects of discourse?"

"Oh! a thousand things—you occasionally form a topic of conversation; she talks over your childhood with the earl, laughs when I recount your college pranks, and—"

"Indelicate!" frowned Lord Baltimore; "situated as she must know herself to be, she ought not to mention my name. I naturally conjectured that she would feel some anxiety to see me, it could not be otherwise; but that she would be indecorous enough to acknowledge this to Lord Mountmorris was what I certainly did not anticipate—I shall never like her—that is decided!"

"Do not say so, Frank," exclaimed the baronet, with more emotion than he might have been expected to evince at any assertion made by his volatile friend.

"But I do say so, Drewnorth, in simple seriousness; and if I do not like her I certainly will not marry her."

"Baltimore, you know not what you do!"

"Yes, yes, I know perfectly," persisted his companion; "but I would rather be earl of Mountmorris in the King's Bench, free, and unfettered in soul, than preside over the liveried domestics of Featherington, tied to a wife whom I could not respect."

"Not respect Miss Ashtonville?"

"No! nor any woman, who, aware that she was to marry a friend's son, coolly made up her mind to save him the trouble of persuading her to fulfil her share in the arrangement, by her gratuitous and premature condescensions."

"Nay, Baltimore, you have really taken a very erroneous view of the case, I assure you."

"I thank you, Drewnorth, for your kind intention, but I want no assurances—the thing speaks for itself; and Miss Ada Ashtonville has, I can in turn assure *you*, quite mistaken the road to my heart. Oh! yes; I can imagine this paragon of country production: a laughing, red-cheeked, hoydening romp, with grey eyes, called, by courtesy, blue: and a tall, gaunt, stooping figure, denominated, *par excellence*, a fine girl—and from a boy I have detested grey eyes, red cheeks, and tall women—the very idea is sickening!"

"Really, Frank—"

"Do not, my dear fellow, take any trouble to soften down the picture," cried Lord Baltimore, throwing himself listlessly on a chair; "no, I am prepared for everything, even for her obeying my father and embracing me. I wish that I had never gone abroad, or that I had never returned home." At this moment the sound of carriage-wheels attracted the attention of Sir Robert Drewnorth, and he walked to the window.

"The Ashtonville liveries—"

"This is precisely what I expected," said Baltimore, peevishly; "the young lady, I suppose, is come to tell 'her dear Francis' how delighted she is to see him; but I shall not leave my room yet; she will, possibly, be affectionate enough to wait for me. Oh! here comes an ambassador—well, Sciner, what does that fellow want?"

"The earl requests your company, my lord, in the library, to meet——"

"That's enough, Sciner: let him inform his lordship that I am not dressed."

"Baltimore, my dear fellow," said the baronet, seizing his arm, "let me entreat that you will not suffer your imagination to overrule your good breeding. Sciner, bid him say that your master is hastening his toilette, and will be with his lordship almost immediately."

Amid sundry "pishes" and "pshaws," the valet at length suc-

ceeded in putting the finishing stroke to Lord Baltimore's costume ; and he then slowly descended to the library with his friend ; expressing at every step his determination neither by word or look to hold out any encouragement to a lady, who appeared so well disposed to meet him half-way. What were the feelings of the baronet at that moment we shall not attempt to explain ; it is, however, certain, that when a servant threw open the door, the pulsations of his heart were as tumultuous as those of his friend were calm and regular.

It may, perhaps, appear contradictory, to say that when Lord Baltimore found himself in the presence but of Mr. Ashtonville and his father, he experienced a feeling of disappointment ; and yet so it was. He had been schooling himself into a fine situation for stage effect, and he was foiled ; even had his arms been extended, there was no Miss Ashtonville before him to leap into them.

The warmth of Mr. Ashtonville's greeting was not quite reciprocated, and there was even more frigidity in the young nobleman's calm and evidently forced inquiry for "the ladies ;" but the father of Ada was too much delighted with the handsome countenance and fine figure of his future son-in-law to cavil at an expression or a tone. An invitation to dinner for the succeeding day terminated Mr. Ashtonville's visit, and as the carriage drove off, Lord Baltimore murmured to his friend his anticipation of a nicely-manœuvred tête-à-tête with the heiress in a snug corner before dinner ; all the rest of the party being most conveniently pre-occupied.

The following day, Lord Baltimore contrived to detain the earl and Sir Robert some half-hour after they descended to the drawing-room, before he lounged in and joined them ; and, whatever might have been the reason, certainly not negligently attired ; whether his mirror had encouraged him in his labors, it were difficult to decide, but it is certain that his expressive and noble countenance bore a flush of self-gratulation which at least justified the belief ; nor is it altogether impossible, that although the young nobleman had dexterously wrought himself into a conviction of his own perfect indifference, nay more, half-formed dislike to the heiress, he would have himself been disposed to make a very different impression on the mind of the young lady. When the trio entered Mrs. Ashtonville's drawing-room, they were received by the lady and her husband, but Ada was not there ; and in reply to an inquiry from the earl, for his favorite, her mother smilingly remarked that she would doubtlessly make her appearance ere long. She did not, however, enter the room until the last dinner-bell had rung, and the earl had already taken Mrs. Ashtonville's hand to lead her to table, when she advanced to greet Lord Mountmorris ; her back was towards his son, but he could discover in her elegant, and rather diminutive person, neither the bold carriage of self-sufficiency, or the awkward air of overstrained bashfulness, for which he had prepared himself ; there was a tremulous timidity in her voice, delightful to a fastidious ear, as she addressed the earl with almost affectionate earnestness ; and although little more than a moment sufficed for this greeting, Baltimore already felt somewhat less disinclined than he had been towards an introduction. As he was presented to her, a deep blush dyed the cheek of Miss Ashtonville, and the "eloquent blood" mounted even to her brow ; she had evidently prepared a welcome, but although her lips moved, she was unable to give it utterance. Baltimore himself felt his careless indifference considerably diminished,

and Ada, when she found that the unbidden crimson had betrayed her embarrassment, turned hastily to Sir Robert Drewnorth, and putting her hand in his, hurriedly requested that he would not discontinue his old practice of handing her to the dining-room; this, at least, Lord Baltimore could not but acknowledge to himself, scarcely looked like courting his attention—he even began to consider whether this marked action did not savor somewhat of rudeness, and he had almost decided the point affirmatively when the party took their seats.

"Well, my love," commenced Mrs. Ashtonville, when she had retired with her daughter to the drawing room, "what think you of the young lord?"

"He is a handsome man," said her daughter, busying herself in the arrangement of a bouquet of French flowers, which stood on a marble table beside her.

"Handsome, most decidedly;" resumed the mother, "that is an indisputable point, Ada; but what think you of his manner—his address?"

"Really, madam, I am afraid to peril an opinion so early; a dinner-table is by far too contracted a sphere in which to reply to so sweeping a question. I perceive that Lord Baltimore eats his fish with a fork, and performs every little table ceremony with etiquetical precision, but these are things of course; *ils bout sans dire*—and as to his address, if he felt but half as much embarrassed as I did, address was quite out of the question."

Mrs. Ashtonville was as far from the point as ever. "At any rate, my love, the first impression made by his appearance is a pleasing one—do you not agree with me?"

"A fine man always carries an undisputed passport to a lady's admiration," said Ada, quietly. "I did not think that Sir Robert was in good spirits to-day."

"There may be reasons for his depression," said the mother, significantly.

"Indeed! I am sorry for it." And Miss Ashtonville took up her guitar, and sang Mrs. Norton's pleasing song, "Love not!" with a look of perfect unconsciousness.

It was not long ere Baltimore discovered in the manner of his friend towards Miss Ashtonville an embarrassment, which could proceed but from one cause—Drewnorth loved her! and from the hour in which he felt this to be the case, she became an object of intense interest to the heart of Baltimore. He discovered a thousand attractions in the lady which he had hitherto overlooked; decided that she had fine eyes, fine teeth, and splendid hair—that her foot might have been taken as a model of symmetry—and that her hand and arm surpassed in beauty every hand and arm he had ever seen! It was impossible to account for the caprice of women: Drewnorth was handsome, intelligent, and perfectly well-bred; highly connected, and possessed a noble fortune, and an unincumbered estate. Baltimore threw a backward glance on his own embarrassments. As Lady Drewnorth, Ada might live in the greatest magnificence; as Lady Baltimore, a considerable portion of her own princely fortune must be sacrificed to *his* involvements. His was a mind which required constant excitement; he had now found a perpetual cause for it. The manner of Miss Ashtonville to the baronet was easy, cordial, and even kind; towards himself it was constrained, and almost cold. "Does she presume on the knowledge of

my difficulties ? ” was a question he bitterly asked himself ; but his better reason negatived the unworthy suspicion which his prejudice had engendered.

Baltimore had one evening been watching the unconscious objects of his tormenting reflections, when they were as usual assembled in the drawing-room at Ashtonville, and had just persuaded himself that Ada was decidedly not insensible to the attentions of his friend, when he saw her smile and blush at a low-breathed remark which he had just addressed to her ; he had himself at the moment turned away to reply to an inquiry from Mrs. Ashtonville, and indignant at the idea that they had profited by that circumstance to make their inaudible communications, he complained of sudden indisposition, and took his leave. There was an earnest anxiety in the eyes of Ada as he withdrew, but he would not suffer himself to remark it. “ Let her marry Drewnorth ! ” he muttered to himself as he sprang upon his horse. “ Lord Baltimore will, beyond all doubt, survive the calamity ! ”

The following evening had been fixed for the attendance of the two families at the little theatre of the neighboring town, and in the exuberance of his doughty indignation, Baltimore determined to join them there, rather than intrude his unwelcome society on Miss Ashtonville in her carriage ; and he suffered the baronet accordingly to attend the Ashtonville dinner-party ; while he himself dined tête-à-tête with the earl, and eventually accompanied him to the post-town. The performances had commenced when they entered, and Ada was gaily laughing at the lively criticisms of the baronet. Lord Baltimore held his head higher, and looked graver than his father ; and as Miss Ashtonville gently touched his arm to impart to him Sir Robert’s jest, he coldly recoiled from the pressure, and bowing with a sarcastic smile, haughtily observed, “ you have doubtless made a mistake, madam ; as the gentleman for whom the honor of your notice was probably intended, is beside you.”

Ada looked on him for a moment with the most intense astonishment, but appearing suddenly to suspect the meaning of his extraordinary manner, she returned his bow by one equally chilling, and for the first time a pang pressed upon her heart : she made no effort to conciliate so wayward a being in the first moments of irritated feeling, and nothing more passed between them until the conclusion of the performance, when Baltimore ceremoniously took her hand to lead her from the box.

“ You are, I fear, offended with me, my lord ; ” she commenced, in a tone of conciliating sweetness, but was suddenly interrupted by an ironical “ Oh no, madam, you have mistaken my feeling ; we are both, *fortunately*, it would appear, for each, at perfect liberty to indulge our own tastes, and to be swayed only by our own inclinations—you are consequently the mistress of your actions ; and an indifferent individual like Lord Baltimore has no right to indulge displeasure, or to take offence when you avail yourself of the privilege.”

This was a check, whose repetition Miss Ashtonville had not courage to risk ; but she was more deeply hurt, when, on handing her to her carriage, she heard him request that Sir Robert Drewnorth would fill the vacant seat in Mrs. Ashtonville’s barouche, while on that Lady’s remarking the singularity of the circumstance, he coldly replied that he had not made the arrangement without a perfect conviction that it would be the most agreeable one to all parties ; he then shook hands

with Mrs. Ashtonville, and her husband, and slightly bowing to Ada and the baronet, he sprang into the vacant seat in the earl's chariot. "What ! lovers' quarrels, I see," whispered Mrs. Ashtonville, laughingly, to her daughter, as they drove off ; but no answer was returned to the sally, unless a deep sigh from the father of Ada, and a somewhat less audible one from the baronet, could be so construed.

"I will terminate this mental martyrdom !" exclaimed Baltimore, as he entered his dressing-room, and threw himself on his sofa. "Sciner, you may go to-bed ; I have a letter to write before I retire—a book to read—a—you need not wait."

Sciner gave one look at the fire, another at the young lord, and withdrew.

"She is a coquette !" apostrophised Baltimore, and at the moment a knock at his room-door roused him. "Well, Sciner, what now ?" The door opened, and the baronet entered, and then closed it after him.

"What ! are you a deserter from the Ashtonville supper table, Sir Robert ?"

"No, my lord, replied the baronet gravely, "I took my leave of the family at the end of the avenue."

"Indeed !" ejaculated Lord Baltimore, elevating his fine eyebrows as he spoke, with a look of incredulous scorn.

"I should scarcely have intruded my society," said Sir Robert, steadily, "when I must have felt it to be unwelcome."

"Oh ! you wrong yourself, my dear sir," said his companion, with a forced and uneasy laugh, "or, at any rate, you know that fathers and mothers are of little consequence in these cases—the lady, Sir Robert, if the lady smiles, all the rest is but 'leather and prunella.'—What cares a man of spirit about the convenience and pleasure of fathers and mothers ? That is mere antiquated practice, my good sir ; but *we*, the modish professors of the present day, do things better—set everything at defiance—relations, and connexions—old friendships, and older—"

"Enough, my lord," interposed the baronet, "little did I ever anticipate that I should be addressed by *you* in a tone of taunt—less that I should be so in the words of veiled, and yet palpable reproach—you have said enough—too much—"

"And yet," said Lord Baltimore, with cold sarcasm, "I think I have studied the old maxim of 'bear, and forbear,' with tolerable patience, both theoretically and practically, and I flatter myself that I have acquired some proficiency."

"Spare me at least so revolting a tone, my lord ; I am so unaccustomed to be thus addressed, that I fear I shall scarcely be able to brook it ; let me, therefore—I request it as a favor, Lord Baltimore, and I am but little used to solicit favors of any one—let me therefore request your patience for five minutes—"

"You may command me," replied the young lord, folding his arms, and throwing himself into an attitude of listless attention ; "I shall listen with all the patience you may require—I have been so much accustomed to exercise that very domestic virtue of late, that—"

"I will, nevertheless, be brief," said Sir Robert ; "I will not affect to misunderstand your meaning ; it were a poor and pitiful affectation—to-morrow I leave you—I go to my place in Ireland—would I had gone at once after I welcomed you home ; it would have saved me your friendship, and my own peace of mind—but regrets are now una-

vailing. I have already taken leave of Miss Ashtonville and her parents ; and I have at least the consolation of knowing, that—”

“ You have sacrificed your own feelings, and those of Ada, to an irritable and ungrateful friend,” cried Baltimore, as, ardent in every impulse, he sprang towards the baronet. “ Drewnorth, I blush ever to have doubted you—but from this hour—”

“ I am satisfied, Frank,” said Sir Robert, as he returned the embrace ; “ all I ask is, that we may part in friendship, as we have ever done.”

“ No, Drewnorth ! ” cried the excited young man. “ I will not be outdone in generosity ; you shall not leave us to-morrow ; it is now your turn to listen ;—I have been an irritable, an unreasonable fool ; I have felt bitterly towards you, without remembering that Ada’s affections are in her own gift—do not interrupt me—I believe them to be yours. To affirm that I am unhurt by this belief, were to be insincere ; despite a thousand prejudices, I have learned to love Miss Ashtonville—fondly love her. But her hand, if she has otherwise disposed of her heart, were a poor boon ;—I have just made this discovery ;—I should feel a pang in resigning her, did she indeed honor me with her preference ; but if I find it otherwise, I owe it to myself to withdraw at once my claim to her hand—and I will do so—to-morrow shall decide.”

“ Are you indeed rash enough to—”

“ I am reasonable enough, Drewnorth, for that is a better word, to learn the truth ; and from to-morrow never to see Ada again until she is Lady Drewnorth ; and I can look on her simply with the regard due to the wife of my friend ; or to assent to your immediate departure, should her decision determine you to persist in your original resolution. Do not endeavor to dissuade me from my purpose. I am an only son ; I will not be thwarted ; I cannot brook contradiction ; you have already had proof of this ; and now, good night.”

They parted ; and at an early hour on the ensuing day, Lord Baltimore reached Ashtonville. Ada was alone in the library, and he entered unannounced. She was as pale as marble, and her fine hair hung negligently around her face ; she looked languid, and her whole appearance bespoke a sleepless night. She did not remark the entrance of Baltimore, for she was leaning listlessly against the mantel, abstractedly strewing the leaves of a china rose on the fire, and watching them as they successively shriveled with the heat and disappeared.

“ Miss Ashtonville,” said the intruder, in a low voice.

Ada started, and looked round.

“ Do I intrude ? ” resumed Baltimore.

“ I have yet to learn the possibility of your doing so,” said the lady, extending her hand ; “ I am then forgiven, my lord ? ”

“ You have robbed me of a question, Miss Ashtonville ; we will neither of us repeat it. I am an early guest—I came to—to announce—that is, not to announce, for I believe that he has already mentioned to you his intended departure—”

“ You allude to Sir Robert Drewnorth,” said the lady, calmly.

“ I do,” replied her companion ; “ are you aware of the reason of this sudden determination ? ”

“ He did not advance one,” said Ada, and her face glowed.

“ He held it unnecessary,” pursued Baltimore, with increased seriousness ; “ needed there words to tell Miss Ashtonville that he loved

her? Surely not—there is a feeling in every female breast which prompts to the discovery.”

“Do not pain me by the assurance of such—”

“Suffer me to conclude, Miss Ashtonville. Sir Robert is my friend—I know him to be a man of unsullied honor and spotless integrity. Of his personal accomplishments I need not speak. I have already told you that he loves you. I were ungenerous indeed to cast the fetter of restraint over your actions. Forget the arrangement which has been made by our families—if, as I fear, Sir Robert is honored by your preference—”

“Sir Robert!” exclaimed Ada, with a malignant start; “is it kind, is it generous, my lord, to select such a subject for railery? My situation was already sufficiently distressing. I had hoped that my conduct would have secured me from the imputation of impropriety; but I never dreaded the breath of ridicule, at least from the son of Lord Mountmorris.” She spoke with difficulty, and the tears of wounded feeling fell on her pale cheek.

“Miss Ashtonville—Ada!” cried Baltimore, “in striving to spare you I have, I fear, wounded alike your delicacy and your pride. I too am proud. The very dread of uniting myself to a reluctant bride, dear as she might be to me—Oh! you know not, you cannot guess, what the purpose of this interview has cost me—”

“Baltimore!” murmured Ada, and she turned on him eyes radiant with blended beauty and affection, “surely, surely, you came not here to spare me!”

“Ada! my own Ada!” whispered the lover, as he twined his arm round her, and pressed his lip softly to her pale cheek, which grew crimson at the pressure, “will you be mine indeed, without one remembrance of the hateful contract?”

“Self-tormenting sceptic!” said Ada, tenderly, “you will make me a convert to your own doubts.”

“And are you really mine?” cried Baltimore, as he drew her yet closer to his heart, and she hid her blushing face on his shoulder, “mine! and mine only!”

“Not quite, young sir,” said Mr. Ashtonville, coming forward; “as an old, and it may be indulgent friend to the lady, I still venture some claim. She is not yet yours—but, may Heaven bless you, my children!” and Mr. Ashtonville spoke with such solemnity, that Ada and her lover instinctively sank upon their knees before him: “may you be blest alike in yourselves, and in each other—may the autumn of your days be as calm as the spring is glorious; and when at length the winter of existence comes, may the blight never wither up your spirits, but fall on hearts prepared and chastened for the change!—You are now young, but Time creeps on stealthily; and remember, that although when his path is over roses, you remark not his footfall, he is nevertheless unraveling the skein of life, and that he will one day suffer the end of it to escape him. And now, enough of this—we are all too much excited—we must not forget that we are all mere common mortals, moving in a common world, and that our debt to that world must be paid; therefore, when Lord Baltimore has finished the arduous task of wiping away your tears, Ada, and you have ceased renewing the necessity of his labors, you will find me with your mother.”

SPECIMENS OF LANDOR'S POETRY.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

SPRING.

HARK ! 'tis the laugh of Spring—she comes,
 With airy sylphs and fiery gnomes ;
 On cruel mischief these intent,
 And those as anxious to prevent.

So, now for frolic and for fun,
 And swains forsworn and maids undone ;
 So, now for bridegrooms and for brides,
 And rivals hang'd by river-sides.
 Here the hoarse-wooing dove is heard,
 And there the cuckoo, taunting bird !
 But soon along the osier vale
 Will warble the sweet nightingale,
 Amid whose song chaste Eve must hear
 The threats of love, the screams of fear,
 The milk-maid's shriek of laughter shrill
 From hovel close beneath the hill,
 Before the door the whirring wheel,
 Behind the hedge the ticklish squeal,
 The shepherd rude, the hoyden wroth,
 The boisterous rip of stubborn cloth,
 The brisk repulse, the pressing prayer,
Ah do ! and do it if you dare !"

PROGRESS OF EVENING.

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed :
 First through the deep and warm and secret glens,
 Through the pale-glimmering driven-scented lane,
 And through those alders by the river-side :
 Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
 Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.
 But, ah ! look yonder ! see a misty tide
 Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
 Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides.
 Until they sink and melt away like chalk ;
 Now it comes down against our village-tower,
 Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
 The clinging ivy from the battlements,
 Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
 All one vast ocean ! and goes swelling on
 In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

PASSAGES IN THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM MORTIMER.

My eyes are fill'd with childish tears,
 My heart is idly stirr'd ;
 And the same sounds are in my ears
 Which in those days I heard.—*Wordsworth.*

[METROPOLITAN.]—The subject of the following passages has been since
 my boyhood one of my dearest friends ; and at my particular request,

he has permitted me to commence my memorials with these anecdotes of his early days. They relate, indeed, to little but his University occupation; but, if there be any reality in Lord Byron's remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction," I think I may rely upon the reader's approbation.

Mortimer is the name of a remote branch of the family; I have judged it proper, therefore, to employ it; and in parts of the narrative where the insertion of real names was inexpedient, I have either omitted them altogether, or inserted others in their places.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

Merton College, Oxon. May 5, 1831.

Harrow is with me a graven name, like one of the memorials in our old hall,*—the brief record of some bright and buoyant spirit, and my heart returns to it like a pilgrim weary of journeying in an alien land, who longs to lie down once more in the home of his childhood.

I never had the free careless step of a boy; my face in my spring of life presented a grief-worn appearance. I have indeed experienced much sorrow both of mind and body; but sometimes, even now, when I go among the fountains of my early memory, thoughts will come up to me with a sweet and balmy voice, like birds which have built their nests amid the wild-flowers of some desolate habitation.

I am at Harrow in my solitary room again, cradling my fancies in the music of my youthful visions,—the poetry of my boyish aspirations. I stand in our ancient hall once more, and the evening light falls peacefully through the broken casements—I would not have them entire, indeed I rarely remember to have seen them so—upon the rudely graven names, and making a brightness among those touching remembrances; and our hamlet church with its hope and sanctity, like the quiet of a summer night upon the heart; and the old clerk, who has looked on so many of the living and the dead, and whose performance upon the trombone afforded us so much delight,—they are with me in my meditations. The recollections of them are beautiful, but they are like the moon-gleams upon the grass-covered tomb-stone of a brother or sister,—they only brighten the almost worn-out inscription which tells of beauty gone from the earth,—of joy darkened forever.

I can scarcely flatter myself with the belief that the following extracts from the journal of an unknown and solitary student will offer any attraction, save to those with whom the author is acquainted; but I could not refuse a request made to me by one, whom I cannot hope to meet again in my earthly pilgrimage.

My infancy was characterized by no peculiar events; I was an only son, and the affection of my friends discovered in me indications of a genius strange and remarkable. I attribute none of my sorrows to my parents; I lost my inheritance by misfortune.

I was educated at home with my sister, who was two years older than myself, and much of the patience with which I have endured my after-calamities, is owing to that gentle companionship. She was the loveliest girl I have ever seen, and, I speak without prejudice, her voice was like the dying of music; her face did of a truth make the gazer glad when he looked upon it. In my tenth year I was sent to a public school. My father, at this period, had a cottage three miles from town,

* Alluding to the names cut upon the walls.

and the Hastings mail, which passed our door about half past five in the morning, was the signal for my rising. Lawrence-Poultney Lane! how many times have I paced its cold and silent pavement, or sat down upon my bag of books pale and shivering in the corner of the gateway! My progress was slow, but satisfactory, until I reached the — form. I will do the tutor of the class the justice to acknowledge that I was lazy in the performance of the exercises, but that was in some measure attributable to their stupidity. I have since frequently thought of the miseries inflicted on Sir William Jones, while at Harrow, by an inexorable schoolmaster, who elevated him to a situation above his capacity, and then punished him because his acquirements did not keep pace with his advancement. I was at this time very weak and frequently indisposed, and was, consequently, sometimes absent. The cruel taunts lavished on me by that man when I explained to him the reason of my non-attendance, I have not yet forgot. In his visitations of disease,—in the loss of his best and dearest,—on the bed of death, and in the day of judgment—may the recollection of his having persecuted a defenceless boy come across his mind like the burning hand of an avenging spirit! I cannot resist the expression of my everlasting hate and abhorrence. If there be a crime deserving eternal reprobation, it is the persecution of the young and feeble, and those who have none to help them. With my promotion to another class my school-sorrows ended, and a high situation in my remove placed me at the summit of my juvenile ambition. A circumstance occurred at this period which would not be worth mentioning, were it not for the influence it exercised on my future life. It was this: on my entrance into the sixth form, I had obtained with some difficulty the books used by the class, which were numerous and expensive—I say with difficulty, for my father's embarrassments had increased to an alarming degree, and it required all the energy which he possessed to withstand the current of his fate. I did however obtain the books, and I well remember the joy with which I carried them to a shop in Cannon Street. I forget the number of the volumes, but I recollect that an edition of Herodotus formed the apex, which I steadied by my chin. The Midsummer holidays had commenced, and I left the books only for the night, intending to call for them on the next day. I came into town early for that purpose; and, as I turned out of Lawrence-Poultney Lane into Cannon Street, I found my way blocked up by engines and all the other impediments of a fire. I picked my way along the black and splashy pavement; some of the firemen were sleeping upon the engines, yet not a thought of the catastrophe entered my mind. As I drew nearer to the shop, the crowds became more dense and clamorous, and I heard the voices of the constables keeping back the people, who were pressing eagerly forward. I now, for the first time, suspected the truth: all hope and joy forsook my heart in an instant—I held my breath, and forced myself through the masses of idle spectators; the reality burst on me at once—the house was burnt to the ground! I felt a cold shiver run along my spine and I stood motionless; but a deluge of water from a pipe, which one of the firemen turned upon me, restored me to my senses, and I hastened from the place. All the remains of my books consisted of a few damp leaves of a Hebrew Grammar, which I did not recover until many days after. I preserve them to the present day. It was utterly out of my power to replace the books, and I did not return to the school.

I pass over the years immediately succeeding this calamity—they were seasons of mournful visitation ; but I have had a support in all my sufferings, both of mind and body, sometimes waxing feeble, yet still existing, a belief in the mercy and power of God ; and in my hours of extreme sickness and danger, when the cold wind of death, as from a land of spectres, has been about my pillow, I have not despaired. I know nothing which presents a more perfect similitude of my mind for some months after this misfortune, than an orphan sitting through the winter night without fire, or light, or any other blessing, beside the corpse of its mother. I have never again been so desolate. We had a large house at the west end of the town, and I was for some months its sole occupant : it was only partly furnished ; and, to one whose feelings are so excitable as mine, its loneliness was quite oppressive. I have sat for hours without moving for fear of the echo of my own footstep on the floor ; I have counted in the still night the pulsations of my temples ; and as I drew my breath with increased difficulty, and the cold sweat stood on my forehead when the shutters cracked in the wind, or a half-starved cat, my only companion, jumped up into my chair, I seemed to sit in a newly-opened grave, and the wet-clayed sides closing in around me. I am not writing for effect ; I am merely describing my own sensations. It was after an evening passed in this state of feverish irritation that I dreamed a very singular dream. I thought I lay in bed, weak and debilitated by a protracted illness, and on a sudden the chair by the bed-side was occupied by a cage in which I beheld the express image of Satan, in the shape he is usually depicted, gazing intently into my face. The vision was so vivid that I doubted not its reality. Oh, how often in trial and temptation the memory of that night has been an amulet upon my bosom !

I cannot explain the events which led to my becoming a pupil at Harrow, but so it was ; and my residence there forms one of the most beautiful episodes in the dark narrative of my history. My heart seemed to spring up into the pure serenity of hope and peace, and I walked out into the pleasant fields and the quiet lanes, like one who had been living in a darkened room through the summer, and who leaps out like a thoughtless boy, the first moment of liberty, into the sunniness of daylight. I was now in my seventeenth year, and if I had few friends it was because I had drank too much of the bitter wine of life to derive any gratification from the careless merriment of ignorant boys. My respect for the living renders it necessary for me to touch very lightly on an event which constitutes an epoch in my existence.

I had been at Harrow rather more than a year, and during my wanderings among the neighboring villages, for I never regarded the bounds to which we were limited, I had nourished that spirit of deep and solitary meditation by which I have always been distinguished. It is not, however, of my dreams I am about to speak. In one of my roamings I became acquainted, it matters not how, with an elderly lady who resided in a very retired cottage near Pinner. My love of wandering, perhaps, would rarely have taken me so far—but she had a daughter.

I will not attempt to describe Emily, you have seen her, and your memory will require no refreshing. How often have I exclaimed to myself, in the words of Shelley's Fragment on Love—"ask him who loves, What is life ?—ask him who worships, What is God ?"

I procured a key of my tutor's house, and in the calm and moonlight

nights I bounded along the dreary and unfrequented by-roads leading to the abiding-place of my earthly affection. I believe my absence was never discovered. Those meetings were, to me, like walkings in the music-land of heaven. What is like unto thee, first and passionate love!—thou art an alien to my heart; I know thee not, I see thee not,—but let me awaken something of my boyhood enthusiasm in remembering thee! Everlasting art thou as the eternal heavens. O young and passionate love! thou wast born with eternity, thou wilt die with it; thou art that fine and impalpable substance, a breathed essence dwelling in the light of thine own beatitude, and hanging like a shadow from the face of the Deity over the passions and the sins of men! Thou art indeed beautiful, thou art holy!

Emily—thou Beatrice of my young spirit, when a glad but lonely boy I lay among the scented flowers in the fields of Harrow-weald, how often have I waited for the coming of thy feet in the porch of thy village church; and thy small arm hath been around my neck, like the sister of my memory, and thy breath hath died upon my face, like the love-song of a Grecian singer! My love of thee was not the Tarquin love of earth, everything in me earthly was spiritualized; it was not the longing of the body, it was the appetite of the soul.

The 15th of June will never be forgotten by me; it was appointed for my last meeting with Emily previously to her journey into Scotland, where she was accustomed to pass some part of the summer with a sister of her mother. The evening was like the parting of an angel, so tranquil, so unclouded: I sat down on a seat in the church-porch, where we generally met; it was full of moonlight, and as I felt it gather around me, to my distempered imagination it appeared to be the raiment of a spectre. I held my watch in my hand, but hour succeeded hour, and Emily came not. Fearful is that solitude in which you hear the beatings of your own heart, thick and heavy as the tickings of a watch when the chain is nearly run out. The motion of a blade of grass made me start; the creeping of a small insect at my feet alarmed me; and the specks of light glimmering into the patches of moss on the tombstones, were like the eyes of the dead looking up from the sepulchres. I waited until three o'clock, and then I returned to Harrow. In one fortnight from that evening, Emily was buried; she died of a typhous fever, induced, as I believe, by a cold caught in one of our midnight meetings. Come up unto me yet once more, thou fairest of the Muses' daughters, from thy moist and grassy grave, and let me put back the shroud from thy face, and imprint one kiss upon thy cheek, ere thine earthly tabernacle be passed away! I am like Sir Reginald Glanville;—if the reader cannot appreciate my feelings, it will be in vain to expect his sympathy; I dare not look for happiness again.

I was induced to leave Harrow much sooner than I intended, by the earnest persuasion of my tutor, who advised me to sit for an University Scholarship then vacant at Oxford. I was entered of Oriel College. The number of candidates exceeded sixty, many of them my superiors in classical learning; and I obtained nothing by the trial, except a severe attack of the jaundice, which confined me to my room for several months. I had kept two terms, and had gained two or three college prizes, when some peculiar circumstances connected with my family compelled me to retire from the University. It has ever been thus with me; the moment a prospect of success has opened before me, my removal from the arena has become necessary. The evening was very

beautiful, in the decline of autumn, when I walked down the High Street for the last time. I never desire to visit it any more. It was unto me a stony-hearted mother, that city of palaces ; I asked for bread, and I obtained a stone ! I have wandered along the streets, hungry, and cold, and wretched, and no wine was offered to comfort me, no word of consolation to bless me ; I had sorrows, but none there cared for them ; feelings, and they were scorned there ; visions of beauty, and they were mocked ; hopes of honor and glory, and they were destroyed there. If at any time I impugn the providence of God in making me the poor and impotent creature that I am in worldly power, it is because I am unable to reward that city according to its deserts !

I date the beginning of my real afflictions from my departure from the University. My father had died, I may say truly of a broken heart. My mother's health was declining rapidly, and my sister already evinced symptoms of an incipient consumption. I was their only source of subsistence. I thank God he had given me talents ; I worked both day and night, but I was only able to earn a small pittance, which was ill paid, and totally inadequate to procure any comforts for my relatives. Little does the world know of the miseries attendant on the life of an unpatronized literary man in London. I had taken apartments in the neighborhood of Finsbury Square ; but although the rent was trifling, I could not always discharge it with punctuality. I shall never forget the night, it was on a Saturday, I had been writing incessantly the entire day, my mother and sister were in their beds, which they rarely left, and I was leaning over the nearly extinguished fire—when the mistress of the house sent me a note enclosing a notice to quit on the following day. Reader—can any crime, except the most heinous of all, equal the crime of being poor ? Wealth is the standard of excellence ; a man is honest, and clever, and amiable, in proportion to the plenitude of its endowment : riches confer on a man beauty, and power, and virtue, and intellect ; poverty gives him scorn, and ignorance, and impotence, and disgrace. Wealth is the baptism of the soul unto glory, poverty unto grief ; the one is the supper of the spirit, the other is the crucifixion : wealth buries a man in a crimson coffin, and in a marble vault ; poverty in a few rotten planks, and on a dunghill. But to return—I did not sleep that night ; the morning was lovely, and I walked out, but the light seemed to come through the narrow grating of a prison. I wandered along Oxford Street, it was Easter Monday. I felt myself wholly destitute ; I was like a sailor tossed about on an unknown and shoreless ocean—I could not find a spot for a hope to rest upon. I looked behind, and I saw famine and death ; I looked before, and I beheld an advertisement in the *Morning Herald*, and—the *Mendicity Society*. I would have perished before I submitted to either. If I had a hundred thousand pounds a-year, I would not subscribe a shilling to such societies :—virtuous misery will make no application to them ; their benevolence is like the tender mercy of the nurses in the plague, who stifled their patients in order to put an end to their sufferings. I have heard that intense mental anguish has been known to produce sudden death ; if the saying were true, I must have died. I had wandered on until I found myself in Hyde Park ;—I sat down on a seat near the circle, and looked around me ; it was a splendid exhibition of earth's magnificence. Merciful Heaven ! I exclaimed, as the multitudes passed by, the price of one of those chairs would save me from——. I could not conclude the sentence. I was rising to

depart, when I perceived at a little distance from the throng, a fellow-student of mine at the University, with whom I had been very intimate. There is no convulsion of the mind more terrible than the struggle of pride with filial affection ; I could have endured any pain rather than the degradation of making a petition ; but my mother and sister, pale and homeless, arose to my memory, and I accosted him : I stifled every emotion, I stooped to supplication, I asked him for money ! He was rejoiced to meet me—he was sorry his account was over-drawn—he refused me. The next morning I found his name mentioned in the papers as the purchaser of a celebrated racer for three thousand guineas ! The tempter was with me in that hour, it was only for a moment ; and I trembled and shrunk back—my heart was looking at me. The day went by, and I could not procure the money. I will not attempt to delineate my sensations as I walked along the narrow streets to my humble dwelling ; the evening was dark and foggy ; the black mist and the red light in the sky, and a few dim lamps, made an awful picture. I reached my home weary and exhausted ; my sister met me on the landing-place : I knew directly from the paleness of her face that something fearful had come to pass. My first question on my return had always been respecting my mother ; she had been very unwell in the morning, but the excitement produced by the events of the day had brought on paralysis, and she lay upon her death-bed. The mistress of the house had neglected to procure a surgeon, and my sister was afraid to leave the bed-side. I scarcely understood the purport of her last words—my blood stood still. O my God ! I cried, as I rushed down stairs. In our days of prosperity we had been known to a physician of eminence near Saville Row, and, though I was then in my infancy, I had frequently heard my parents mention his name. I had no means of obtaining a coach, and as I ran along Oxford Street, I was obliged to press my hand firmly against my side by reason of excessive pain. When I came to that part of Regent Street fronting New Burlington Street, I was detained by a crowd of people and carriages ; my blood rushed into my head, as I dashed here and there to find a crossing : I have often wondered that I did not fall in a fit of apoplexy. The faces around me were quiet and apparently happy ; I heard voices behind me, and laughter and thoughts of coming delight, and at the same moment I turned round and I saw a face which bore a striking resemblance to my mother's. The thought was fire to me, and I flung myself almost beneath the wheels of a cabriolet, as I sprang across the street. Mr. Mornington was out of town. I had one resource yet remaining—a gentleman in Russell Square, who attended me during an illness—I wish I might testify his excellence more openly—he was at home, and he came with me immediately. We entered my mother's bed-room together ; it was poorly furnished, and a rush-light, which my sister held in her hand, cast a sickly brightness over the soiled dimity of the curtains. My mother lay quite motionless, with one arm covering her eyes. I took her hand in mine, but it returned no pressure, it was very cold : I called upon her—she answered not—I had no mother ! She appeared to have been dead more than half an hour. I did not weep a tear, but I folded my arm around my sister's neck, and we knelt down by the bed-side. O my ever-loved, my unforget ! I have built up for myself a tomb in my memories of thee, and I sit in it as among the damp and chilly clods of earth which rattled upon thy coffin ; and sometimes in my hours of dreaminess and

alienation from the world, I feel thy hand parting the hair upon my forehead, now burning and worn with a deep furrow, and thy footstep falls on my ear, and thy form passes phantom-like before me, like the moonlight creeping through the foldings of the shroud upon thy cheek, as thou didst lie upon that old and tattered bed, sleeping thy last slumber !

I had no way of raising money for my mother's funeral, save by my own labor. For a sum, small in comparison with the intensity of my efforts, I agreed to furnish a number of papers to a publisher in the city : it was the price of blood ; but the proceeds enabled me to procure a respectable burial for my parent.

I have erected a small monument to her memory in the church-yard of Old St. Pancras Church, where I was christened.

IRELAND.

[CLONMEL PAPER.]

I heard the sound of death on the harp.—*Ossian.*

THERE'S a voice of woe on the western gale,
A mother's moan, and an infant's wail,
And the deep, half-smother'd sighs that tell
What pangs man's firmer bosom swell.
O, list ! for the accent of grief is there—
The faint cry of want—the deep voice of despair.
Know ye the land on whose breezes float
The sad appeal of that plaintive note ?
Hath ever your buoyant footsteps trod
The emerald green of her lovely sod ?
Hath ever your hearts confess'd the wile,
The magic glow of her greeting smile ?
O ! there in the lowliest wretched shed,
Where misery hides its drooping head,
That smile your wandering steps would hail—
And "cead mille failtagh" never fail ;
And poverty offer its scanty all,
With warmth unknown to a princely hall.
Alas ! for them—dire famine reigns
Supreme o'er Erin's hills and plains ;
Shivering and pale her children weep
O'er barren sands and rocky steep,
To snatch the black and rank sea-weed,
And bear it home with tottering speed—
'Tis famish'd, nature's last supply,
And may revive his closing eye.
O ! haste—in vain—that dying moan
Declares the immortal soul has flown !
And the gaunt bones that start, to pain
Our aching hearts, alone remain.
Now by the love of Him whose grace
Succor'd our sinful dying race,
Emptied Heaven's treasury, and gave
Its wealth—himself—to help and save—

Pity your fainting brother ! give
 The pittance that may bid him live !
 England ! fair peace extends again
 Her soft wing o'er thy plenteous plain.
 Thy offerings bring, with ready will,
 To him—who bade the storm be still—
 And you, ye race of that Emerald sod !
 Whose hearts beat high for your own sweet Isle,
 O think of the glens ye have often trod !
 Of your own loved home and its witching smile !
 Think on the harp whose tones could waken
 The deep response of your inmost soul !
 Think of Erin's brave sons forsaken,
 The sighs that burst and the tears that roll !
 Think, till the woes of our beauteous land
 Have soften'd thy heart and open'd thy hand—
 And made her perishing children prove
 The warmth of an Irish brother's love !

THREE MEETINGS ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

[ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]—"And a lovely and a delightful retreat it is, this *maison de Madame Beauclerc*, not very far from the *Barrière* ; in summer it is protected by a cluster of limes, whose blossoms drop down on the marble tables before the house, and now (it was on the 21st of December, 1830) you will find an elegant saloon, with two blazing fires, a comfort not to be frequently met with in Paris, you know"—said friend Scott, our pilot, as we were traversing the Boulevards.

And a fine place it was truly. We felt as happy as half a dozen of merry fellows will do, who have escaped the cursed movement of a Parisian mob, and find themselves snugly seated round an elegant French table, with *perdreux aux truffes* to greet an appetite sharpened by a previous passage of thirty days across the Atlantic, and half a dozen of *Chambertin*, *le plus fin du monde*, to crown the feast.

We had been sitting about two hours. You know what six young men will do, while sojourning at Madame Beauclerc's. Your Life-Guards do not charge more steadily. The *garçon* had to scamper till his patience was nearly threadbare. Well, we were sitting, some of us already in a state of demi-consciousness ; the Montmartre began to look revolutionary—moving—moving—quite moving ; the leafless limes commenced promenading before our eyes, when a rough voice exclaimed, "*de l'ordre, de l'ordre ; on a toujours assez de liberté, c'est de l'ordre, qu'il nous faut.*" We were startled. We jumped up as though the heroes of July were before the door. Scott alone kept his seat. The outcry came from a bewhiskered member of the National Guard, a sort of constitutional Janissary, hotly engaged in dispute with an elegant *Combattant* of *Les Trois Journées*, in tricolored *cravatte*, tracing out for the benefit of his countrymen—a constitution, indignantly protesting "*qu'on ait reculé devant l'idée d'une nation assemblée ; qu'on n'ait point fait révolutionnairement une loi d'élection, puis une nouvelle chambre, puis un*"—and so forth : to the evident *chagrin* of a young *Doctrinaire*, a member *du nouveau conseil d'état*, who, in short broken sentences, analysed, divided, and subdivided *la belle France* and her institutions

almost into impalpability, strongly insisting on the necessity of peace, and on the quiescence of *les grandes puissances, la grande famille Européenne*. Close to this trio sat a Saint Simonist, from the *rue Tailbout*, with a monastic countenance; and farther on, a swarthy Congregationist, who, for the sake of quiet, had twisted a tri-colored ribbon into his button-hole. The saloon had been half filling, unperceived by us, with all parties and denominations; with Buonapartists and Carlists, Guizotists and Republicans and Stationaires. The effects of Chamberlin and Maçon began to become evident.

"Fudge, aristocratical fudge, I tell you!" said a voice behind us.

I looked, and saw reflected in a mirror two integral parts of a *John Bull* just addressing themselves to the preliminaries of a French dinner, by means of a *potage à la Julienne*; and at the farther end of the saloon, a solitary being, also evidently English-born, immersed in deep thought.

"Fudge, I tell you," repeated the man. "Society in Paris is ten times superior to that of your boasted London. Where will you find there the statesman and the man of science, the nobleman and the artist, intermingling as they do here?"

"Just as I tell you," replied his partner in the *potage*; "as though they were not in their own country—mere sojourners—day-boarders; all politeness and froth, as on the first day of one's acquaintance. Your statesmen," added he, with a contemptuous look at the *Doctrinaire*, "and your twopenny noblemen—"

"Are at least not so proud and overbearing as our aristocrats, who would have less in their caskets if their earnings depended upon themselves, and were not taken from the pockets of the people. And yet they will sneer at these very people, who have to toil hard for their pensions.—*Gargon, another potage!*—If things go on at this rate, we shall soon have an Egyptian Caste system in due form."

"Let it be so," said his antagonist. "Every man to his business. Let the farmer stick to his farm, the mechanic to his trade, and the merchant to his accounts, and things won't go the worse for it. A man of talent will always have a chance, I warrant you, as our Copleys and Broughams have had."

"Yes, if they are your humble subservient creatures, and promise to be useful to the tribe; but show me an independent man, a man of genius, who walks his own way, who breaks through the fetters which they have warped around him. Show me one, but one. No, the *clique* will keep him down by all means, unless he accommodate himself to their views, that is, become an instrument for oppressing the rest. If Lord Byron had been the son of a plebeian, we should have had less talk about him and his poems. *Gargon! I say, Gargon!*"—

The young thoughtful solitary, afore-mentioned, started up, looked round, and cast a long glance at the speaker, but sank again with a heavy motion into his former musing attitude—

"And the less the better. That fellow has spoiled more boys and girls than any man in England. Better he had never been born."

"And who spoiled him? why the aristocracy, the very men and women who spoil all our children—every one around us. It is their cupidity—their luxury, which considers all things as their own—their pride, which sneers down the shopkeeper, the citizen. Nothing degrades and ruins more than contempt. The man who first uttered the word shopkeeper in scorn, ought to have been kicked out of England. Let us alone with them—"

The solitary youth had during the latter part of the conversation become extremely impatient ; the perspiration stood on his forehead, he looked around, emptied his tumbler, and, rising with a sudden effort, stepped towards the last speaker.

"And are you saying, Sir, that the son of a shopkeeper cannot rise above his condition in our country ?" muttered he, as if afraid of being overheard.

"Rise—O yes—to the gallows !" said the other, with a laugh. The inquirer shook visibly, but recollecting himself, turned away and left the saloon.

We had become attentive, and looked with some anxiety after him. In a few minutes he returned. He was apparently not more than twenty years of age, very handsome, with a fine cut countenance ; a brownish hue round his eye, however, seemed to betray some recent illness or dissipation. He was fashionably dressed, but there sat on his countenance a cloud of disappointment, seldom to be met with on so juvenile a face. He had no sooner paid for his wine than he retired. We followed soon after. When arrived at the Boulevard Italien, we alighted. At this moment the youth came running past us, and darted right into Frescati's.

"That young man," said Scott, "is going to ruin himself. It is almost a pity. Let us look after him." On entering the saloon, we beheld him standing before the table, muttering, with voice almost choked, "fifty sovereigns." We had not come up yet, when the *banquier* turned the card—the young man had lost. His eyes rolled in their orbits, wild and uncertain. Before we could speak to him, he threw his purse on the table. The *banquier* raised the card—the youth had lost again. Once more he cast a glance at the gold and the bank notes, and then, with a hollow moan, hurried out of the saloon.

Upwards of four months had elapsed. I had forgotten the house of Madame Beauclerc and its noisy inmates, when, one evening, as I entered Cornhill, I felt myself suddenly arrested by a man, who came running against me from one of the lanes which lead into that street.

"One sovereign, only one sovereign—half a sovereign—five shillings—for heaven's sake ! five shillings—five shillings, Sir !"

"What's the matter ?" said I, endeavoring to disengage myself from his hold, for he had seized both my hands with a convulsive grasp.

"Five shillings, Sir—she is dying !"

"Who ?"

"My wife, my poor wife."

There was in the tone of the petitioner something so uncommon, his voice so heart-rending, the manner so wholly different from the tribe of common beggars, that I for some time paused, uncertain whether to dismiss him, or to give him over to the hands of the police. Stepping towards a lamp, I looked into his face—it was the gambler at Frescati's ! With an involuntary shudder, I took a sovereign from my pocket, and before I was aware, it was in his hand. He darted away, as if haunted by the furies.

About three weeks afterwards, I passed with some newly-arrived friends through St. James's Park, on our way to Westminster. A party of recruits were drilling to the right of our road ; they were about ten in number, all of them extremely awkward, and evidently fretting the temper of a veteran sergeant, with the exception of one, whose

handsome form and interesting countenance struck us not a little. We approached nearer—it was the gambler of Frescati's. He recognized me, and blushed. His repeated blunders showed extreme embarrassment. At last, the men got a moment's respite. Stepping out of the rank, he spoke to the veteran a few words, and then came up to me. "Sir!" said he, with a slight military salutation, "I am the person whom you assisted with a sovereign; will you be so good as to give me your address?" I gave it to him, and he stepped back into the rank, and we went on.

I was dressing next morning, when my servant entered with my card in her hand, announcing two soldiers, of whom one desired to see me. I bid her show him up. The recruit of yesterday entered. He looked pale, almost ghastly, but his handsome countenance was advantageously set off by his neat trim white jacket.

"Have you an hour's time to spare, Sir?" said he, putting a sovereign on the table.

"Certainly," replied I, returning the piece.

"Well, then, you will not refuse giving it to a wretch who presumes on your sympathy, whom you have seen twice, and whom you now behold for the last time—I hope it will be, in this condition of life!"

I bade him be seated. He took a chair, and after a pause began.

"I am the son of a respectable tradesman, who kept a shop in E—. Of two sons, I was the favorite of my mother, owing to my elevated mind and lofty notions, as she said.—Oh, for these lofty notions! but let me proceed. She insisted on my receiving a better education than my brother; accordingly, I was sent to E— school, the school of my native town. This, you know, is resorted to chiefly by the sons of our patricians, and woe to the plebeian who presumes to intrude himself upon them; if not killed or lamed, he is poisoned in mind, by the utter contempt with which the worst aristocratical blockhead fancies himself entitled to treat him. I experienced this treatment in its fullest measure; in so full a measure, that, exasperated at the indignities I had almost every day to suffer, I revenged myself on two of my most rancorous and persevering enemies. For this act of retaliation I was excluded, and sent home to my father. For nearly three years I staid at home, in my father's shop, the most discontented being in the world. I had returned from the school with Virgil and Homer in my head; I had now to weigh coffee and soap, tea and candles. I had conversed with the sons of noblemen; I had now to handle molasses and lamp oil. I had even aspired in my visions to a peerage, and saw myself condemned to the most abject drudgery. I felt very unhappy. A circumstance occurred which rendered my situation loathsome to me. One evening, as I was standing before the door of my father's shop, the trotting of horses awakened me from my meditations. Arthur S., my school-fellow, just returned from Oxford, came riding up with his sister and a couple of friends, from the lane, towards our house; he whispered a few words to his sister, and then rode towards me. I seized his outstretched hand; my eyes, however, rested on Miss Amelia S., his sister, hers again on me, and with an expression which almost thrilled me through. There was something indefinable in her look as it hung on me, and then wandered to the shop, almost in disgust. 'A petty shopkeeper,' whispered she; 'what a pity!' The cortège of the fair Amelia laughed, and galloped off, leaving a venomous sting in my heart. From that day forward, my father's trade

became odious to me. Not far from our house lived Maria, the only daughter of a retired tradesman of considerable fortune. She resembled Amelia, the proud Amelia, the idol of my heart ; her I approached. I was not rejected by her parents, but no sooner had her father become aware that I wrote poetry, and abhorred my paternal trade, than he shut his door upon me. Our sufferings began ; Maria was beautiful, one year my junior, but inexperienced, like myself. She loved me, she delighted in my verses. ' Byron has gained thousands by one single poem,—why should not you, George ? ' The words opened a new sphere ; to gain thousands for Maria—what a happiness ! We saw each other, secretly, every night ; the furtive interviews added new zest to our love.

' My father began to be tired of my vagaries ; he desired me to enter seriously into business, and proposed to send me to London, to a relation of my mother. I was to set out the next morning, with a sum of five hundred pounds, to settle some accounts for him. There was an indistinct feeling within me, as I heard these orders, succeeded by a horrible thought. As I paced up and down before our house, meditating on the purport of my father's command, Maria came out of her door, beckoning to me. ' George, I shall see you for the last time ; papa intends sending me to uncle, after to-morrow, to stay with him.'

' The tidings affected me terribly. ' Our fathers conspire against us, we must prevent it. Maria ! Do you love me—will you ? '—A kiss was her answer. I took, next morning, the money for the settling of my father's bills, left the town in the stage coach for O—, staid there till evening, and returned to fetch Maria. My father had once suffered severely by one of our country banks ; he was an enemy to all bank bills, and had given me the five hundred pounds in gold. An elopement in our neighborhood, fully detailed in the newspapers, showed me the means of doing the same. We fled towards the borders of Scotland, were united, and then went to London. When we alighted from the stage coach, we stood lone and forlorn amidst the gaping multitude ; our appearance seemed to excite curiosity ; the people looked and shook their heads ; the waiter of the inn, before which the stage coach halted, lifted our trunk, and made signs ; we hurried into the house in utter confusion. I had left the greater part of my wardrobe at home ; Maria had fled almost as she stood. The looks and the jibes of the people told us what we required. We resolved to commence purchasing the following day, to make a more respectable appearance ; we did so, and continued during two successive days. The five hundred pounds had melted down to four hundred. As we looked over the goods spread out on the table, Maria, on untying a parcel of silk stuffs, cast a glance at the paper, in which they were enveloped ; she lost her color, I snatched the paper from her hand, it contained the account of our flight, and a description of our persons. We tasted no food that whole day, thrust our dearly-purchased goods into two trunks, and set off for Paris to escape our pursuers. France, I had read, was the country for cheap living. We had still near four hundred pounds, a sum equal to ten thousand francs. Many families, I had heard, lived there on the interest of that sum. Alas ! the cheap living of France ! At Calais all our purchases were seized, examined, and taxed. We had to pay nearly fifty pounds for importing them. Commissaries, waiters, barmaids, *garçons*, *gens d'armes*, every one combined to defraud *les Anglais*. Unfortunately, neither Maria nor I could speak a word of

French. We hastened to Paris under the most gloomy anticipations. How shall I describe to you our comfortless situation in that city, among hundreds of thousands, all of them utter strangers to us? Every step was expensive. Our stock of sovereigns melted away fearfully fast. You have seen me at the *restaurateur's*; we were then about three months at Paris. I had left our lodgings to seek peace of mind. Alas! my own countrymen opened a fearful view before my eyes. In my cruel disappointment, I caught the desperate thought to retrieve our sunken fortune by gambling—I lost a hundred and fifty pounds. Our property had melted down to one hundred and twenty. Maria, on hearing the tidings, almost lost her senses. ‘Let us start for England,’ she cried in despair, ‘perhaps our fathers will forgive us.’ The next morning we set out; in three days we were in London; and now for a settled plan! Hotels were too expensive, boarding-houses I shunned, we therefore took apartments: I wrote to our parents, and then set about writing poetry. My sanguine hopes had received a fearful shock, but I had gathered experience. I longed to write, but what? I could not even think for some time. Images and forms flitted before my fancy; I wanted leisure to bring them into order—into shape. After the lapse of two months I had composed twenty sheets; I gave it a title, ‘*Agathon—the Spirit of the Age*.’ ‘Never mind!’ said Maria, looking confidently up to me, ‘think of seventeen hundred pounds.’ She thought on the *Bride of Abydos*.

“I gathered the sheets together, tied them round with silk tape, and proceeded with a lofty consciousness towards —— Street, where the patron of genius, I was told, resided.

“‘Mr. H—— at home?’

“‘Your name, Sir?’ demanded the clerk.

“‘I gave it.

“‘Mr. H—— is not at home,’ returned he, scarcely condescending to cast a glance from behind his desk.

“‘I desire to speak to him on a matter of importance.’ It wanted another doubtful, scrutinizing look, and then a nod from the second clerk, before the man was pleased to proceed into the next room and to announce me. Mr. H—— was now at home, and I was ushered into the great patron’s presence. This a patron! No—the very sight of him closed my mouth—I handed him silently the sheets.

“‘Your business, Sir?’ stammered he.

“‘I wish to publish this work,’ said I. With a slight occasional twinkle of the eye, he returned a ‘Shall see—will you leave your address?’

“‘I wrote it down.

“‘He cast a glance at the paper; ‘*Lancaster Street*,’ sneered he—‘Shall write—’ and turning his back, I was dismissed.

“‘Truly our aristocrats are not the worst people—thought I.

“‘I waited one week—two weeks—three weeks—a whole month. No answer yet. My funds were exhausted; I went to the eminent personage.

“‘Mr. H—— was again not at home.’

“‘I must see him.’

“‘Your name?’—These people have so short a memory.

“‘I gave it.

“‘Ah,’ said the man, with a sarcastic smile, ‘there is something for you.’

"I looked at the parcel. It was my work. My expectation, my hope, my Maria's pride! I hastened out of the room—Poor Maria, she did not utter a word. Our last sovereign was gone. A full day elapsed, before I could look again on 'Agathon,' but our wants became pressing. I proposed trying another publisher; Maria nodded encouragingly; I ran to — Street. Again my work was accepted with a gracious condescending air, and again I had to wait a full fortnight. Our landlord came with his bill; our tradespeople with theirs. The former announced to us, that our apartments were bespoke by a *respectable lady*. We had to move, but where? I was in debt three pounds to him, three pounds more to our tradespeople. Not one penny in our pockets. For the first time in our life we had to resort to the degrading means of bartering with the scum of mankind. The sale of our best furniture was scarcely sufficient to pay our bills; what we had purchased for sovereigns went away for shillings. My Maria's spirits began to flag. I loved her so dearly. I had torn her from a beloved and loving father—from affluence. Without credit, without hopes, with a broken-down spirit, there we stood. Oh my cursed lot! We removed to a distant, a still more obscure quarter. Twenty times I had approached the arbiter of our destiny; twenty times I had retreated, afraid of having a second disappointment. At last I could abstain no longer. I entered the second great man's house.

"Your work is not bad, quite good—it is indeed. But have you no friend—no person—You understand me?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I do not."

"No man of eminence; no patron?"

"I reddened.

"We are sorry; but advertising is so very expensive; the risk so very great with beginners. We must decline. Perhaps Mr. U——, in — Street—"

"I took up my poor 'Agathon,' and, without uttering a syllable, ran up into — Street.

"Is Mr. U—— at home?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Mr. U—— glanced at me from a couple of grey eyes, then at my parcel; weighed it in his hand, shrugged his shoulders, and desired me to leave it. 'But stop,' said he, 'as to buying, I must tell you, dear Sir! you have not an idea how scarce money is in these times. Books are a mere luxury, a mere luxury, I assure you, Sir. People won't take unless some great author's name. But let me see. You could obtain something like a preface—something like a recommendation—like a passport, you know. I could give you a few lines of introduction to a friend of Mr. A——. Perhaps he might be so far prevailed upon as just to glance over a couple of pages. A little management, Sir, you know—"

"I stood upon coals, while the little rubicund-nosed man wrote, on a scrap of foolscap paper, my introduction to the great author's friend. I ran with it, not to lose a moment. The friend of the great man received me, read the note of the bookseller, dropped it gently upon the table, condescended to lay my parcel at the side of it, and said he would consider of it, and return an answer to Mr. U——; and then turning round, he took up a morning paper, a sign that I was dismissed. When I entered my lodging, my landlady held her bill towards me. My wife's countenance had told our tale but too well. She muttered

something about respectability, and hinted that we might as well look out for other lodgings. For a second time we had to barter away what remained. Maria sank almost under the disgrace. Another week elapsed, when I ventured to see my last hope, the bookseller U——, in — Street. He received me with a dry frozen mien. 'Your work is good—very good; a fine satirical vein; but I am afraid it will not suit our times. Mr. N——, perhaps, would be the man; or Mr. O—— might be induced, or R——, or S——. I wish you success, Mr. —. But leave me your address.'

"There I stood, as if a thunderbolt had fallen before me. 'Try at N.,' muttered I, 'at O., at R., at S.—Good success!' How I found my way home I do not yet know. When I entered my lodgings, Maria came weeping, in her hand a letter. I ran towards her and seized the letter. It was the same I had written to our parents. It had been returned unopened. Our misfortune was at its height. To complete the horrors of our situation, my wife—my pregnant wife—fell sick!

"My spirit began to fail. Utter darkness before me, I gave myself up as lost. One morning, as I was sitting in my cold comfortless room, at the bed-side of Maria, footsteps came up stairs. A rap at the door was heard. I sprang up and opened it. A person entered, who announced himself as a bookseller, Z——. 'My friend Mr. U—— has told me that you write poetry,' said he, blowing himself, and casting a glance around. 'Ah, cursedly high! very high, indeed! One might as well mount a ladder. Ah! genius, genius! it will soar.'

"'Sir,' said I, 'I beg your pardon; but you're jesting.'

"'Pardon, dear Sir! No jest—earnest, full earnest. Mr U—— spoke highly of you.'

"'Why does he not publish, then?' said I, with bitterness.

"'Ah, dear, that's the times, Sir, times. Dear me, I wish, with all my heart, I could do something; but the name, Sir, the name, you know.'

"'How can I have a name if every one refuses?'

"'Ah, the very thing; the very thing, dear Sir. Something might be done. Half profits, you know. It comes slowly, slowly; but it will come some time. But could not you let me have a few sketches? Have you never traveled on the continent?'

"'In France.'

"'Ay, France; perhaps it might do. But then we have such a number of publications about France. Why, perhaps, something historical, you know.'

"'I should like with all my heart—'

"'Yes, yes, all beginnings are difficult; but we must try. You are wrong, wrong indeed, with your talents—you should—now a tragedy, a drama. What do you say to that? But that's not the thing.—Now look.'

He assumed a mysterious appearance.

"That Reform question, that cursed Reform question. The Tories, you know—don't you understand me—the Tories? Well—the Tories. We might do something; but it ought to be done cleverly. I want something striking—quite striking; something that will produce effect. A satire—a bitter satire—against Ministers—the Tories want to get in, you know—Ministers—Gascoigne's amendment—minority—defeat of the Bill—House of Lords—the grim stern soldier. Now you understand me. I could publish ten or twenty thousand copies—would

make you known. Would pay you twenty pounds. A satire against Ministers, that's the very thing ; but it must be particularly good, and not too long. Ministers will go out, rely on it—they must. Let us see—when can I have it. After to-morrow, can I ?

“Well, after to-morrow, then,” said I.

“Mr. Z—— left me. I thought on his proposal. A satire against Ministers, against the very men who had stepped forward to vindicate the rights of their oppressed countrymen. It went to my heart ; but Maria, lingering, dying for want of everything—our room cold, comfortless ; Heaven forgive me ! I could not act otherwise. I went about and began writing. I sat up all night—the whole of next day, and finished when the bell tolled midnight. The next morning I embraced my Maria, read her the effusions of my brain. Never had pen written down a more bitter satire—never spoken in more cutting language. I dressed, and was on the point of leaving my room, when two raps at the house door announced the postman. A letter ; I opened it. It was from Mr. Z——. I glanced at its contents, and it dropped from my hands on the bed. I sank almost senseless into the chair. Maria read it with a dying voice.

“I am sorry to have caused probably some trouble to you, but I hope you have not yet commenced writing. I hasten to inform you that our speculation has proved abortive—quite so. The King has dissolved parliament ; Ministers stand firmer than ever ; but what is worse, the nation is stark mad about the Reform Bill. Nobody would buy our satire, and we might run a chance of having our windows and heads broken. It would not do—besides, it would not be patriotic. Perhaps you could contrive something against boroughmongers. I could not engage, you know—not promise, I mean ; but we might arrange. Let me see something from you. Your very obedient humble servant.”

“The note proved a death-stroke to my poor Maria. She was delivered prematurely of a child, and gave way under the repeated blows of our misfortunes. She is gone, poor Maria is gone !”

The soldier wiped a tear from his eyes.

“I accepted of the King's bounty—enlisted. I buried my wife with the purchase-money of my body, and am now expiating my offences—my high aspirations !” He murmured a few more indistinct words, and then retired.

I sat musing on his story, when my little grey landlord entered.

“Ah ! Mr. M——,” said he, “become a confidant too ?”

“Have you heard, Mr. Lomond ?”

“Part, at least.”

“What do you say ? Is it not a pity ? A very handsome youth, I assure you.”

“Let him go to the drill. A man whose spirit is broken down by such trifles will never stand alone. Highfliers, yes ! Highfliers they would be, with plenty of money in their pockets, and would play over the very same game of pride, luxury, and contempt, of which they complain themselves. He who, bowed down by misfortune, has not internal force enough to rise again, deserves the lash, ay, should it even be from the hand of the drummer—no, let him go and be drilled into an automaton.”

REFORMATION.

[THE METROPOLITAN.]

"How wonderful the present age!"

Cries Clara, pretty Miss,—

"For now Reform is all the rage ;

Who'd e'er have thought of this ?

My bishop's sleeves I now shall lose,

Economy 's the go,

And I shall wear prunella shoes,

Whether I will or no.

"I heard Mamma, the other day,

Say all will mend their steps ;

That lords will now give over play,

And marrying demireps ;

Ladies will mend their manners too,

Changing their present fashion,

Give up mazurka, opera, loo,

And rubbings *à la Cashin*.

"Papa declares the House of Lords

Will first begin the thing,

Reforming wasteful idle words

And useless bickering ;

That Londonderry will reform

His temper with his years,

Eat less cayenne, nor wax so warm,

With nurses and with peers.

"That Farnham will reform his tongue

From Catholic abuse,—

That Ellenborough, late and long,

Will govern his in use ;

For 'tis a member little worth,

Till wisdom's promptings move it,

Though Eldon weep its merits forth,

Or Cumberland approve it :

The Lower House will follow next,

And then our corporations ;

Then lawyers, clergy, book and text,

And people of all stations.

It would be paradise on earth,

If such a thing could be,

The prisons changed to halls of mirth—

All would be blest but me ;

For Captain Cary of the Third

Seduced my heart away,—

In speeches soft his suit preferr'd,

Yet never named the day ;

He left me—could such baseness be ?—

With protestations warm,

And never more return'd—ah me !—

Who knows but he'll reform !"

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS PHILIP, KING OF FRANCE,
WHEN IN AMERICA.

[ATHENÆUM.]—It was probably in 1799 or 1800, that this distinguished personage, accompanied by his two brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, came to the western country. On arriving in Pittsburg, then a small village, they found one or two *émigrés*, who had formerly filled prominent stations under the *ancien régime*, but who were now earning a scanty subsistence in carrying on some little business of merchandize. One of them, the Chevalier du B—c, one of the worthiest of men, and an admirable philosopher, kept a little shop, then denominated, *par excellence*, a confectionary. The articles, and the only ones, by the way, entitling the Chevalier's shop to this attractive name, were the kernels of hazel nuts, walnuts, and peach-stones, enclosed in an envelope of burnt maple sugar, *fabricated* by the skilful hands of the Chevalier himself. Du B—c was the most popular citizen of the village; he had a monkey of admirable qualities, and his pointer (Sultan) could, like the dog in the Arabian Nights, tell counterfeit money from good; at least, the honest folks who supplied our little market with chickens and butter, thought so, and that was the same thing. It was amusing to hear the master of the shop calling his two familiars to aid in selecting the good from the bad "leven penny bits." "Allons, Sultan, tell dese good ladie de good monaye from de counterfeit." Then followed the important consultation between the dog and the monkey; Pug grinned and scratched his sides; Sultan smelt, and in due time scraped the money into the drawer. As there were no counterfeit "leven pennies," Sultan seldom failed. "Madame," would my friend say to the blowsy country lass, "Sultan is like de Pope, he is infallible." Sultan and Bijou laid the foundation of this excellent man's fortune. They brought crowds of custom to the shop, and in two or three years he was enabled to convert his little business into a handsome fancy store. An attraction was then added to the establishment that diverted a portion of the public admiration from Sultan and the monkey; this was a Dutch clock, with a goody portion of gilding, and two or three white and red figures in front, which, before striking, played a waltz. It was inestimable; this music had never before been heard in the west, and those who have been brought up amidst the everlasting grinding of our present museums, can have no conception of the excitement caused by our Chevalier's clock. In those days, every unique piece of furniture, or rare toy, was believed to have formed a part of the *spolia opima* of the French Revolution, and most generally they were set down as the property of the queen of France; therefore it was soon insinuated abroad that the Chevalier's clock formed one of the rare ornaments of the Boudoir of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. When he was asked how much it cost, he evaded the question with admirable casuistry; "Ah, mon ami," he would say with sincere *tristesse*, "the French Revolution produce some terrible effect; it was great sacrifice; it is worth fifteen hundred Franche guinea." That, and the dog, and the monkey, were worth to the Chevalier fifteen thousand dollars, for he realized this sum in a few years, from a foundation of a few pounds of sugar and a peck of hazel-nuts.

Such was the Chevalier du B—c in his magazine; and he was a perfect illustration of the French character of that day, which could

accommodate itself to any situation in life ; it enabled the Minister of Marine to become, like Bedreddeu, a pastry-cook, and young Egalité, the present King of France, a schoolmaster in Switzerland. But this is only one side of the picture ; Du B—c, when he closed his shop, and entered into society, was the delight of his auditory. He was an accomplished scholar, possessed the most polished manners and habits of "*la rielle cour*." He was a younger son, or as the French people call it, he was the *cadet* of a noble family. He had traveled much, and observed profoundly. He had been to the "Holy Land," not exactly as a palmer, but being *attaché à la legation Française* at Constantinople, of which his relation, Sauf Bœuf, was the head, he took the opportunity of traveling through as much of Asia as was usually examined by European travellers. Such was my early friend Du B—c, to whose instructions and fine *belles lettres* acquirements I am indebted for some of the most unalloyed enjoyments of my life, by opening to me some of the richest treasures of French literature ; and such was the man whom the sons of Orleans found in a frontier American village. I do not remember the definite destination of the interesting strangers ; but certain it is, that the Chevalier du B—c induced them to while away a much longer time in Pittsburg than could have been their original intention. He proposed to introduce the travellers to Gen. N—, whose house was always the temple of hospitality, where he was in the habit of dining every Sunday, and at whose table and fire-side the unfortunate *émigré* was sure to find a hearty welcome. The General at first received the proposition with coldness ; he said he had been a soldier of the revolution, the intimate of Rochambeau and Lafayette, and of course entertained a feeling of the deepest respect for the memory of the unfortunate Louis—not as a monarch, but as a most amiable and virtuous man. He insisted that no good could spring from the infamous exciter of the Jacobins, the profligate Egalité. "Mais, mon General, (said the Chevalier, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a most melancholy contortion of his wrinkled features,) ils sont dans la plus grande misère, et ils ont été chassés comme nous autres par ces vilains sans-culottes." The Chevalier knew his man, and his *bonhomme* prevailed upon the General. "Eh bien ! Chevalier, allez rendre nos devoirs aux voyageurs, et qu'ils dinent chez nous demain." The strangers accepted the courtesy, and became intimate with and attached to the family of the kind-hearted American. The charms of the conversation of the Duke of Orleans, and his various literary attainments, soon obliterated for the moment the horrible career of his father, from the minds of his hearers. If my boyish recollection is faithful, he was rather taciturn and melancholy ; he would be perfectly abstracted from conversation, sometimes for half an hour, looking steadfastly at the coal fire that blazed in the grate, and when roused from his reverie, he would apologize for his breach of "*bienveillance*," and call one of the children who were learning French to read to him. On these occasions I have read to him many passages, selected by him from "*Télémaque*." The beautiful manner in which he read the description of Calypso's Grotto, is still fresh in my memory. He seldom adverted to the scenes of the revolution : but he criticized the battles of that period, particularly that of Jemappe, with such discrimination, as to convince the military men of Pittsburg, of whom there were several, that he was peculiarly fitted to shine in the profession of arms.

Montpensier, the second brother, has left no mark on the tablet of

memory by which I can recall him; but Beaujolais—the young and interesting Beaujolais—is still before “my mind’s eye.” There was something romantic in his character; and Madame de Genlis’s romance, the “Knights of the Swan,” in which that charming writer so beautifully apostrophizes her young ward, had just prepared every youthful bosom to lean towards this accomplished boy. He was tall and graceful, playful as a child, and a universal favorite. He was a few years older than myself; but, when together, we appeared to be of the same age. A transient cloud of melancholy would occasionally pass over his fine features in the midst of his gayest amusements; but disappeared quickly, like the white cloud of summer. We then ascribed it to a boyish recollection of the luxuries and splendors of the Palais Royal, in which he had passed his early life, which he might be contrasting with the simple domestic scene then passing before him. It was, however, probably, in some measure, imputable to the first sensation of that disease which, in a few short years after, carried him to his grave.

One little circumstance made a singular impression on me. I was standing one day with a group of Frenchmen, on the bank of the Monongahela, when a countryman of theirs passed, who was employed in the quarter-master’s department, as a laborer, in taking care of flat boats. Pierre Cabot, or, as he was familiarly called, French Peter, was dressed in a blanket capot, with a hoop in place of a hat, in the manner of a Canadian huntsman, and in moccasins. Du B—c called after him, and introduced him to the French princes. The scene presented a subject for moralizing, even to a boy. On the banks of the Ohio, and in exile, the representative of the first family of a nation who held rank of higher importance than any other nation in Europe, took by the hand, in friendly and familiar conversation, his countryman, whose lot was cast among the dregs of the people, and who would not have aspired to the honor of letting down the steps of the carriage of the man with whom he stood on a level.

Peter was no jacobin—he had emigrated from France before the philanthropic Robespierre and his colleagues had enlightened their fellow-citizens, and opened their eyes to the propriety of vulgar brutality and ferocity. Honest Cabot, therefore, felt all the love and veneration for the Princes, which Frenchmen under the old regime never failed to cherish for descendants of the “grand monarque.” I was a great favorite with old Peter; the next time I met him he took me in his arms, and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes—“Savez-vous, mon enfant, ce qui m’est arrivé? j’ai eu l’honneur de causer avec monseigneur, en pleine rue. Ah! bon Dieu, quelle chose affreuse que la révolution!”

The brothers, on quitting Pittsburg, left a most favorable impression on the minds of the little circle in which they were received so kindly. The recollection of the amiable Beaujolais was particularly cherished; and when the news of his death in Sicily, a few years after, reached the West, the family circle of Gen. N— expressed the sincerest sorrow.

The Chevalier du B—c, after realizing a snug fortune by industry and economy, removed to Philadelphia, to have the opportunity of mingling more with his countrymen. On the restoration of the Bourbons, his friends induced him to return to France, to resume the former rank of his family. But it was too late; the philosophical emigrant had lived too long in American seclusion, to relish the society of Paris,

for habits had changed there too much to be recognized by him. The following is a translation of a paragraph from one of his letters to his old friend, the late Gen. N—, soon after his arrival in Paris :

"I am again on the stage where the delightful days of my early youth were passed : but, my dear General, I am not happy—I feel like the old man in one of your English tales, forty years of whose life had been spent in prison, and who had been discharged by the clemency of a new monarch, only to find that his relatives and friends were all dead, and that his own name had been forgotten ; he begged the Emperor to re-commit him to his prison. I find myself actually sighing for the little circle of your family, and for my little store on the banks of La Belle Riviere. I am a stranger in Paris, unknowing and unknown. I am surrounded by new faces, new names, new titles, and what is more embarrassing, by new manners. What a change ! The metamorphosis is worthy the pen of Ovid—it is the transformation of the lovely and graceful nymph into the rough and rigid tree. You may accuse me of speaking like a Frenchman, but I cannot help saying that the elegance and polish of French society, so long the glory of the world, is gone forever. The few grey-headed specimens of the old court, like myself, who have returned, are insufficient to restore it. We have *soirées* now, but the charms of the '*petits soupers*' are no more to be found. Music has not retrograded, certainly ; but dancing, my dear sir, except on the stage, is nothing like what it was *bono sub Ludovico*. Yet, do not understand me as meaning to convey the idea, that, upon the whole, things are not better. That wonderful man who is sent to St. Helena, although a tyrant of the first order, will have many of his sins forgiven in this world, for the liberal encouragement he gave to the arts, science, and literature. More correct notions of government are cherished, and if the old royalists will only encourage the new king to adopt and appreciate the vast changes in society and thinking, all will go well ; but I acknowledge, my dear friend, that I doubt the prudence and common sense of my old friends, particularly of those who remained in Europe. As a patriot and philosopher, I must bear witness to the improvement and advancement of my country since the revolution ; as a man, however, I cannot but mourn ; the storm has not left a single shrub of my once numerous family ; the guillotine has drank the blood of all my race ; and now I stand on the verge of the grave, the last of a name whose pride it once was to trace its progress through all the distinguished scenes of French history for centuries back. With the eloquent savage, Logan, whose speech you have so often read to me, I can say, that 'not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any living creature.' I must return to America, and breathe my last on that soil where my most contented days were passed."

The Chevalier never returned, however ; he lingered away his time in the different sea-ports of France, until death finally arrested his mortal career in the city of Bordeaux.

HYMN TO THE MADONNA.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

Of all my hopes the fairest !
 Of all my loves the dearest !
 My peace !—my life !—when at thy shrine
 I gaze on, and adore thee,

Heaven sheds its raptures o'er me,
Madonna mine !
Hail, Mother merciful !—O give
Thy blessing, that my soul may live !

When sinful thoughts would wile me,
Or evil things beguile me,
They shrink—they fly before thy name—
My bark, in the commotion
Of life's tempestuous ocean,
Steers by thy flame.
Hail, Mother merciful !—O give
Thy blessing, that my soul may live !

Dear Lady ! would'st thou yield me
Thy robe of grace, to shield me,
How tranquil were thy pilgrim's way !
When Death appears in terrors,
May it conceal my errors
From Heaven's bright ray !
Hail, Mother merciful !—O give
Thy blessing, that my soul may live !

Love's willing captive—never,
Sweet Mary ! would I sever
Thy chain twined round this heart of mine ;
To God it hath united
That heart forever plighted
Madonna ! thine—
Hail, Mother merciful !—O give
Thy blessing, that my soul may live !

MEMOIR OF MR. ROSCOE.

[ATHENÆUM.]—This distinguished individual, of whom it would be difficult to say whether he were more eminent for virtue or for talent, expired on Thursday week last, at his house in Lodge Lane, Liverpool. His health had been declining for some time, and the infirmities of age, though not affecting his mental powers, had long rendered the repose and tranquillity of domestic privacy essential to his safety. Few persons, consequently, except members of his family and his immediate connections, had been allowed of late to enjoy the pleasure of his rich and useful conversation ; and he was thus already, to many people of the town on which he had conferred advantages of the most valuable description, as one of the great and good of a former age. But though this declining state of health, and the apprehensions which eighty years naturally inspire, had given warning of his approaching dissolution, the attack which carried him off was sudden ; and the letter which acquainted his sons in town with his illness, was followed the next day by one which gave intelligence of his death. The career of Mr. Roscoe began, like that of many other celebrated men, under circumstances little calculated to encourage ambition ; but the difficulties which subdue ordinary minds, seem to be regarded by intellects of a higher order

as only placed in their way to be overcome : and we are disposed to believe that genius stands greatly in need of that moral chastening in its youth, which its buoyancy and pride would prevent its receiving from any other monitor but adversity. The parents of Mr. Roscoe were far from affluent, and, owing to this circumstance, were unable to offer him any other advantages of education but such as could be found in a common school for reading and writing. With a strong consciousness, however, of his own powers of acquiring knowledge, he resolutely resisted the intention of sending him to school at all, as the one chosen for him had so little to recommend it, and he was in consequence left to acquire the rudiments of education as his own natural good sense and ability dictated. The experiment, not dangerous only in such cases as his, succeeded. He read the best writers of his own language with delight and profit. As early as the age of sixteen he wrote verses of considerable merit ; and as a still greater proof of the general strength of his mind, he was found qualified at about the same time to enter, as articulated clerk, the office of Mr. Eyes, one of the most respectable solicitors of Liverpool.

The most zealous attention to the studies of his profession, and an equally zealous and honorable endeavor to fulfil the wishes of his employer, characterized the young poet in his new situation, and he acquired golden opinions from all around him. But, careful as he was in his more necessary occupations, he lost no portion of his admiration for studies of a lighter character ; and, urged by the example of a friend to attempt the perusal of the Latin classics, he commenced the translation of Cicero's *De Amicitia*. As it does not appear that he had any aid in this undertaking, but such as he could derive from a grammar and dictionary, and perhaps the occasional suggestions of his friend, the task must have been one of no slight difficulty. But he succeeded in it sufficiently well to encourage him to proceed, and he continued his Latin studies till he had made himself acquainted with all the best authors in that language. His professional avocations were in the meantime attended to with unabated steadiness, and we have heard it said by one well acquainted with his early history, that he did as much of the office work as all the other clerks together.

The period of his apprenticeship had not been long expired, when he was invited by Mr. Aspinall, a solicitor of extensive practice in Liverpool, to accept a share in his business. The invitation was in many respects advantageous to Mr. Roscoe, and it placed him in a situation in which his talents and industry could not fail of being productive of fortune and eminence. His literary tastes, however, suffered nothing from the increased demand which professional cares now made upon his attention. In the midst of the most active pursuits, he found time to cultivate his early love for poetry and the arts in general, and in December, 1773, he delivered an ode before the Society established in Liverpool for the encouragement of painting and sculpture, and, some time after, several lectures, which contained many indications of that elegance of taste for which he was subsequently distinguished.

But to the honor of this excellent man be it spoken, his genius was ever on the watch for opportunities of serving the great cause of humanity, and his voice was heard among the first that were raised against the Slave Trade. On the appearance of a work entitled "*Scriptural Researches into the Licentiousness of the Slave Trade*," written by a Spanish Jesuit, named Raymond Harris, he undertook

the investigation of the subject, and produced a reply, which was published under the title of "A Scriptural Refutation of a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Raymond Harris." This work was followed by his well-known poem, "The Wrongs of Africa," of which, the first part appeared in 1787, and the second the following year. The breaking out of the French Revolution afforded him another ample and spirit-stirring theme; and both his heart and his imagination caught the fervor with which most men like himself, at that eventful period, were inspired. His admirable ballads, "Millions be free," and "The Vine-covered Hills," were echoed, not only through every part of the United Kingdom, but in France itself, with an enthusiasm which at once raised their author to the zenith of popularity.

These topics, however, of temporary interest, did not prevent him from forming schemes for establishing his literary reputation on a firmer basis; and in 1790, he began his "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," a work which exhibits a greater variety of excellence than any of a similar kind that had appeared in our, or perhaps any modern language. It was published in 1796, and printed in Liverpool, at an office which Mr. Roscoe established, at his own risk, for that purpose. At the head of this establishment he placed Mr. McCreery, who was recommended to him by early acquaintance and a similarity of taste, and whom we have heard pronounce the name of this venerable friend with the gratitude and affection which such a name must inspire in every worthy bosom.

The flattering manner in which the "Life of Lorenzo" was received by the public, was a reward which the author well merited at its hands. Few works of celebrity have been produced under circumstances of greater difficulty. No large collection of either books or manuscripts was to be found in the neighborhood, and he had consequently to obtain his materials not only at great expense, but with many interruptions and delays. Add to this, the only time he could, or was willing to devote to the undertaking, were the hours which remained after the business of the day was over, and which might very fairly have been expended in recreation of a lighter kind. The origin of his love for Italian literature is to be ascribed, we believe, to his acquaintance with a gentleman who was ardently attached to the pursuit, and who, during his travels in Italy, had collected several documents and notices, which the historic eye of our author at once saw might be rendered highly useful to enlarged biographies of the Medici. As the most trifling circumstances, in regard to the productions of men of genius, are considered interesting, we may mention that the whole manuscript of the "Life of Lorenzo" was written with a single pen!

Mr. Roscoe, soon after the appearance of this work, retired from practice as a solicitor, and entered himself at Gray's Inn, with the intention of becoming a barrister. During his residence in town, he commenced the study of Greek; and, in compliance with the suggestions of numerous admirers of his "Life of Lorenzo," began that of Leo the Tenth. This latter work appeared in 1805; and shortly after its publication, he became a partner in the wealthy and long-established banking-house of Clarke & Sons, of Liverpool. The following year he was chosen member of parliament for that town; and during the short period he occupied a seat in the House of Commons, he appeared as the warm and untiring friend of slave emancipation. At the dissolution, which happened in 1817, Mr. Roscoe's party was not

in a condition to secure his return again for the borough ; and he declined standing, though urged to do so by a large body of his friends. His retirement, however, from parliament, was not the consequence of any dislike to politics ; and he continued, by means of pamphlets, to impress his sentiments on all the most important questions of public interest.

The extensive and prosperous concerns in which he was in the meantime engaged, placed him in a situation of more than ordinary affluence, and his house became the resort of the most distinguished men of the country. Among his visitors were the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, many noblemen eminent for their talents as well as station, and several of the highest literary characters of the age. The names of Rogers, Campbell, Parr, may be placed with those of his most intimate friends ; and the present Lord Chancellor was connected with him by the double tie of personal and political attachment. The munificence with which he supported every project calculated for the public good, and the extent of his private charities, were in perfect harmony with the noble hospitality of his domestic establishment. The Athenæum, the Botanic Garden, and other literary and scientific institutions, owed their origin or success mainly to his liberality or judgment ; and while he thus sought to improve the taste of his fellow-townsmen by these judicious efforts, he formed a collection of books and paintings, which rendered his own library one of the most splendid that a private individual had ever possessed. But while thus engaged in pursuits equally honorable to him as a man of business and a man of letters, the bank received a shock from the particular circumstances of the times, which it was alike impossible for human prudence to foresee or prevent. By that event, Mr. Roscoe, now verging towards the seventieth year of his age, found himself called upon to sustain a heavy trial of his fortitude. We need scarcely say, that it was sustained as wise and good men will ever bear such trials ; and those who had loved and admired him before, instead of feeling any call upon their pity at his misfortunes, only loved and admired him more than ever. The magnanimity with which he refused to accept of his library, handsomely restored to him by the claimants on his estate, presented one of the many traits of his character, on which the future biographer will love to expatiate.

Since the above period, Mr. Roscoe lived in contented, and we may add, elegant retirement ; his name held in universal veneration, and his infirmities alleviated by the tender assiduities of affectionate children. His faculties remained active to the last ; and we may say the same of his generous love of liberty, and his ardent, consistent benevolence. The progress of the Reform question afforded him the highest pleasure, for he felt it as the triumph of opinions he had advocated through life ; but his political feelings never perverted the goodness of his nature ; and we have been informed by one of his nearest connexions, that while the examination of Prince Polignac and his associates was pending, he wrote to General Lafayette, begging him, in the strongest terms, not to let the triumph of French liberty be polluted by the shedding of one drop of blood on the scaffold. The General answered him as one man so great and good might be expected to answer another of similar character, on such a subject.

The literary merits of the author of the *Lives of Lorenzo and Leo the Tenth*, have been fully discussed by the public, and by critics of

every description. His chief characteristics, as a writer, were the taste which enabled him to appreciate the beautiful, under whatever form it can appear; and an amenity of style which has been rarely equaled. Considering, moreover, that he was the first English writer in the class of biography, to which he devoted his talents, he justly merits the claim of originality; and to him, without dispute, belongs in a great degree the revival in this country of a taste for Italian literature and art. Of his character as a man, we could hardly say too much—his virtues were so in harmony with the studied dispositions of his heart, that we must believe them to have been born there; they were at the same time so consistent with sound principle and reason, that they may be regarded as the fruit of religion and philosophy.

The works which this admirable man has left in manuscript, would form, we understand, several volumes; and we look forward to their appearance, with a lengthened biography by one of his talented sons, with pleasure and interest.

Journal of Fashions.

THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

BALL DRESS.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—Ball dress of soft white satin. Corsage, *à la Suisse*, of blue terry velvet, superbly finished with gold tissue binding. The skirt very full, and slightly gored towards the top. A deep and full volant of satin, below a rich garniture, composed of satin fluting, and leaves of terry, completes this beautiful dress. Coiffure of gold wheatears, and light sprigs of the convolvulus minor partially surrounding a richly-finished comb. The hair braided across the forehead, and disposed in graceful tresses at the back part of the head. Neck-chain and antique cross of chased gold, and rubies.

FULL EVENING DRESS.

Full dress of pale rose crape, over a white satin slip. The body is made plain in front, with a double revers of crape and blonde, so cut as to shade a part of the sleeve, which is short and full. A plaiting of crape and blonde reaches from the top nearly to the bottom of the sleeve. The skirt is trimmed with a magnificent fall of queen's blonde, surmounted by folded acanthus-leaves, drooping over the flounce. The hair is arranged in three *coques* at the summit of the head, which are encircled by a wreath of small French roses. A braid descends from thence, and passes under the curls on the right side to the back of the head. The front curls are soft and full, and placed rather low on the brow. Parure of emeralds and gold. Gloves and shoes of white satin.

EVENING DRESS.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A dress of white gaze d'*Asie*, corsage uni cut low, and trimmed round the bust with blond lace mancherons, set on very broad and full. A wreath of roses mingled with vine leaves, embroidered in green and rose-colored silk, adorns the border. The hair is dressed full at the sides and very low, and in long light bows on the

summit of the head ; it has no ornament. The ceinture and bracelets are of rose-colored watered ribbon, with gold buckles. The earrings are gold.

MORNING DRESS FOR THE PROMENADE.—A pelisse of lavender grey *gros de Naples*, *corsage en guimpe*, and sleeves à la *Medicis*. A *ruche* of the same material trims the *corsage en cœur*, and descends in a perpendicular direction down the front of the skirt. The *collerette* is of white *tulle*, *capote de paque-bot*—it is of Leghorn straw, with a square brim lined with green satin. The crown is trimmed with three bands of green ribbon and a full cockade in the centre. The neck-knot is also of green ribbon. Black *gros de Naples brodequins*.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—*Gros de Naples* pelisses are very much in favor. The flower of marshmallows, green, and lilac, are the fashionable colors for pelisses. A great number are made with pelerines in the shawl style. There are also several with two round pelerines, falling one over the other. The front of the skirt is trimmed with knots and other fancy ornaments.

LINGERIE.—A *chemisette*, with a large falling collar, trimmed with three rows of embroidery, or of festooned trimming, is indispensable with the pelisses last described. Mrs. Bell has just received some of these *chemisettes*, of the newest and most beautiful patterns, from Madame Minette. She has also some *canezons*, and other novelties, which our limits will not permit us to describe in detail.

EVENING HEAD DRESSES.—Flowers are still much in favor, but not exclusively so. Ribbon ornaments, which had rather declined in favor, have again become fashionable, particularly for social parties. We see many *coiffures* ornamented, in full dress, with a mixture of flowers and jewels, but feathers are more generally adopted.

The favorite colors are lilac, blue, citron, rose-color, green, French grey, and straw-color.

We see a few, but as yet a very few, Leghorn hats, with brims a little of the Pamela shape ; that is, large, except at the nape of the neck, where they are cut very short ; they are generally trimmed with straw-colored ribbons, and bouquets of ripe or green ears of corn.

VARIETIES.

EDUCATION OF THE POOR.—During the past year three hundred and twenty-eight schools have been received into union with the National Society, carrying up the amount of schools in union to the number of 2937 ; and 6643*l.* have been voted in aid of building school-rooms in one hundred and four places, the total expense of the buildings being estimated at 20,000*l.* The Society has recently made a general inquiry into the state of education under the Church in all parts of the kingdom ; and an account has been obtained concerning 8650 places, which were found to contain about 11,000 schools, with 678,356 children. It is calculated that there cannot be less in England and Wales than 710,000 children under the Clergy.

A NEW HYDROMETER.—A new instrument to measure the degrees of moisture in the atmosphere, of which the following is a description, has been recently invented by M. Baptiste Lendi, of St. Gall. In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal about the size of a hazel nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and contributes to

the ornament of a room, but likewise predicts every possible change of weather twelve or fourteen hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in ten or twelve days forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass, and it undergoes several changes till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather this pyramid is constantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red, and throw out rays; in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and put in the same quantity of fresh.

MRS. SIDDONS. — Siddons is no more! She lives, now, only in the history of the stage, or in the memories of those whom the irradiations of her genius warmed and enlightened. Hard peculiarity of the actor's lot! The bursts of the orator—the effusions of the poet, remain. They can be written down; and kindred spirits can give them vital existence again—ay, after the lapse of a thousand years. But there is no notation to perpetuate the workings of the actor's spirit; yet is the effect which they produce, at the time, the most powerful and unequivocal. No demonstration of applause is so convincing as that which we witness in the suffrages of a crowded theatre. The storm of greeting hands and tongues rises, and subsides—is renewed—rises again and subsides again; the gratified audience still discontented with their own large measure of thanks. The actor's life is one of the greatest bustle and most intense excitement; but, once he is gone, his art is gone with him. It is a thing to be told of, but not shown—that leaves not a vestige, except in the poor mimicry of some who had witnessed its displays; and when those individuals are departed, even that is no more.—We are indebted to Mrs Siddons for some of our most delightful, most cherished reminiscences. The poetry that invested that woman's personation of any character! The force that she gave to the slightest things she did—things, that in the hands of a less accomplished mistress of her art, would have passed for nothing. Years have passed since her retirement from the stage. Candidate after candidate has presented herself; but, in the peculiar walk of that actress—in the towering in tragedy—in whom have we acknowledged her successor?—We honored Mrs. Siddons while living. We revere her memory. We do not look down upon her profession. It was her merit and her glory to have been an actress; and as an actress, we say of her, that—A GREAT SPIRIT IS DEPARTED.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.—The French are attempting to make *every man his own printer*—for they have lately brought out an invention by which *printing* is proposed to be taught concurrently with *writing* in the charity-schools: truly, the “liberty of the press” will know no bounds, thus put in motion. The invention is the work of M. Barbier, who styles it “*typographie d'ambulance*.” He solicits the government to patronize his plan, which has been approved of by the *Académie des Sciences*.

FEMALE COURTSHIP IN ROME.—The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue, impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her,

but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure ;—nay, she gazes at him alone, whenever she meets him, in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's : *Dite al che signor che mi piace*—"Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiments, and asks, *Mi volete bene* ?—"Are you fond of me ?" she replies, with the utmost frankness, *Si caro*—"Yes, dear." In this simple and unembellished manner, commence connexions which last for years, and which, when they are dissolved, plunge the men into despair. The Marchese Gatti lately shot himself, because, on his return from Paris, he found his mistress had been false to him.

SOVEREIGNS.—Within the last thirteen months, no fewer than thirteen sovereign rulers have ceased to govern, either in consequence of the will of their own subjects, or in obedience to the mandate of a higher Power.

England,	George IV.,	Dead.
France,	Charles X.,	Deposed.
Algiers,	Mahmoud,	Turned out.
Rome,	Pius VIII.,	Dead.
Saxony,	Anthony,	Deposed.
Naples,	Francis,	Dead.
Belgium,	William,	Deposed.
Sardinia,	Charles Felix,	Dead.
Brunswick,	Duke Charles,	Deposed.
Greece,	Capo d'Istrias,	Resigned.
Brazils,	Don Pedro I.,	Abdicated.
Columbia,	Bolivar,	Dead.
Poland,	Archduke Charles,	Deposed.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—In every newspaper cholera morbus heads a column of intelligence. In every company cholera morbus is the theme of general conversation. Nursery-maids keep naughty children in order by telling them that cholera morbus will fetch them. The very ballad-singers fright the streets from their propriety with cholera morbus. The other day we heard a ragged urchin bawling out, to the old tune of "Abraham Newland," a string of verses, one of which, to the best of our recollection, ran as follows :—

Since at Riga and Dantzic

There's many a man sick,

The subject is one should absorb us ;

For unless folks are humming,

It really is coming,

This ill-looking cholera morbus.

Oh ! cholera morbus !

Terrible cholera morbus !

But one out of five

They say will survive,

If we're all seized with cholera morbus.

The writer of this declared there was no other possible rhyme to *morbus*, in the English language, than the concluding words of the third line. He was dumb-founded by the following impromptu :

I begg'd for a kiss from a pretty young miss ;

But she said, "What will you give me for buss ?"

I made no reply ; for a kiss you can buy,

Is as bad as the *cholera morbus*.

JUN 17 1948

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